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LIFE OF

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INCLUDING HIS

WRITINGS AND SPEECHES.

"I"

A Memorial Volume

COMPILED BY MR. HENRY W. GRADY'S CO-WORKERS ON

"THE CONSTITUTION,"

AND EDITED BY

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(*UNCLE REMUS*).

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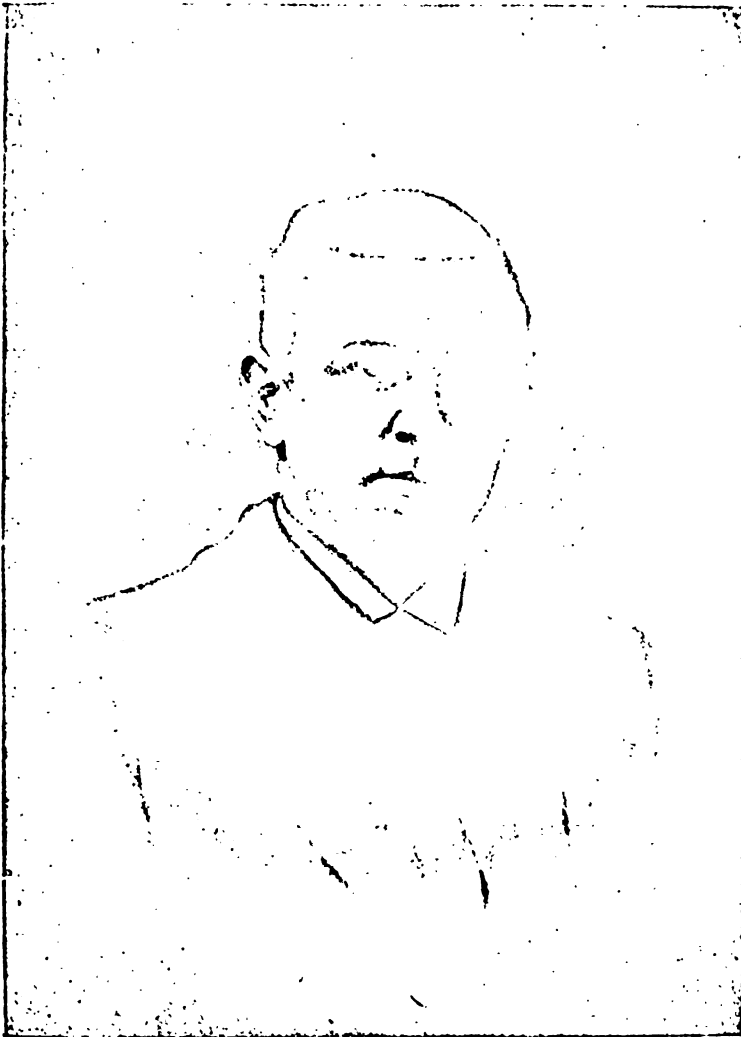
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LOOKING FORWARD TO THE REALIZATION OF THE LOFTY PURPOSE
THAT GUIDED OUR

MESSENGER OF PEACE,

AND TO THE SPLENDID CLIMAX OF HIS HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS,

THIS MEMORIAL VOLUME

OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF

Henry Woodfin Gray,

IS DEDICATED TO THE

PEACE, UNITY AND FRATERNITY

OF THE

NORTH AND SOUTH, AND TO THE PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY OF

*A RE-UNITED COUNTRY WITH ONE FLAG AND ONE
DESTINY.*

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IN MEMORIAM.

IT is within the bounds of entire accuracy to say that the death of no man ever created a deeper and more universal sorrow than that which responded to the announcement that HENRY WOODFIN GRADY had paid his final debt of nature, and was gone to his last account. The sense of grief and regret attained the dignity of a national bereavement, and was at one and the same time both public and personal. The young and gifted Georgian had made a great impression upon his country and his time; blending an individuality, picturesque, strong and attractive, and an eloquence as rarely solid as it was rhetorically fine, into a character of the first order of eminence and brilliancy. In every section of the Union, the people felt that a noble nature and a splendid intellect had been subtracted from the nation's stock of wisdom and virtue. This feeling was intensified the nearer it approached the region where he was best known and honored: but it reached the farthest limits of the land, and was expressed by all classes and parties with an homage equally ungrudging and sincere.

In Georgia, and throughout the Southern States, it rose to a lamentation. He was, indeed, the hope and expectancy of the young South, the one publicist of the New South, who, inheriting the spirit of the old, yet had realized the present, and looked into the future, with the eyes of a statesman and the heart of a patriot. His own future was fully assured. He had made his place; had won his spurs; and he possessed the qualities, not merely to hold them, but greatly to magnify their importance. That he

should be cut down upon the threshold of a career, for whose magnificent development and broad usefulness all was prepared, seemed a cruel dispensation of Providence and aroused a heart-breaking sentiment far beyond the bounds compassed by Mr. Grady's personality.

Of the details of his life, and of his life-work, others have spoken in the amplest terms. I shall, in this place, content myself with placing on the record my own remembrance and estimate of the man as he was known to me. Mr. Grady became a writer for the press when but little more than a boy, and during the darkest days of the Reconstruction period. There was in those days but a single political issue for the South. Our hand was in the lion's mouth, and we could do nothing, hope for nothing, until we got it out. The young Georgian was ardent, impetuous, the son of a father slain in battle, the offspring of a section, the child of a province; yet he rose to the situation with uncommon faculties of courage and perception; caught the spirit of the struggle against reaction with perfect reach; and threw himself into the liberal and progressive movements of the time with the genius of a man born for both oratory and affairs. At first, his sphere of work was confined to the newspapers of the South. But, not unreasonably or unnaturally, he wished a wider field of duty, and went East, carrying letters in which he was commended in terms which might have seemed extravagant then, but which he more than vindicated. His final settlement in the capital of his native State, and in a position where he could speak directly and responsibly, gave him the opportunity he had sought to make a name and fame for himself, and an audience of his own. Here he carried the policy with which he had early identified himself to its finest conclusions; coming at once to the front as a champion of a free South and a united country, second to none in efficiency, equaled by none in eloquence.

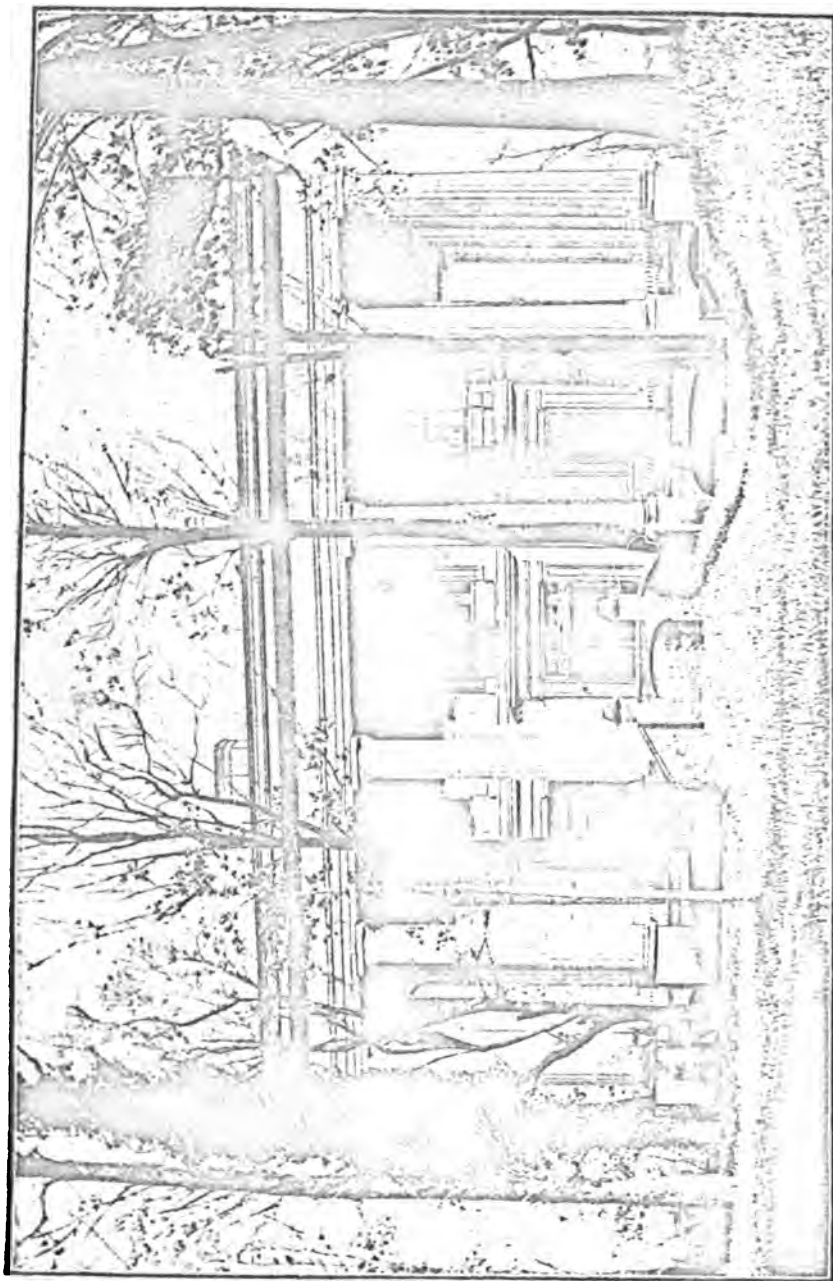
He was eager and aspiring, and, in the heedlessness of youth, with its aggressive ambitions, may not have been at all times discriminating and considerate in the objects of

his attacks ; but he was generous to a fault, and, as he advanced upon the highway, he broadened with it and to it, and, if he had lived, would have realized the fullest measure of his own promise and the hopes of his friends. The scales of error, when error he felt he had committed, were fast falling from his eyes, and he was frank to own his changed, or changing, view. The vista of the way ahead was opening before him with its far perspective clear to his mental sight. He had just delivered an utterance of exceeding weight and value, winning universal applause, and was coming home to be welcomed by his people with open arms, when the Messenger of Death summoned him to his God. The tidings of the fatal termination of his disorder, so startling in their suddenness and unexpectedness, added to the last scene of all a feature of dramatic interest.

For my own part, I can truly say that I was from the first and always proud of him, hailed him as a young disciple who had surpassed his elders in learning and power, recognized in him a master voice and soul, followed his career with admiring interest, and recorded his triumphs with ever-increasing sympathy and appreciation. We had broken a lance or two between us ; but there had been no lick below the belt, and no hurt which was other than skin-deep, and during considerably more than a year before his death a most cordial and unreserved correspondence had passed between us. The telegram which brought the fatal news was a grievous shock to me, for it told me that I had lost a good friend, and the cause of truth a great advocate. It is with a melancholy satisfaction that I indite these lines, thankful for the opportunity afforded me to do so by the kindness of his associates and family. Such spirits are not of a generation, but of an epoch ; and it will be long before the South will find one to take the place made conspicuously vacant by his absence.

HENRY WATTERSON.

LOUISVILLE, *February 9, 1890.*



THE HOME OF GRADY'S BOYHOOD, ATHENS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HENRY W. GRADY.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ORDINARILY, it is not a difficult matter to write a biographical sketch. Here are the dates, one in faded ink in an old Bible, the other glistening under the morning sun, or the evening stars, on the cold grave-stone. Here is the business, the occupation, the profession, success or failure—a little scrap of paper here and there, and beyond and above everything, the fact of death; of death that, in a pitiful way, becomes as perfunctory as any other fact or event. Ordinarily, there is no difficulty in grouping these things, throwing in a word of eulogy here and there, and sympathizing in a formal way with the friends and relatives and the community in general.

But to give adequate shape to even the slightest sketch of the unique personality and the phenomenal career of Henry Woodfin Grady, who died, as it were, but yesterday, is well-nigh impossible; for here was a life that has no parallel in our history, productive as our institutions have been of individuality. A great many Americans have achieved fame in their chosen professions,—have won distinction and commanded the popular approval, but here is a career which is so unusual as to have no precedent. In recalling to mind the names of those who have been most conspicuously successful in touching the popular heart, one fact invariably presents itself—the fact of office. It is not, perhaps, an American fact peculiarly, but it seems to be so, since the proud and the humble, the great and the

small, all seem willing to surrender to its influence. It is the natural order of things that an American who is ambitious—who is willing, as the phrase goes, to serve the people (and it is a pretty as well as a popular phrase)—should have an eye on some official position, more or less important, which he would be willing to accept even at a sacrifice if necessary. This is the American plan, and it has been so sanctified by history and custom that the modern reformers, who propose to apply a test of fitness to the office-seekers, are hooted at as Pharisees. After our long and promiscuous career of office-seeking and office-holding, a test of fitness seems to be a monarchical invention which has for its purpose the destruction of our republican institutions.

It is true that some of the purest and best men in our history have held office, and have sought it, and this fact gives additional emphasis to one feature of Henry Grady's career. He never sought office, and he was prompt to refuse it whenever it was brought within his reach. On one occasion a tremendous effort was made to induce him to become a candidate for Congress in the Atlanta district. The most prominent people in the district urged him, his friends implored him, and a petition largely signed was presented to him. Never before in Georgia has a citizen been formally petitioned by so large a number of his fellow-citizens to accept so important an office. Mr. Grady regarded the petition with great curiosity. He turned it over in his mind and played with it in a certain boyish and impulsive way that belonged to everything he did and that was one of the most charming elements of his character. His response to the petition is worth giving here. He was, as he said, strongly tempted to improve a most flattering opportunity. He then goes on to read a lesson to the young men of the South that is still timely, though it was written in 1882. He says:

When I was eighteen years of age, I adopted journalism as my profession. After thirteen years of service, in which I have had various fortunes, I can say that I have never seen a day when I regretted my

choice. On the contrary, I have seen the field of journalism so enlarged, its possibilities so widened, and its influence so extended, that I have come to believe earnestly that no man, no matter what his calling, his elevation, or his opportunity, can equal in dignity, honor and usefulness the journalist who comprehends his position, fairly measures his duties, and gives himself entirely and unselfishly to his work. But journalism is a jealous profession, and demands the fullest allegiance of those who seek its honors or emoluments. (Least of all things can it be made the aid of the demagogue, or the handmaid of the politician. (The man who uses his journal to subserve his political ambition, or writes with a sinister or personal purpose, soon loses his power, and had best abandon a profession he has betrayed. Within my memory there are frequent and striking examples of men who have sacrificed the one profession, only to be sacrificed in the other.) History has not recorded the name of a single man who has been great enough to succeed in both. Therefore, devoted as I am to my profession, believing as I do that there is more of honor and usefulness for me along its way than in another path, and that my duty is clear and unmistakable, I am constrained to reaffirm in my own mind and to declare to you the resolution I made when I entered journalism, namely, that as long as I remain in its ranks I will never become a candidate for any political office, or draw a dollar from any public treasury. This rule I have never broken, and I hope I never shall. As a matter of course, every young man of health and spirit must have ambition, (I think it has been the curse of the South that our young men have considered little else than political preferment worthy of an ambitious thought.) There is a fascination about the applause of the hustings that is hard to withstand. Really, there is no career that brings so much of unhappiness and discontent—so much of subservience, sacrifice, and uncertainty as that of the politician. (Never did the South offer so little to her young men in the direction of politics as she does at present. Never did she offer so much in other directions. As for me, my ambition is a simple one. I shall be satisfied with the labors of my life if, when those labors are over, my son, looking abroad upon a better and grander Georgia—a Georgia that has filled the destiny God intended her for—when her towns and cities are hives of industry, and her country-side the exhaustless fields from which their stores are drawn—when every stream dances on its way to the music of spindles, and every forest echoes back the roar of the passing train—when her valleys smile with abundant harvests, and from her hill-sides come the tinkling of bells as her herds and flocks go forth from their folds—when more than two million people proclaim her perfect independence, and bless her with their love—I shall be more than content, I say, if my son, looking upon such scenes as these, can stand up and say:

"My father bore a part in this work, and his name lives in the memory of this people."/

While I am forced, therefore, to decline to allow the use of my name as you request, I cannot dismiss your testimonial, unprecedented, I believe, in its character and compass, without renewing my thanks for the generous motives that inspired it. Life can bring me no sweeter satisfaction than comes from this expression of confidence and esteem from the people with whom I live, and among whom I expect to die. You have been pleased to commend the work I may have done for the old State we love so well. Rest assured that you have to-day repaid me amply for the past, and have strengthened me for whatever duty may lie ahead.

Brief as it is, this is a complete summary of Mr. Grady's purpose so far as politics were concerned. It is the key-note of his career. He was ambitious—he was fired with that "noble discontent," born of genius, that spurs men to action, but he lacked the selfishness that leads to office-seeking. It is not to be supposed, however, that he scorned politics. He had unbounded faith in the end and aim of certain principles of government, and he had unlimited confidence in the honesty and justice of the people and in the destiny of the American Union—in the future of the Republic.

What was the secret of his popularity? By what methods did he win the affections of people who never saw his face or heard his voice? His aversion to office was not generally known—indeed, men who regarded him in the light of rivalry, and who had access to publications neither friendly nor appreciative, had advertised to the contrary. By them it was hinted that he was continually seeking office and employing for that purpose all the secret arts of the demagogue. Yet, in the face of these sinister intimations, he died the best beloved and the most deeply lamented man that Georgia has ever produced, and, to crown it all, he died a private citizen, sacrificing his life in behalf of a purpose that was neither personal nor sectional, but grandly national in its aims.

In the last intimate conversation he had with the writer of this, Mr. Grady regretted that there were people in

Georgia who misunderstood his motives and intentions. We were on the train going from Macon to Eatonton, where he was to speak.

"I am going to Eatonton solely because you seem to have your heart set on it," he said. "There are people who will say that I am making a campaign in my own behalf, and you will hear it hinted that I am going about the State drumming up popularity for the purpose of running for some office."

The idea seemed to oppress him, and though he never bore malice against a human being, he was keenly hurt at any interpretation of his motives that included selfishness or self-seeking among them. In this way, he was often deeply wounded by men who ought to have held up his hands.

When he died, those who had wronged him, perhaps unintentionally, by attributing to him a selfish ambition that he never had, were among the first to do justice to his motives. Their haste in this matter (there are two instances in my mind) has led me to believe that their instinct at the last was superior to their judgment. I have recently read again nearly all the political editorials contributed to the *Constitution* by Mr. Grady during the last half-dozen years. Taken together, they make a remarkable showing. They manifest an extraordinary growth, not in style or expression—for all the graces of composition were fully developed in Mr. Grady's earliest writings—but in lofty aim, in the high and patriotic purpose that is to be found at its culmination in his Boston speech. I mention the Boston speech because it is the last serious effort he made. Reference might just as well have been made to the New England speech, or to the Elberton speech, or to the little speech he delivered at Eatonton, and which was never reported. In each and all of these there is to be found the qualities that are greater than literary nimbleness or rhetorical fluency—the qualities that kindle the fires of patriotism and revive and restore the love of country.

In his Eatonton speech, Mr. Grady was particularly happy in his references to a restored Union and a common country, and his earnestness and his eloquence were as conscientious there as if he were speaking to the largest and most distinguished audience in the world, and as if his address were to be printed in all the newspapers of the land. I am dwelling on these things in order to show that there was nothing affected or perfunctory in Mr. Grady's attitude. He had political enemies in the State—men who, at some turn in their career, had felt the touch and influence of his hand, or thought they did—and these men were always ready, through their small organs and mouthpieces, to belittle his efforts and to dash their stale small beer across the path of this prophet of the New South, who strove to impress his people with his own brightness and to lead them into the sunshine that warmed his own life and made it beautiful. Perhaps these things should not be mentioned in a sketch that can only be general in its nature; and yet they afford a key to Mr. Grady's character; they supply the means of getting an intimate glimpse of his motives. That the thoughtless and ill-tempered criticisms of his contemporaries wounded him is beyond question. They troubled him greatly, and he used to talk about them to his co-workers with the utmost freedom. But they never made him malicious. He always had some excuse to offer for those who misinterpreted him, and no attack, however bitter, was ever made on his motives, that he could not find a reasonable excuse for in some genial and graceful way.

The great point about this man was that he never bore malice. His heart was too tender and his nature too generous. The small jealousies, and rivalries, and envies that appertain to life, and, indeed, are a definite part of it, never touched him in the slightest degree. He was conscious of the growth of his powers, and he watched their development with the curiosity and enthusiasm of a boy, but the egotism that is based on arrogance or self-esteem he had no knowledge of. The consciousness of the purity

of his motives gave him strength and power in a direction where most other public men are weak. This same consciousness gave a breadth, an ardor, and an impulsiveness to his actions and utterances that seem to be wholly lacking in the lives of other public men who have won the applause of the public. The secret of this it would be difficult to define. When his companions in the office insisted that it was his duty to prepare at least an outline of his speeches so that the newspapers could have the benefit of such a basis, the suggestion fretted him. His speech at the annual banquet of the New England Society, which created such a tremendous sensation, was an impromptu effort from beginning to end. It was the creature of the occasion. Fortunately, a reporter of the *New York Tribune* was present, and he has preserved for us something of the flavor and finish of the words which the young Southerner uttered on his first introduction to a Northern audience. The tremendous impression that he made, however, has never been recorded. There was a faint echo of it in the newspapers, a buzz and a stir in the hotel lobbies, but all that was said was inadequate to explain why these sons of New England, accustomed as they were to eloquence of the rarer kind, as the volumes of their proceedings show, rose to their feet and shouted themselves hoarse over the simple and impromptu effort of this young Georgian.

Mr. Grady attended the New England banquet for the purpose of making a mere formal response to the toast of "The South," but, as he said afterwards, there was something in the scene that was inspiring. Near him sat General Tecumseh Sherman, who marched through Georgia with fire and sword, and all around him were the fat and jocund sons of New England who had prospered by the results of the war while his own people had had the direst poverty for their portion. "When I found myself on my feet," he said, describing the scene on his return, "every nerve in my body was strung as tight as a fiddle-string, and all tingling. I knew then that I had a message for that

assemblage, and as soon as I opened my mouth it came rushing out."

That speech, as we all know, was an achievement in its way. It stirred the whole country from one end to the other, and made Mr. Grady famous. Invitations to speak poured in upon him from all quarters, and he at last decided to deliver an address at Dallas, Texas. His friends advised him to prepare the speech in advance, especially as many of the newspapers of the country would be glad to have proofs of it to be used when it was delivered. He saw how essential this would be; but the preparation of a speech in cold blood (as he phrased it) was irksome to him, and failed to meet the approval of his methods, which were as responsive to the occasion as the report of the thunder-clap is to the lightning's flash. He knew that he could depend on these methods in all emergencies and under all circumstances, and he felt that only by depending on them could he do himself justice before an audience. (The one characteristic of all his speeches, as natural to his mind as it was surprising to the minds of others, was the ease and felicity with which he seized on suggestions born of the moment and growing out of his immediate surroundings.) It might be some incident occurring to the audience, some failure in the programme, some remark of the speaker introducing him, or some unlooked-for event; but, whatever it was, he seized it and compelled it to do duty in pointing a beautiful moral, or he made it the basis of that swift and genial humor that was a feature not only of his speeches, but of his daily life.

He was prevailed on, however, to prepare his Dallas speech in advance. It was put in type in the *Constitution* office, carefully revised, and proof slips sent out to a number of newspapers. Mr. Grady's journey from Atlanta to Dallas, which was undertaken in a special car, was in the nature of an ovation. He was met at every station by large crowds, and his appearance created an enthusiasm that is indescribable. No such tribute as this has ever before been paid, under any circumstances, to any private American

citizen, and it is to be doubted whether even any public official, no matter how exalted his station, has ever been greeted with such hearty and spontaneous enthusiasm. His reception in Dallas was the culmination of the series of ovations through which he had passed. Some sort of programme had been arranged by a committee, but the crowds trampled on this, and the affair took the shape of an American hullabaloo, so to speak, and, as such, it was greatly enjoyed by Mr. Grady.

Meanwhile, the programme that had been arranged for the speech-making was fully carried out. The young editor completely captured the vast crowd that had assembled to hear him. This information had been promptly carried to the *Constitution* office by private telegrams, and everything was made ready for giving the speech to the public the next morning; but during the afternoon this telegram came:

"Suppress speech: It has been entirely changed. Notify other papers."

At the last moment, his mind full of the suggestions of his surroundings, he felt that the prepared speech could not be depended on, and he threw it away. It was a great relief to him, he told me afterward, to be able to do this. Whatever in the prepared speech seemed to be timely he used, but he departed entirely from the line of it at every point, and the address that the Texans heard was mainly an impromptu one. It created immense enthusiasm, and confirmed the promise of the speech before the New England Society.

The speech before the University of Virginia was also prepared beforehand, but Mr. Grady made a plaything of the preparation before his audience. "I was never so thoroughly convinced of Mr. Grady's power," said the Hon. Guyton McLendon, of Thomasville, to the writer, "as when I heard him deliver this speech." Mr. McLendon had accompanied him on his journey to Charlottesville. "We

spent a day in Washington," said Mr. McLendon, recalling the incidents of the trip. "The rest of the party rode around the capital looking at the sights, but Mr. Grady, myself, and one or two others remained in the car. While we were waiting there, Mr. Grady read me the printed slips of his speech, and I remember that it made a great impression on me. I thought it was good enough for any occasion, but Mr. Grady seemed to have his doubts about it. He examined it critically two or three times, and made some alterations. Finally he laid it away. When he did come to deliver the speech, I was perhaps the most astonished person you ever saw. I expected to hear again the speech that had been read to me in the Pullman coach, but I heard a vastly different and a vastly better one. He used the old speech only where it was most timely and most convenient. The incident of delivering the prize to a young student who had won it on a literary exercise of some sort, started Mr. Grady off in a new vein and on a new line, and after that he used the printed speech merely to fill out with here and there. It was wonderful how he could break away from it and come back to it, fitting the old with the new in a beautiful and harmonious mosaic. If anybody had told me that the human mind was capable of such a performance as this on the wing and in the air, so to speak, I shouldn't have believed it. To me it was a wonderful manifestation of genius, and I knew then, for the first time, that there was no limit to Mr. Grady's power and versatility as a speaker."

— In his speeches in the country towns of Georgia and before the farmers, Mr. Grady made no pretense of preparation. His private secretary, Mr. James R. Holliday, caught and wrote out the pregnant paragraphs that go to make up his Elberton speech, which was the skeleton and outline on which he based his speeches to the farmers. Each speech, as might be supposed, was a beautiful variation of this rural theme to which he was wedded, but the essential part of the Elberton speech was the bone and marrow of all. I think there is no passage in our modern

literature equal in its effectiveness and pathos to his picture of a Southern farmer's home. It was a matter on which his mind dwelt. There was that in his nature to which both sun and soil appealed. The rain falling on a fallow field, the sun shining on the bristling and waving corn, and the gentle winds of heaven blowing over all—he was never tired of talking of these, and his talk always took the shape of a series of picturesque descriptions. He appreciated their spiritual essence as well as their material meaning, and he surrendered himself entirely to all the wholesome suggestions that spring from the contemplation of rural scenes.

I suppose it is true that all men—except those who are brought in daily contact with the practical and prosy side of it—have a longing for a country life. Mr. Grady's longing in that direction took the shape of a passion that was none the less serious and earnest because he knew it was altogether romantic. In the Spring of 1889, the matter engaged his attention to such an extent, that he commissioned a compositor in the *Constitution* office to purchase a suburban farm. He planned it all out beforehand, and knew just where the profits were to come in. His descriptions of his imaginary farm were inimitable, and the details, as he gave them out, were marked by the rare humor with which he treated the most serious matters. There was to be an old-fashioned spring in a clump of large oak-trees on the place, meadows of orchard grass and clover, through which mild-eyed Jerseys were to wander at will, and in front of the house there was to be a barley patch gloriously green, and a colt frolicking and capering in it. The farm was of course a dream, but it was a very beautiful one while it lasted, and he dwelt on it with an earnestness that was quite engaging to those who enjoyed his companionship. The farm was a dream, but he no doubt got more enjoyment and profit out of it than a great many prosy people get out of the farms that are real. Insubstantial as it was, Mr. Grady's farm served to relieve the tension of a mind that was always busy with the larger

affairs of this busy and stirring age, and many a time when he grew tired of the incessant demands made on his time and patience he would close the door of his room with a bang and instruct the office-boy to tell all callers that he had "gone to his farm." The fat cows that grazed there lowed their welcome, the chickens cackled to see him come, and the colt capered nimbly in the green expanse of barley—children of his dreams all, but all grateful and restful to a busy mind.

II.

In this hurriedly written sketch, which is thrown together to meet the modern exigencies of publishing, the round, and full, and complete biography cannot be looked for. There is no time here for the selection and arrangement in an orderly way of the details of this busy and brilliant life. Under the circumstances, even the hand of affection can only touch it here and there so swiftly and so lightly that the random result must be inartistic and unsatisfactory. It was at such moments as these—moments of hurry and high-pressure—that Mr. Grady was at his best. His hand was never surer,—the machinery of his mind was never more responsive to the tremendous demands he made on it,—than when the huge press of the *Constitution* was waiting his orders; when the forms were waiting to be closed, when the compositors were fretting and fuming for copy, and when, perhaps, an express train was waiting ten minutes over its time to carry the *Constitution* to its subscribers. All his faculties were trained to meet emergencies; and he was never happier than when meeting them, whether in a political campaign, in conventions, in local issues, or in the newspaper business as correspondent or managing editor. Pressed by the emergency of his death, which to me was paralyzing, and by the necessity of haste, which, at this juncture, is confusing, these reminiscences have taken on a disjointed shape sadly at variance with the demands of literary art. Let me, therefore, somewhere in the middle, begin at the beginning.

Henry Woodfin Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, on the 24th of April, 1850. As a little boy he was the leader of all the little boys of his acquaintance—full of that moral audacity that takes the lead in all innocent and healthy sports. An old gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, came into the *Constitution* editorial rooms shortly after Mr. Grady delivered the New England banquet speech, to say that he knew Henry when a boy. I listened with interest, but the memory of what he said is vague. I remember that his reminiscences had a touch of enthusiasm, going to show that the little boy was attractive enough to make a deep impression on his elders. He had, even when a child, all those qualities that draw attention and win approval. It is easy to believe that he was a somewhat boisterous boy. Even after he had a family of his own, and when he was supposed (as the phrase is) to have settled down, he still remained a boy to all intents and purposes. His vitality was inexhaustible, and his flow of animal spirits unceasing. In all athletic sports and outdoor exercises he excelled while at school and college, and it is probable that his record as a boxer, wrestler, sprinter, and an all-around athlete is more voluminous than his record for scholarship. To the very last, his enthusiasm for these sports was, to his intimate friends, one of the most interesting characteristics of this many-sided man.

One of his characteristics as a boy, and it was a characteristic that clung to him through all his life, was his love and sympathy for the poor and lowly, for the destitute and the forlorn. This was one of the problems of life that he could never understand,—why, in the economy of Providence, some human beings should be rich and happy, and others poor and friendless. When a very little child he began to try to solve the problem in his own way. It was a small way, indeed, but if all who are fortunately situated should make the same effort charity would cause the whole world to smile, and Heaven could not possibly withhold the rich promise of its blessings. From his earliest childhood, Mr. Grady had a fondness for the negro

race. He was fond of the negroes because they were dependent, his heart went out to them because he understood and appreciated their position. When he was two years old, he had a little negro boy named Isaac to wait on him. He always called this negro "Brother Isaac," and he would cry bitterly, if any one told him that Isaac was not his brother. As he grew older his interest in the negroes and his fondness for them increased. Until he was eight or nine years old he always called his mother "Dear mother," and when the weather was very cold, he had a habit of waking in the night and saying: "Dear mother, do you think the servants have enough cover? It's so cold, and I want them to be warm." His first thought was always for the destitute and the lowly—for those who were dependent on him or on others. At home he always shared his lunch with the negro children, and after the slaves were freed, and were in such a destitute condition, scarcely a week passed that some forlorn-looking negro boy did not bring his mother a note something like this: "DEAR MOTHER: Please give this child something to eat. He looks so hungry. H. W. G." It need not be said that no one bearing credentials signed by this thoughtful and unselfish boy was ever turned away hungry from the Grady door. It may be said, too, that his love and sympathy for the negroes was fully appreciated by that race. His mother says that she never had a servant during all his life that was not devoted to him, and never knew one to be angry or impatient with him. He could never bear to see any one angry or unhappy about him. As a child he sought to heal the wounds of the sorrowing, and to the last, though he was worried by the vast responsibilities he had taken on his shoulders and disturbed by the thoughtless demands made on his time and patience, he suffered more from the sorrows of others than from any troubles of his own. When he went to school, he carried the same qualities of sympathy and unselfishness that had made him charming as a child. If, among his school-mates, there was to be found a poor or a delicate child, he took that

child under his especial care, and no one was allowed to trouble it in any way.

Shortly after he graduated at the State University, an event occurred that probably decided Mr. Grady's future career. In an accidental way he went on one of the annual excursions of the Georgia Press Association as the correspondent of the *Constitution*. His letters describing the incidents of the trip were written over the signature of "King Hans."

They were full of that racy humor that has since become identified with a large part of Mr. Grady's journalistic work. They had a flavor of audacity about them, and that sparkling suggestiveness that goes first by one name and then another, but is chiefly known as individuality. The letters created a sensation among the editors. There was not much that was original or interesting in Georgia journalism in that day and time. The State was in the hands of the carpet-baggers, and the newspapers reflected in a very large degree the gloom and the hopelessness of that direful period. The editors abused the Republicans in their editorial columns day after day, and made no effort to enlarge their news service, or to increase the scope of their duties or their influence. Journalism in Georgia, in short, was in a rut, and there it was content to jog.

Though the "King Hans" letters were the production of a boy, their humor, their aptness, their illuminating power (so to say), their light touch, and their suggestiveness, showed that a new star had arisen. They created a lively diversion among the gloomy-minded editors for a while, and then the procession moved sadly forward in the old ruts. But the brief, fleeting, and humorous experience that Mr. Grady had as the casual correspondent of the *Constitution* decided him. Perhaps this was his bent after all, and that what might be called a happy accident was merely a fortunate incident that fate had arranged, for to this beautiful and buoyant nature fate seemed to be always kind. Into his short life it crowded its best and dearest gifts. All manner of happiness was his—the hap-

pineness of loving and of being beloved—the happiness of doing good in directions that only the Recording Angel could follow—and before he died Fame came and laid a wreath of flowers at his feet. Fate or circumstance carried him into journalism. His “King Hans” letters had attracted attention to him, and it seemed natural that he should follow this humorous experiment into a more serious field.

He went to Rome not long afterwards, and became editor of the *Rome Courier*. The *Courier* was the oldest paper in the city, and therefore the most substantial. It was, in fact, a fine piece of property. But the town was a growing town, and the *Courier* had rivals, the *Rome Daily*, if my memory serves me, and the *Rome Commercial*. Just how long Mr. Grady edited the *Courier*, I have no record of; but one fine morning, he thought he discovered a “ring” of some sort in the village. I do not know whether it was a political or a financial ring. We have had so many of these rings in one shape or another that I will not trust my memory to describe it; but it was a ring, and probably one of the first that dared to engage in business. Mr. Grady wrote a fine editorial denouncing it, but when the article was submitted to the proprietor, he made some objection. He probably thought that some of his patrons would take offense at the strong language Mr. Grady had used. After some conversation on the subject, the proprietor of the *Courier* flatly objected to the appearance of the editorial in his paper. Mr. Grady was about eighteen years old then, with views and a little money of his own. In the course of a few hours he had bought out the two opposing papers, consolidated them, and his editorial attack on the ring appeared the next morning in the *Rome Daily Commercial*. It happened on the same morning that the two papers, the *Courier* and the *Daily Commercial*, both appeared with the name of Henry W. Grady as editor. The ring, or whatever it was, was smashed. Nobody heard anything more of it, and the *Commercial* was greeted by its esteemed contemporaries as

a most welcome addition to Georgia journalism. It was bright and lively, and gave Rome a new vision of herself.

It was left to the *Commercial* to discover that Rome was a city set on the hills, and that she ought to have an advertising torch in her hands. The *Commercial*, however, was only an experiment. It was run, as Mr. Grady told me long afterwards, as an amateur casual. He had money to spend on it, and he gave it a long string to go on. Occasionally he would fill it up with his bright fancies, and then he would neglect it for days at a time, and it would then be edited by the foreman. It was about this time that I met Mr. Grady. We had had some correspondence. He was appreciative, and whatever struck his fancy he had a quick response for. Some foolish paragraph of mine had appealed to his sense of humor, and he pursued the matter with a sympathetic letter that made a lasting impression. The result of that letter was that I went to Rome, pulled him from his flying ponies, and had a most enjoyable visit. From Rome we went to Lookout Mountain, and it is needless to say that he was the life of the party. He was its body, its spirit, and its essence. We found, in our journey, a dissipated person who could play on the zither. Just how important that person became, those who remember Mr. Grady's pranks can imagine. The man with the zither took the shape of a minstrel, and in that guise he went with us, always prepared to make music, which he had often to do in response to Mr. Grady's demands.

Rome, however, soon ceased to be large enough for the young editor. Atlanta seemed to offer the widest field, and he came here, and entered into partnership with Colonel Robert A. Alston and Alex St. Clair-Abrams. It was a queer partnership, but there was much that was congenial about it. Colonel Alston was a typical South Carolinian, and Abrams was a Creole. It would be difficult to get together three more impulsive and enterprising partners. Little attention was paid to the business office. The principal idea was to print the best newspaper in the South, and for a time this scheme was carried out in a magnificent

way that could not last. Mr. Grady never bothered himself about the finances, and the other editors were not familiar with the details of business. The paper they published attracted more attention from newspaper men than it did from the public, and it was finally compelled to suspend. Its good will—and it had more good will than capital—was sold to the *Constitution*, which had been managed in a more conservative style. It is an interesting fact, however, that Mr. Grady's experiments in the *Herald*, which were failures, were successful when tried on the *Constitution*, whose staff he joined when Captain Evan P. Howell secured a controlling interest. And yet Mr. Grady's development as a newspaper man was not as rapid as might be supposed. He was employed by the *Constitution* as a reporter, and his work was intermittent.

One fact was fully developed by Mr. Grady's early work on the *Constitution*,—namely, that he was not fitted for the routine work of a reporter. One day he would fill several columns of the paper with his bright things, and then for several days he would stand around in the sunshine talking to his friends, and entertaining them with his racy sayings. I have seen it stated in various shapes in books and magazines that the art of conversation is dead. If it was dead before Mr. Grady was born, it was left to him to resurrect it. Charming as his pen was, it could bear no reasonable comparison with his tongue. I am not alluding here to his eloquence, but to his ordinary conversation. When he had the incentive of sympathetic friends and surroundings, he was the most fascinating talker I have ever heard. General Toombs had large gifts in that direction, but he bore no comparison in any respect to Mr. Grady, whose mind was responsive to all suggestions and to all subjects. The men who have made large reputations as talkers have had the habit of selecting their own subjects and treating them dogmatically. We read of Coleridge buttonholing an acquaintance and talking him to death on the street, and of Carlyle compelling himself to be heard by sheer vociferousness. Mr. Grady

could have made the monologue as interesting as he did his orations, but this was not his way. What he did was to take up whatever commonplace subject was suggested, and so charge it with his nimble wit and brilliant imagination as to give it a new importance.

It was natural, under the circumstances, that his home in Atlanta should be the center of the social life of the city. He kept open house, and, aided by his lovely wife and two beautiful children, dispensed the most charming hospitality. There was nothing more delightful than his home-life. Whatever air or attitude he had to assume in business, at home he was a rollicking and romping boy. He put aside all dignity there, and his most distinguished guest was never distinguished enough to put on the airs of formality that are commonly supposed to be a part of social life. His home was a typical one,—the center of his affections and the fountain of all his joys—and he managed to make all his friends feel what a sacred place it was. It was the headquarters of all that is best and brightest in the social and intellectual life of Atlanta, and many of the most distinguished men of the country have enjoyed the dispensation of his hospitality, which was simple and homelike, having about it something of the flavor and ripeness of the old Southern life.

In writing of the life and career of a man as busy in so many directions as Mr. Grady, one finds it difficult to pursue the ordinary methods of biographical writing. One finds it necessary, in order to give a clear idea of his methods, which were his own in all respects, to be continually harking back to some earlier period of his career. I have alluded to his distaste for the routine of reportorial work. The daily grind—the treadmill of trivial affairs—was not attractive to him ; but when there was a sensation in the air—when something of unusual importance was happening or about to happen—he was in his element. His energy at such times was phenomenal. He had the faculty of grasping all the details of an event, and the imagination to group them properly so as to give them their full force

and effect. The result of this is shown very clearly in his telegrams to the New York *Herald* and the *Constitution* from Florida during the disputed count going on there in 1876 and the early part of 1877. Mr. Tilden selected Senator Joseph E. Brown, among other prominent Democrats, to proceed to Florida, and look after the Democratic case there. Mr. Grady went as the special correspondent of the New York *Herald* and the Atlanta *Constitution*, and though he had for his competitors some of the most famous special writers of the country, he easily led them all in the brilliancy of his style, in the character of his work, and in his knack of grouping together gossip and fact. He was always proud of his work there; he was on his mettle, as the saying is, and I think there is no question that, from a journalist's point of view, his letters and telegrams, covering the history of what is known politically as the Florida fraud, have no equal in the newspaper literature of the day. There is no phase of that important case that his reports do not cover, and they represent a vast amount of rapid and accurate work—work in which the individuality of the man is as prominent as his accuracy and impartiality. One of the results of Mr. Grady's visit to Florida, and his association with the prominent politicians gathered there, was to develop a confidence in his own powers and resources that was exceedingly valuable to him when he came afterwards to the management of the leading daily paper in the South. He discovered that the men who had been successful in business and in politics had no advantage over him in any of the mental qualities and attributes that appertain to success, and this discovery gave purpose and determination to his ambition.

Another fruitful fact in his career, which he used to dwell on with great pleasure, was his association while in Florida with Senator Brown—an association that amounted to intimacy. Mr. Grady always had a very great admiration for Senator Brown, but in Florida he had the opportunity of working side by side with the Senator and of studying the methods by which he managed

men and brought them within the circle of his powerful influence. Mr. Grady often said that it was one of the most instructive lessons of his life to observe the influence which Senator Brown, feeble as he was in body, exerted on men who were almost total strangers. The contest between the politicians for the electoral vote of Florida was in the nature of a still hunt, where prudence, judgment, skill, and large knowledge of human nature were absolutely essential. In such a contest as this, Senator Brown was absolutely master of the situation, and Mr. Grady took great delight in studying his methods, and in describing them afterwards.

Busy as Mr. Grady was in Florida with the politicians and with his newspaper correspondence, he nevertheless found time to make an exhaustive study of the material resources of the State, and the result of this appeared in the columns of the *Constitution* at a later date in the shape of a series of letters that attracted unusual attention throughout the country. This subject, the material resources of the South, and the development of the section, was always a favorite one with Mr. Grady. He touched it freely from every side and point of view, and made a feature of it in his newspaper work. To his mind there was something more practical in this direction than in the heat and fury of partisan politics. Whatever would aid the South in a material way, develop her resources and add to her capital, population, and industries, found in him not only a ready, but an enthusiastic and a tireless champion. He took great interest in politics, too, and often made his genius for the management of men and issues felt in the affairs of the State; but the routine of politics—the discussion that goes on, like Tennyson's brook, forever and forever—were of far less importance in his mind than the practical development of the South. This seemed to be the burthen of his speeches, as it was of all his later writings. He never tired of this subject, and he discussed it with a brilliancy, a fervor, a versatility, and a fluency marvelous enough to have made the reputation of

half a dozen men. Out of his contemplation of it grew the lofty and patriotic purpose which drew attention to his wonderful eloquence, and made him famous throughout the country—the purpose to draw the two sections together in closer bonds of union, fraternity, harmony, and goodwill. The real strength and symmetry of his career can only be properly appreciated by those who take into consideration the unselfishness with which he devoted himself to this patriotic purpose. Instinctively the country seemed to understand something of this, and it was this instinctive understanding that caused him to be regarded with affectionate interest and appreciation from one end of the country to the other by people of all parties, classes, and interests. It was this instinctive understanding that made him at the close of his brief career one of the most conspicuous Americans of modern times, and threw the whole country into mourning at his death.

III.

X When in 1880 Mr. Grady bought a fourth interest in the *Constitution*, he gave up, for the most part, all outside newspaper work, and proceeded to devote his time and attention to his duties as managing editor, for which he was peculiarly well fitted. His methods were entirely his own. He borrowed from no one. Every movement he made in the field of journalism was stamped with the seal of his genius. He followed no precedent. He provided for every emergency as it arose, and some of his strokes of enterprise were as bold as they were startling. He had a rapid faculty of organization. This was shown on one occasion when he determined to print official reports of the returns of the congressional election in the seventh Georgia district. Great interest was felt in the result all over the State. An independent candidate was running against the Democratic nominee, and the campaign was one of the liveliest ever had in Georgia. Yet it is a district that lies in the mountains and winds around and over them. Ordinarily, it was sometimes a fortnight and frequently a

month before the waiting newspapers and the public knew the official returns. Mr. Grady arranged for couriers with relays of horses at all the remote precincts, and the majority of them are remote from the lines of communication, and his orders to these were to spare neither horse-flesh nor money in getting the returns to the telegraph stations. At important points, he had placed members of the *Constitution's* editorial and reportorial staff, who were to give the night couriers the assistance and directions which their interest and training would suggest. It was a tough piece of work, but all the details and plans had been so perfectly arranged that there was no miscarriage anywhere. One of the couriers rode forty miles over the mountains, fording rushing streams and galloping wildly over the rough roads. It was a rough job, but he had been selected by Mr. Grady especially for this piece of work ; he was a tough man and he had tough horses under him, and he reached the telegraph station on time. This sort of thing was going on all over the district, and the next morning the whole State had the official returns. Other feats of modern newspaper enterprise have been more costly and as successful, but there is none that I can recall to mind showing a more comprehensive grasp of the situation or betraying a more daring spirit. It was a feat that appealed to the imagination, and therefore on the Napoleonic order.

And yet it is a singular fact that all his early journalistic ventures were in the nature of failures. The *Rome Commercial*, which he edited before he had attained his majority, was a bright paper, but not financially successful. Mr. Grady did some remarkably bold and brilliant work on the *Atlanta Daily Herald*, but it was expensive work, too, and the *Herald* died for lack of funds. Mr. Marion J. Verdery, in his admirable memorial of Mr. Grady, prepared for the Southern Society of New York (which I have taken the liberty of embodying in this volume) alludes to these failures of Mr. Grady, and a great many of his admirers have been mystified by them. I think the explanation is very simple. Mr. Grady was a

new and a surprising element in the field of journalism, and his methods were beyond the comprehension of those who had grown gray watching the dull and commonplace politicians wielding their heavy pens as editors, and getting the news accidentally, if at all. There are a great many people in this world of ours—let us say the average people, in order to be mathematically exact—who have to be educated up to an appreciation of what is bright and beautiful, or bold and interesting. Some of Mr. Grady's methods were new even in American journalism, and it is no wonder that his dashing experiments with the *Daily Herald* were failures, or that commonplace people regarded them as crude and reckless manifestations of a purpose and a desire to create a sensation. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that when the *Daily Herald* was running its special locomotives up and down the railroads of the State, the field of journalism in Atlanta was exceedingly narrow and provincial. The town had been rescued from the village shape, but neither its population nor its progress warranted the experiments on the *Herald*. They were mistakes of time and place, but they were not mistakes of conception and execution. They helped to educate and enlighten the public, and to give that dull, clumsy, and slow-moving body a taste of the spirit and purpose of modern journalism. The public liked the taste that it got, and smacked its lips over it and remembered it, and was always ready after that to respond promptly to the efforts of Mr. Grady to give it the work of his head and hands.

Bright and buoyant as he was, his early failures in journalism dazed and mortified him, but they did not leave him depressed. If he had his hours of depression and gloom he reserved them for himself. Even when all his resources had been exhausted, he was the same genial, witty, and appreciative companion, the center of attraction wherever he went. The year 1876 was the turning-point in his career in more ways than one. In the fall of that year, Captain Evan P. Howell bought a controlling interest in the *Constitution*. The day after the purchase was

made, Captain Howell met Mr. Grady, who was on his way to the passenger station.

"I was just hunting for you," said Captain Howell. "I want to have a talk with you."

"Well, you'll have to talk mighty fast," said Mr. Grady. "Atlanta's either too big for me, or I am too big for Atlanta."

It turned out that the young editor, discomfited in Atlanta, but not discouraged, was on his way to Augusta to take charge of the *Constitutionalist* of that city. Captain Howell offered him a position at once, which was promptly accepted. There was no higgling or bargaining; the two men were intimate friends; there was something congenial in their humor, in their temperaments, and in a certain fine audacity in political affairs that made the two men invincible in Georgia politics from the day they began working together. Before the train that was to bear Mr. Grady to Augusta had steamed out of the station, he was on his way to the *Constitution* office to enter on his duties, and then and there practically began between the two men a partnership as intimate in its relations of both friendship and business as it was important on its bearings on the wonderful success of the *Constitution* and on the local history and politics of Georgia. It was an ideal partnership in many respects, and covered almost every movement, with one exception, that the two friends made. That exception was the prohibition campaign in Atlanta, that attracted such widespread attention throughout the country. Mr. Grady represented the prohibitionists and Captain Howell the anti-prohibitionists, and it was one of the most vigorous and amusing campaigns the town has ever witnessed. Each partner was the chief speaker of the side he represented, and neither lost an opportunity to tell a good-humored joke at the other's expense. Thus, while the campaign was an earnest one in every respect, and even embittered to some small extent by the thoughtless utterances of those who seem to believe that moral issues can best be settled by a display of fanaticism, the tension was

greatly relieved by the wit, the humor, the good nature and the good sense which the two leaders injected into the canvass.

The sentimental side of Mr. Grady's character was more largely and more practically developed than that of any other person I have ever seen. In the great majority of cases sentiment develops into a sentimentality that is sometimes maudlin, sometimes officious, and frequently offensive. In most people it develops as the weakest and least attractive side of their character. It was the stronghold of Mr. Grady's nature. It enveloped his whole career, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, in sweetness and light, and made his life a real dispensation in behalf of the lives of others. Wherever he found suffering and sorrow, no matter how humble—wherever he found misery, no matter how coarse and degraded, he struck hands with them then and there, and wrapped them about and strengthened them with his abundant sympathy. Until he could give them relief in some shape, he became their partner, and a very active and energetic partner he was. I have often thought that his words of courage and cheer, always given with a light and humorous touch to hide his own feelings, was worth more than the rich man's grudging gift. It was this side of Mr. Grady's nature that caused him to turn with such readiness to the festivities of Christmas. He was a great admirer of Charles Dickens, especially of that writer's Christmas literature. It was an ideal season with Mr. Grady, and it presented itself to his mind less as a holiday time than as an opportunity to make others happy—the rich as well as the poor. He had a theory that the rich who have become poor by accident or misfortune suffer the stings of poverty more keenly than the poor who have always been poor, for the reason that they are not qualified to fight against conditions that are at once strange and crushing. Several Christmases ago, I had the pleasure of witnessing a little episode in which he illustrated his theory to his own satisfaction as well as to mine.

On that particular Christmas eve, there was living in

Atlanta an old gentleman who had at one time been one of the leading citizens of the town. He had in fact been a powerful influence in the politics of the State, but the war swept away his possessions, and along with them all the conditions and surroundings that had enabled him to maintain himself comfortably. His misfortunes came on him when he was too old to begin the struggle with life anew with any reasonable hope of success. He gave way to a disposition that had been only convivial in his better days when he had hope and pride to sustain him, and he sank lower until he had nearly reached the gutter.

I joined Mr. Grady as he left the office, and we walked slowly down the street enjoying the kaleidoscopic view of the ever-shifting, ever hurrying crowd as it swept along the pavements. In all that restless and hastening throng there seemed to be but one man bent on no message of enjoyment or pleasure, and he was old and seedy-looking. He was gazing about him in an absent-minded way. The weather was not cold, but a disagreeable drizzle was falling.

"Yonder is the Judge," said Mr. Grady, pointing to the seedy-looking old man. "Let's go and see what he is going to have for Christmas."

I found out long afterwards that the old man had long been a pensioner on Mr. Grady's bounty, but there was nothing to suggest this in the way in which the young editor approached the Judge. His manner was the very perfection of cordiality and consideration, though there was just a touch of gentle humor in his bright eyes.

"It isn't too early to wish you a merry Christmas, I hope," said Mr. Grady, shaking hands with the old man.

"No, no," replied the Judge, straightening himself up with dignity; "not at all. The same to you, my boy."

"Well," remarked Mr. Grady lightly, "you ought to be fixing up for it. I'm not as old as you are, and I've got lots of stirring around and shopping to do if I have any fun at home."

The eyes of the Judge sought the ground. "No. I was—ah—just considering." Then he looked up into the laughing but sympathetic eyes of the boyish young fellow,

and his dignity sensibly relaxed. "I was only—ah—Grady, let me see you a moment."

The two walked to the edge of the pavement, and talked together some little time. I did not overhear the conversation, but learned afterwards that the Judge told Mr. Grady that he had no provisions at home, and no money to buy them with, and asked for a small loan.

"I'll do better than that," said Mr. Grady. "I'll go with you and buy them myself. Come with us," he remarked to me with a quizzical smile. "The Judge here has found a family in distress, and we are going to send them something substantial for Christmas."

We went to a grocery store near at hand, and I saw, as we entered, that the Judge had not only recovered his native dignity, but had added a little to suit the occasion. I observed that his bearing was even haughty. Mr. Grady had observed it, too, and the humor of the situation so delighted him that he could hardly control the laughter in his voice.

"Now, Judge," said Mr. Grady, as we approached the counter, "we must be discreet as well as liberal. We must get what you think this suffering family most needs. You call off the articles, the clerk here will check them off, and I will have them sent to the house."

The Judge leaned against the counter with a careless dignity quite inimitable, and glanced at the well-filled shelves.

"Well," said he, thrumming on a paper-box, and smacking his lips thoughtfully, "we will put down first a bottle of chow-chow pickles."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Mr. Grady, his face radiant with mirth; "it is the very thing. What next?"

"Let me see," said the Judge, closing his eyes reflectively—"two tumblers of strawberry jelly, three pounds of mince-meat, and two pounds of dates, if you have real good ones, and—yes—two cans of deviled ham."

Every article the Judge ordered was something he had been used to in his happier days. The whole episode was

like a scene from one of Dickens's novels, and I have never seen Mr. Grady more delighted. He was delighted with the humor of it, and appreciated in his own quaint and charming way and to the fullest extent the pathos of it. He dwelt on it then and afterwards, and often said that he envied the broken-down old man the enjoyment of the luxuries of which he had so long been deprived.

On a memorable Christmas day not many years after, Mr. Grady stirred Atlanta to its very depths by his eloquent pen, and brought the whole community to the heights of charity and unselfishness on which he always stood. He wrought the most unique manifestation of prompt and thoughtful benevolence that is to be found recorded in modern times. The day before Christmas was bitter cold, and the night fell still colder, giving promise of the coldest weather that had been felt in Georgia for many years. The thermometer fell to zero, and it was difficult for comfortably clad people to keep warm even by the fires that plenty had provided, and it was certain that there would be terrible suffering among the poor of the city. The situation was one that appealed in the strongest manner to Mr. Grady's sympathies. It appealed, no doubt, to the sympathies of all charitably-disposed people; but the shame of modern charity is its lack of activity. People are horrified when starving people are found near their doors, when a poor woman wanders about the streets until death comes to her relief; they seem to forget that it is the duty of charity to act as well as to give. Mr. Grady was a man of action. He did not wait for the organization of a relief committee, and the meeting of prominent citizens to devise ways and means for dispensing alms. He was his own committee. His plans were instantly formed and promptly carried out. The organization was complete the moment he determined that the poor of Atlanta should not suffer for lack of food, clothing, or fuel. He sent his reporters out into the highways and byways, and into every nook and corner of the city. He took one assignment for himself, and went about through the cold from house to

house. He had a consultation with the Mayor at midnight, and cases of actual suffering were relieved then and there. The next morning, which was Sunday, the columns of the *Constitution* teemed with the results of the investigation which Mr. Grady and his reporters had made. A stirring appeal was made in the editorial columns for aid for the poor—such an appeal as only Mr. Grady could make. The plan of relief was carefully made out. The *Constitution* was prepared to take charge of whatever the charitably disposed might feel inclined to send to its office—and whatever was sent should be sent early.

The effect of this appeal was astonishing—magical, in fact. It seemed impossible to believe that any human agency could bring about such a result. By eight o'clock on Christmas morning—the day being Sunday—the street in front of the *Constitution* office was jammed with wagons, drays, and vehicles of all kinds, and the office itself was transformed into a vast depot of supplies. The merchants and business men had opened their stores as well as their hearts, and the coal and wood dealers had given the keys of their establishments into the gentle hands of charity. Men who were not in business subscribed money, and this rose into a considerable sum. When Mr. Grady arrived on the scene, he gave a shout of delight, and cut up antics as joyous as those of a schoolboy. Then he proceeded to business. He had everything in his head, and he organized his relief trains and put them in motion more rapidly than any general ever did. By noon, there was not a man, woman, or child, white or black, in the city of Atlanta that lacked any of the necessities of life, and to such an extent had the hearts of the people been stirred that a large reserve of stores was left over after everybody had been supplied. It was the happiest Christmas day the poor of Atlanta ever saw, and the happiest person of all was Henry Grady.

It is appropriate to his enjoyment of Christmas to give here a beautiful editorial he wrote on Christmas day a year before he was buried. It is a little prose poem that

attracted attention all over the country. Mr. Grady called it

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS DAY.

No man or woman now living will see again such a Christmas day as the one which closed yesterday, when the dying sun piled the western skies with gold and purple.

A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk abroad in its prodigal beauty, to breath its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the exquisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasons in the wonderful day. The hum of bees underrode the whistling wings of wild geese flying southward. The fires slept in drowsing grates, while the people, marveling outdoors, watched the soft winds woo the roses and the lilies.

Truly it was a day of days. Amid its riotous luxury surely life was worth living to hold up the head and breathe it in as thirsting men drink water; to put every sense on its gracious excellence; to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole armfuls of the day close to the heart, till the heart itself is enraptured and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light, and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness, unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was His invocation and promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

IV.

Mr. Grady took great interest in children and young people. It pleased him beyond measure to be able to contribute to their happiness. He knew all the boys in the *Constitution* office, and there is quite a little army of them employed there in one way and another; knew all about their conditions, their hopes and their aspirations, and knew their histories. He had favorites among them, but his heart went out to all. He interested himself in them in a thousand little ways that no one else would have thought of. He was never too busy to concern himself with their affairs. A year or two before he died he organized a dinner

for the newsboys and carriers. It was at first intended that the dinner should be given by the *Constitution*, but some of the prominent people heard of it, and insisted in making contributions. Then it was decided to accept contributions from all who might desire to send anything, and the result of it was a dinner of magnificent proportions. The tables were presided over by prominent society ladies, and the occasion was a very happy one in all respects.

This is only one of a thousand instances in which Mr. Grady interested himself in behalf of young people. Wherever he could find boys who were struggling to make a living, with the expectation of making something of themselves; wherever he could find boys who were giving their earnings to widowed mothers—and he found hundreds of them—he went to their aid as promptly and as effectually as he carried out all his schemes, whether great or small. It was his delight to give pleasure to all the children that he knew, and even those he didn't know. He had the spirit and the manner of a boy, when not engrossed in work, and he enjoyed life with the zest and enthusiasm of a lad of twelve. He was in his element when a circus was in town, and it was a familiar and an entertaining sight to see him heading a procession of children—sometimes fifty in line—going to the big tents to see the animals and witness the antics of the clowns. At such times, he considered himself on a frolic, and laid his dignity on the shelf. His interest in the young, however, took a more serious shape, as I have said. When Mr. Clark Howell, the son of Captain Evan Howell, attained his majority, Mr. Grady wrote him a letter, which I give here as one of the keys to the character of this many-sided man. Apart from this, it is worth putting in print for the wholesome advice it contains. The young man to whom it was written has succeeded Mr. Grady as managing editor of the *Constitution*. The letter is as follows:

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 20, 1884.

MY DEAR CLARK:—I suppose that just about the time I write this to you—a little after midnight—you are twenty-one years old. If you

were born a little later than this hour it is your mother's fault (or your father's), and I am not to blame for it. I assume, therefore, that this is your birthday, and I send you a small remembrance. I send you a pen (that you may wear as a cravat-pin) for several reasons. In the first place, I have no money, my dear boy, with which to buy you something new. In the next place, it is the symbol of the profession to which we both belong, in which each has done some good work, and will, God being willing, do much more. Take the pen, wear it, and let it stand as a sign of the affection I have for you.

Somehow or other (as the present is a right neat one I have the right to bore you a little) I look upon you as my own boy. My son will be just about your age when you are about mine, and he will enter the paper when you are about where I am. I have got to looking at you as a sort of prefiguring of what my son may be, and of looking over you, and rejoicing in your success, as I shall want you to feel toward him. Let me write to you what I would be willing for you to write to him.

Never Gamble. Of all the vices that enthrall men, this is the worst, the strongest, and the most insidious. Outside of the morality of it, it is the poorest investment, the poorest business, and the poorest fun. No man is safe who plays at all. It is easiest *never* to play. I never knew a man, a gentleman and man of business, who did not regret the time and money he had wasted in it. A man who plays poker is unfit for every other business on earth.

Never Drink. I love liquor and I love the fellowship involved in drinking. My safety has been that I never drink at all. It is much easier not to drink at all than to drink a little. If I had to attribute what I have done in life to any one thing, I should attribute it to the fact that I am a teetotaler. As sure as you are born, it is the pleasantest, the easiest, and the safest way.

Marry Early. There is nothing that steadies a young fellow like marrying a good girl and raising a family. By marrying young your children grow up when they are a pleasure to you. You feel the responsibility of life, the sweetness of life, and you avoid bad habits.

If you never drink, never gamble, and marry early, there is no limit to the useful and distinguished life you may live. You will be the pride of your father's heart, and the joy of your mother's.

I don't know that there is any happiness on earth worth having outside of the happiness of knowing that you have done your duty and that you have tried to do good. You try to build up,—there are always plenty others who will do all the tearing down that is necessary. You try to live in the sunshine,—men who stay in the shade always get mildewed.

I will not tell you how much I think of you or how proud I am of

you. We will let that develop gradually. There is only one thing I am a little disappointed in. You don't seem to care quite enough about base-ball and other sports. Don't make the mistake of standing aloof from these things and trying to get old too soon. Don't under-rate out-door athletic sports as an element of American civilization and American journalism. I am afraid you inherit this disposition from your father, who has never been quite right on this subject, but who is getting better, and will soon be all right, I think.

Well, I will quit. May God bless you, my boy, and keep you happy and wholesome at heart, and in health. If He does this, we'll try and do the rest.

Your friend,

H. W. GRADY.

Mr. Grady's own boyishness led him to sympathize with everything that appertains to boyhood. His love for his own children led him to take an interest in other children. He wanted to see them enjoy themselves in a boisterous, hearty, health-giving way. The sports that men forget or forego possessed a freshness for him that he never tried to conceal. His remarks, in the letter just quoted, in regard to out-door sports, are thoroughly characteristic. In all contests of muscle, strength, endurance and skill he took a continual and an absorbing interest. At school he excelled in all athletic sports and out-door games. He had a gymnasium of his own, which was thrown open to his school-mates, and there he used to practice for hours at a time. His tastes in this direction led a great many people, all his friends, to shake their heads a little, especially as he was not greatly distinguished for scholarship, either at school or college. They wondered, too, how, after neglecting the text-books, he could stand so near the head of his classes. He did not neglect his books. During the short time he devoted to them each day, his prodigious memory and his wonderful powers of assimilation enabled him to master their contents as thoroughly as boys that had spent half the night in study. Even his family were astonished at his standing in school, knowing how little time he devoted to his text-books. He found time, however, in spite of his devotion to out-door sports and athletic exercises, to read every book in Athens, and in those days every family in town had a library of more or less value.

He had a large library of his own, and, by exchanging his books with other boys and borrowing, he managed to get at the pith and marrow of all the English literature to be found in the university town. Not content with this, he became, during one of his vacation periods, a clerk in the only bookstore in Athens. The only compensation that he asked was the privilege of reading when there were no customers to be waited on. This was during his eleventh year, and by the time he was twelve he was by far the best-read boy that Athens had ever known. This habit of reading he kept up to the day of his death. He read all the new books as they came out, and nothing pleased him better than to discuss them with some congenial friend. He had no need to re-read his old favorites—the books he loved as boy and man—for these he could remember almost chapter by chapter. He read with amazing rapidity; it might be said that he literally absorbed whatever interested him, and his sympathies were so wide and his taste so catholic that it was a poor writer indeed in whom he could not find something to commend. He was fond of light literature, but the average modern novel made no impression on him. He enjoyed it to some extent, and was amazed as well as amused at the immense amount of labor expended on the trivial affairs of life by the writers who call themselves realists. He was somewhat interested in Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," mainly, I suspect, because it so cleverly hits off the character of the modern female newspaper correspondent in the person of Miss Henrietta Stackpole. Yet there was much in the book that interested him—the dreariness of parts of it was relieved by Mrs. Touchett. "Dear old Mrs. Touchett!" he used to say. "Such immense cleverness as hers does credit to Mr. James. She refuses to associate with any of the other characters in the book. I should like to meet her, and shake hands with her, and talk the whole matter over."

When a school-boy, and while devouring all the stories that fell in his way, young Grady was found one day read-

ing Blackstone. His brother asked him if he thought of studying law. "No," was the reply, "but I think every-one ought to read Blackstone. Besides, the book interests me." With the light and the humorous he always mixed the solids. He was fond of history, and was intensely interested in all the social questions of the day. He set great store by the new literary development that has been going on in the South since the war, and sought to promote it by every means in his power, through his newspaper and by his personal influence. He looked forward to the time when the immense literary field, as yet untouched in the South, would be as thoroughly worked and developed as that of New England has been; and he thought that this development might reasonably be expected to follow, if it did not accompany, the progress of the South in other directions. This idea was much in his mind, and in the daily conversations with the members of his editorial staff, he recurred to it time and again. (One view that he took of it was entirely practical, as, indeed, most of his views were.) He thought that the literature of the South ought to be developed, not merely in the interest of belles-lettres, but in the interest of American history. He regarded it as in some sort a weapon of defense, and he used to refer in terms of the warmest admiration to the oftentimes unconscious, but terribly certain and effective manner in which New England had fortified herself by means of the literary genius of her sons and daughters. He perceived, too, that all the talk about a distinctive Southern literature, which has been in vogue among the contributors of the *Lady's Books* and annuals, was silly in the extreme. He desired it to be provincial in a large way, for, in this country, provinciality is only another name for the patriotism that has taken root in the rural regions, but his dearest wish was that it should be purely and truly American in its aim and tendency. It was for this reason that he was ready to welcome any effort of a Southern writer that showed a spark of promise. For such he was always ready with words of praise.

He was fond, as I have said, of Dickens, but his favorite novel, above all others, was Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*." His own daring imagination fitted somewhat into the colossal methods of Hugo, and his sympathies enabled him to see in the character of Jean Valjean a type of the pathetic struggle for life and justice that is going on around us every day. Mr. Grady read between the lines and saw beneath the surface, and he was profoundly impressed with the strong and vital purpose of Hugo's book. (Its almost ferocious protest against injustice, and its indignant arraignment of the inhumanity of society, stirred him deeply. Not only the character of Jean Valjean, but the whole book appealed to his sense of the picturesque and artistic.) The large lines on which the book is cast, the stupendous nature of the problem it presents, the philanthropy, the tenderness—all these moved him as no other work of fiction ever did. Mr. Grady's pen was too busy to concern itself with matters merely literary. He rarely undertook to write what might be termed a literary essay; the affairs of life—the demands of the hour—the pressure of events—precluded this; but all through his lectures and occasional speeches (that were never reported), there are allusions to Jean Valjean, and to Victor Hugo. I have before me the rough notes of some of his lectures, and in these appear more than once picturesque allusions to Hugo's hero struggling against fate and circumstance.

V.

The home life of Mr. Grady was peculiarly happy. He was blessed, in the first place, with a good mother, and he never grew away from her influence in the smallest particular. When his father was killed in the war, his mother devoted herself the more assiduously to the training of her children. She molded the mind and character of her brilliant son, and started him forth on a career that has no parallel in our history. To that mother his heart always turned most tenderly. She had made his boyhood bright

and happy, and he was never tired of bringing up recollections of those wonderful days. On one occasion, the Christmas before he died, he visited his mother at the old home in Athens. He returned brimming over with happiness. To his associates in the *Constitution* office he told the story of his visit, and what he said has been recorded by Mrs. Maude Andrews Ohl, a member of the editorial staff.

"Well do I remember," says Mrs. Ohl, "how he spent his last year's holiday season, and the little story he told me of it as I sat in his office one morning after New Year's.

"He had visited his mother in Athens Christmas week, and he said: 'I don't think I ever felt happier than when I reached the little home of my boyhood. I got there at night. She had saved supper for me and she had remembered all the things I liked. She toasted me some cheese over the fire. Why, I hadn't tasted anything like it since I put off my round jackets. And then she had some home-made candy, she knew I used to love and bless her heart! I just felt sixteen again as we sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she heard me coming home in every boy that whistled along the street. When I went to bed she came and tucked the covers all around me in the dear old way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and so peaceful and so full of tender love and tender memories that I cried happy, grateful tears until I went to sleep.'

"When he finished his eyes were full of tears and so were mine. He brushed his hands across his brow swiftly and said, laughingly: 'Why, what are you crying about! What do you know about all this sort of feeling!'

"He never seemed brighter than on that day. He had received an ovation of loving admiration from the friends of his boyhood at his old home, and these honors from the hearts that loved him as a friend were dearer than all others. It was for these friends, these countrymen of

his own, that his honors were won and his life was sacrificed."

From the home-life of his boyhood he stepped into the fuller and richer home-life that followed his marriage. He married the sweetheart of his early youth, Miss Julia King, of Athens, and she remained his sweetheart to the last. The first pseudonym that he used in his contributions to the *Constitution*, "King Hans," was a fanciful union of Miss King's name with his, and during his service in Florida, long after he was married, he signed his telegrams "Jule." In the office not a day passed that he did not have something to say of his wife and children. They were never out of his thoughts, no matter what business occupied his mind. In his speeches there are constant allusions to his son, and in his conversation the gentle-eyed maiden, his daughter, was always tenderly figuring. His home-life was in all respects an ideal one; ideal in its surroundings, in its influences, and in its purposes. I think that the very fact of his own happiness gave him a certain restlessness in behalf of the happiness of others. His writings, his speeches, his lectures—his whole life, in fact—teem with references to home happiness and home-content. Over and over again he recurs to these things—always with the same earnestness, always with the same enthusiasm. He never meets a man on the street, but he wonders if he has a happy home—if he is contented—if he has children that he loves. To him home was a shrine to be worshiped at—a temple to be happy in, no matter how humble, or how near to the brink of poverty.

One of his most successful lectures, and the one that he thought the most of, was entitled "A Patchwork Palace: The story of a Home." The Patchwork Palace still exists in Atlanta, and the man who built it is living in it to-day. Mr. Grady never wrote out the lecture, and all that can be found of it is a few rough and faded notes scratched on little sheets of paper. On one occasion, however, he condensed the opening of his lecture for the purpose of making a newspaper sketch of the whole. It is unfinished, but the

following has something of the flavor of the lecture. He called the builder of the Palace Mr. Mortimer Pitts, though that is not his name:

Mr. Mortimer Pitts was a rag-picker. After a patient study of the responsibility that the statement carries, I do not hesitate to say that he was the poorest man that ever existed. He lived literally from hand to mouth. His breakfast was a crust; his dinner a question; his supper a regret. His earthly wealth, beyond the rags that covered him, was—a cow that I believe gave both butter-milk and sweet-milk—a dog that gave neither—and a hand-cart in which he wheeled his wares about. His wife had a wash-tub that she held in her own title, a wash-board similarly possessed, and two chairs that came to her as a dowry.

In opposition to this poverty, my poor hero had—first, a name (Mortimer Pitts, Esq.) which his parents, whose noses were in the air when they christened him, had saddled upon him aspiringly, but which followed him through life, his condition being put in contrast with its rich syllables, as a sort of standing sarcasm. Second, a multitude of tow-headed children with shallow-blue eyes. The rag-picker never looked above the tow-heads of his brats, nor beyond the faded blue eyes of his wife. His world was very small. The cricket that chirped beneath the hearthstone of the hovel in which he might chance to live, and the sunshine that crept through the cracks, filled it with music and light. Trouble only strengthened the bonds of love and sympathy that held the little brood together, and whenever the Wolf showed his gaunt form at the door, the white faces, and the blue eyes, and the tow-heads only huddled the closer to each other, until, in very shame, the intruder would take himself off.

Mr. Pitts had no home. With the restlessness of an Arab he flitted from one part of the city to another. He was famous for frightening the early market-maids by pushing his white round face, usually set in a circle of smaller white round faces, through the windows of long-deserted hovels. Wherever there was a miserable shell of a house that whistled when the wind blew, and wept when the rain fell, there you might be sure of finding Mr. Pitts at one time or another. I do not care to state how many times my hero, with an uncertain step and a pitifully wandering look—his fertile wife, in remote or imminent process of fruitage—his wan and sedate brood of young ones—his cow, a thoroughly conscientious creature, who passed her scanty diet to milk to the woful neglect of tissue—and his dog, too honest for any foolish pride, ambling along in an unpretending, bench-legged sort of way,—I do not care to state, I say, how many times this pale and melancholy procession passed through the streets, seeking for a shelter in which it might hide its wretchedness and ward off the storms.

During these periods of transition, Mr. Pitts was wonderfully low-spirited. "Even a bird has its nest ; and the poorest animal has some sort of a hole in the ground, or a roost where it can go when it is a-weary," he said to me once, when I caught him fluttering aimlessly out of a house which, under the influence of a storm, had spit out its western wall, and dropped its upper jaw dangerously near to the back of the cow. And from that time forth, I fancied I noticed my poor friend's face growing whiter, and the blue in his eye deepening, and his lips becoming more tremulous and uncertain. The shuffling figure, begirt with the rag-picker's bells, and dragging the wabbling cart, gradually bended forward, and the look of childish content was gone from his brow, and a great dark wrinkle had knotted itself there.

And now let me tell you about the starting of the Palace.

One day in the springtime, when the uprising sap ran through every fibre of the forest, and made the trees as drunk as lords—when the birds were full-throated, and the air was woven thick with their songs of love and praise—when the brooks kissed their uttermost banks, and the earth gave birth to flowers, and all nature was elastic and alert, and thrilled to the core with the ecstasy of the sun's new courtship—a divine passion fell like a spark into Mr. Mortimer Pitts's heart. How it ever broke through the hideous crust of poverty that cased the man about, I do not know, nor shall we ever know ought but that God put it there in his own gentle way. But there it was. It dropped into the cold, dead heart like a spark—and there it flared and trembled, and grew into a blaze, and swept through his soul, and fed upon its bitterness until the scales fell off and the eyes flashed and sparkled, and the old man was illumined with a splendid glow like that which hurries youth to its love, or a soldier to the charge. You would not have believed he was the same man. You would have laughed had you been told that the old fellow, sweltering in the dust, harnessed like a dog to a cart, and plying his pick into the garbage heaps like a man worn down to the stupidity of a machine, was burning and bursting with a great ambition—that a passion as pure and as strong as ever kindled blue blood, or steeled gentle nerves was tugging at his heart-strings. And yet, so it was. The rag-picker was filled with a consuming fire—and as he worked, and toiled, and starved, his soul sobbed, and laughed, and cursed, and prayed.

Mr. Pitts wanted a home. A man named Napoleon once wanted universal empire. Mr. Pitts was vastly the more daring dreamer of the two.

I do not think he had ever had a home. Possibly, away back beyond the years a dim, sweet memory of a hearthstone and a gable roof with the rain pattering on it, and a cupboard and a clock, and a deep, still well, came to him like an echo or a dream. Be this as it may, our

hero, crushed into the very mud by poverty—upon knees and hands beneath his burden—fighting like a beast for his daily food—shut out inexorably from all suggestions of home—embittered by starvation—with his faculties chained down apparently to the dreary problem of to-day—nevertheless did lift his eyes into the gray future, and set his soul upon a home.

This is a mere fragment—a bare synopsis of the opening of what was one of the most eloquent and pathetic lectures ever delivered from the platform. It was a beautiful idyl of home—an appeal, a eulogy—a glimpse, as it were, of the passionate devotion with which he regarded his own home. Here is another fragment of the lecture that follows closely after the foregoing:

After a month's struggle, Mr. Pitts purchased the ground on which his home was to be built. It was an indescribable hillside, bordering on the precipitous. A friend of mine remarked that "it was such an aggravating piece of profanity that the owner gave Mr. Pitts five dollars to accept the land and the deed to it." This report I feel bound to correct. Mr. Pitts purchased the land. He gave three dollars for it. The deed having been properly recorded, Mr. Pitts went to work. He borrowed a shovel, and, perching himself against his hillside, began loosening the dirt in front of him, and spilling it out between his legs, reminding me, as I passed daily, of a giant dirt-dauber. At length (and not very long either, for his remorseless desire made his arms fly like a madman's) he succeeded in scooping an apparently flat place out of the hillside and was ready to lay the foundation of his house.

There was a lapse of a month, and I thought that my hero's soul had failed him—that the fire, with so little of hope to feed upon, had faded and left his heart full of ashes. But at last there was a pile of dirty second-hand lumber placed on the ground. I learned on inquiry that it was the remains of a small house of ignoble nature which had been left standing in a vacant lot, and which had been given him by the owner. Shortly afterwards there came some dry goods-boxes; then three or four old sills; then a window-frame; then the wreck of another little house; and then the planks of an abandoned show-bill board. Finally the house began to grow. The sills were put together by Mr. Pitts and his wife. A rafter shot up toward the sky and stood there, like a lone sentinel, for some days, and then another appeared, and then another, and then the fourth. Then Mr. Pitts, with an agility born of desperation, swarmed up one of them, and began to lay the cross-pieces. God must have commissioned an angel especially to watch over the poor man and save his bones, for nothing short of a miracle

could have kept him from falling while engaged in the perilous work. The frame once up, he took the odds and ends of planks and began to fit them. The house grew like a mosaic. No two planks were alike in size, shape, or color. Here was a piece of a dry-goods box, with its rich yellow color, and a mercantile legend still painted on it, supplemented by a dozen pieces of plank; and there was an old door nailed up bodily and fringed around with bits of board picked up at random. It was a rare piece of patchwork, in which none of the pieces were related to or even acquainted with each other. A nose, an eye, an ear, a mouth, a chin picked up at random from the ugliest people of a neighborhood, and put together in a face, would not have been odder than was this house. The window was ornamented with panes of three different sizes, and some were left without any glass at all, as Mr. Pitts afterwards remarked, "to see through." The chimney was a piece of old pipe that startled you by protruding unexpectedly through the wall, and looked as if it were a wound. The entire absence of smoke at the outer end of this chimney led to a suspicion, justified by the facts, that there was no stove at the other end. The roof, which Mrs. Pitts, with a recklessness beyond the annals, mounted herself and attended to, was partially shingled and partially planked, this diversity being in the nature of a plan, as Mr. Pitts confidentially remarked, "to try which style was the best."

Such a pathetic travesty on house-building was never before seen. It started a smile or a tear from every passer-by, as it reared its homely head there, so patched, uncouth, and poor. And yet the sun of Austerlitz never brought so much happiness to the heart of Napoleon as came to Mr. Pitts, as he crept into this hovel, and, having a blanket before the doorless door, dropped on his knees and thanked God that at last he had found a home.

The house grew in a slow and tedious way. It ripened with the seasons. It budded in the restless and rosy spring; unfolded and developed in the long summer; took shape and fullness in the brown autumn; and stood ready for the snows and frost when winter had come. It represented a year of heroism, desperation, and high resolve. It was the sum total of an ambition that, planted in the breast of a king, would have shaken the world.

To say that Mr. Pitts enjoyed it would be to speak but a little of the truth. I have a suspicion that the older children do not appreciate it as they should. They have a way, when they see a stranger examining their home with curious and inquiring eyes, of dodging away from the door shamefacedly, and of reappearing cautiously at the window. But Mr. Pitts is proud of it. There is no foolishness about him. He sits on his front piazza, which, I regret to say, is simply a plank resting on two barrels, and smokes his pipe with the serenity of a king; and

when a stroller eyes his queer little home curiously, he puts on the air that the Egyptian gentleman (now deceased) who built the pyramids might have worn while exhibiting that stupendous work. I have watched him hours at a time enjoying his house. I have seen him walk around it slowly, tapping it critically with his knife, as if to ascertain its state of ripeness, or pressing its corners solemnly as if testing its muscular development.

Here ends this fragment—a delicious bit of description that only seems to be exaggerated because the hovel was seen through the eyes of a poet—of a poet who loved all his fellow-men from the greatest to the smallest, and who was as much interested in the home-making of Mr. Pitts as he was in the making of Governors and Senators, a business in which he afterwards became an adept. From the fragments of one of his lectures, the title of which I am unable to give, I have pieced together another story as characteristic of Mr. Grady as the Patchwork Palace. It is curious to see how the idea of home and of home-happiness runs through it all :

One of the happiest men that I ever knew—one whose serenity was unassailable, whose cheerfulness was constant, and from whose heart a perennial spring of sympathy and love bubbled up—was a man against whom all the powers of misfortune were centered. He belonged to the tailors—those cross-legged candidates for consumption. He was miserably poor. Fly as fast as it could through the endless pieces of broadcloth, his hand could not always win crusts for his children. But he walked on and on ; his thin white fingers faltered bravely through their tasks as the hours slipped away, and his serene white face bended forward over the tedious cloth into which, stitch after stitch, he was working his life—and, with once in a while a wistful look at the gleaming sunshine and the floating clouds, he breathed heavily and painfully of the poisoned air of his work-room, from which a score of stronger lungs had sucked all the oxygen. And when, at night, he would go home, and find that there were just crusts enough for the little ones to eat, the capricious old fellow would dream that he was not hungry ; and when pressed to eat of the scanty store by his sad and patient wife, would with an air of smartness pretend a sacred lie—that he had dined with a friend—and then, with a heart that swelled almost to bursting, turn away to hide his glistening eyes. Hungry ! Of course he was, time and again. As weak as his body was, as faltering as was the little fountain that sent the life-blood from his heart—as

meagre as were his necessities, I doubt if there was a time in all the long years when he was not hungry.

Did you ever think of how many people have died out of this world through starvation. Thousands ! Not recorded in the books as having died of starvation,—ah, no ? Sometimes it is a thin and watery sort of apoplexy—sometimes it is dyspepsia, and often consumption. These terms read better. But there are thousands of them, sensitive, shy gentlemen—too proud to beg and too honest to steal—too straightforward to scheme or maneuver—too refined to fill the public with their griefs—too heroic to whine—that lock their sorrows up in their own hearts, and go on starving in silence, weakening day after day from the lack of proper food—the blood running slower and slower through their veins—their pulse faltering as they pass through the various stages of inanition, until at last, worn out, apathetic, exhausted, they are struck by some casual illness, and lose their hold upon life as easily and as naturally as the autumn leaf, juiceless, withered and dry, parts from the bough to which it has clung, and floats down the vast silence of the forest.

But my tailor was cheerful. Nothing could disturb his serenity. His thin white face was always lit with a smile, and his eyes shone with a peace that passed my understanding. Hour after hour he would sing an asthmatic little song that came in wheezes from his starved lungs—a song that was pitiful and cracked, but that came from his heart so freighted with love and praise that it found the ears of Him who softens all distress and sweetens all harmonies. I wondered where all this happiness came from. How gushed this abundant stream from this broken reed—how sprung this luxuriant flower of peace from the scant soil of poverty ? From these hard conditions, how came this over-fresh felicity ?

After he had been turned out of his home, the tailor was taken sick. His little song gave way to a hectic cough. His place at the workroom was vacant, and a scanty bed in wretched lodgings held his frail and fevered frame. The thin fingers clutched the cover uneasily, as if they were restless of being idle while the little ones were crying for bread. The tired man tossed to and fro, racked by pain,—but still his face was full of content, and no word of bitterness escaped him. And the little song, though the poor lungs could not carry it to the lips, and the trembling lips could not syllable its music, still lived in his heart and shone through his happy eyes. “I will be happy soon,” he said in a faltering way ; “I will be better soon—strong enough to go to work like a man again, for Bessie and the babies.” And he did get better—better until his face had worn so thin that you could count his heartbeats by the flush of blood that came and died in his cheeks—better until his face had sharpened and his smiles had worn their deep lines

about his mouth—better until the poor fingers lay helpless at his side, and his eyes had lost their brightness. And one day, as his wife sat by his side, and the sun streamed in the windows, and the air was full of the fragrance of spring—he turned his face toward her and said : “I am better now, my dear.” And, noting a rapturous smile playing about his mouth, and a strange light kindling in his eyes, she bended her head forward to lay her wifely kiss upon his face. Ah ! a last kiss, good wife, for thy husband ! Thy kiss caught his soul as it fluttered from his pale lips, and the flickering pulse had died in his patient wrist, and the little song had faded from his heart and gone to swell a divine chorus,—and at last, after years of waiting, the old man was well !

There was nothing strained or artificial in the sentiment that led him to dwell so constantly on the theme of home and home happiness. The extracts I have given are merely the rough lecture notes which he wrote down in order to confirm and congeal his ideas. On the platform, while following the current of these notes, he injected into them the quality of his rare and inimitable humor, the contrast serving to give greater strength and coherence to the pathos that underlay it all. I do not know that I have dwelt with sufficient emphasis on his humor. He could be witty enough on occasion, but the sting of it seemed to leave a bad taste in his mouth. The quality of his humor was not greatly different from that of Charles Lamb. It was gentle and perennial—a perpetual wonder and delight to his friends—irrepressible and unbounded—as antic and as tricky as that of a boy, as genial and as sweet as the smile of a beautiful woman. Mr. Grady depended less on anecdote than any of our great talkers and speakers, though the anecdote, apt, pat, and pointed, was always ready at the proper moment. He depended rather on the originality of his own point of view—on the results of his own individuality. The charm of his personal presence was indescribable. In every crowd and on every occasion he was a marked man. Quite independently of his own intentions, he made his presence and his influence felt. What he said, no matter how light and frivolous, no matter how trivial, never failed to attract attention. He warmed the hearts of the old and fired the minds of the young. He managed, in

some way, to impart something of the charm of his personality to his written words, so that he carried light, and hope, and courage to many hearts, and when he passed away, people who had never seen him fell to weeping when they heard of his untimely death.

VI.

There are many features and incidents in Mr. Grady's life that cannot be properly treated in this hurriedly written and altogether inadequate sketch. His versatility was such that it would be difficult, even in a deliberately written biography, to deal with its manifestations and results as they deserve to be dealt with. At the North, the cry is, who shall take his place as a peace-maker? At the South, who shall take his place as a leader, as an orator, and as a peace-maker? In Atlanta, who shall take his place as all of these, and as a builder-up of our interests, our enterprises, and our industries! Who is to make for us the happy and timely suggestion? Who is to speak the right word at the right time! The loss the country has sustained in Mr. Grady's death can only be measurably estimated when we examine one by one the manifold relations he bore to the people.

I have spoken of the power of organization that he possessed. There is hardly a public enterprise in Georgia or in Atlanta—begun and completed since 1880—that does not bear witness to his ability, his energy, and his unselfishness. His busy brain and prompt hand were behind the great cotton exposition held in Atlanta in 1881. Late in the spring of 1887, one of the editorial writers of the *Constitution* remarked that the next fair held in Atlanta should be called the Piedmont Exposition. "That shall be its name," said Mr. Grady, "and it will be held this fall." That was the origin of the Piedmont Exposition. Within a month the exposition company had been organized, the land bought, and work on the grounds begun. It seemed to be a hopeless undertaking—there was so much to be done, and so little time to do it in. But Mr. Grady

was equal to the emergency. He so infused the town with his own energy and enthusiasm that every citizen came to regard the exposition as a personal matter, and the *Constitution* hammered away at it with characteristic iteration. There was not a detail of the great show from beginning to end that was not of Mr. Grady's suggestion. When it seemed to him that he was taking too prominent a part in the management, he would send for other members of the fair committee, pour his suggestions into their ears, and thus evade the notoriety of introducing them himself and prevent the possible friction that might be caused if he made himself too prominent. He understood human nature perfectly, and knew how to manage men.

The exposition was organized and the grounds made ready in an incredibly short time, and the fair was the most successful in every respect that has ever been held in the South. Its attractions, which were all suggested by Mr. Grady, appealed either to the interest or the curiosity of the people, and the result was something wonderful. It is to be very much doubted whether any one in this country, in time of peace, has seen an assemblage of such vast and overwhelming proportions as that which gathered in Atlanta on the principal day of the fair. Two years later, the Piedmont Exposition was reorganized, and Mr. Grady once more had practical charge of all the details. The result was an exhibition quite as attractive as the first, to which the people responded as promptly as before. The Exposition Company cleared something over \$20,000, a result unprecedented in the history of Southern fairs.

In the interval of the two fairs, Mr. Grady organized the Piedmont Chautauqua at a little station on the Georgia Pacific road, twenty miles from Atlanta. Beautiful grounds were laid out and commodious buildings put up. In all this work Mr. Grady took the most profound interest. The intellectual and educational features of such an institution appealed strongly to his tastes and sympathies, and to that active missionary spirit which impelled him to be continually on the alert in behalf of humanity. He expended a

good deal of energy on the Chautauqua and on the programme of exercises, but the people did not respond heartily, and the session was not a financial success. And yet there never was a Chautauqua assembly that had a richer and a more popular programme of exercises. The conception was a success intellectually, and it will finally grow into a success in other directions. Mr. Grady, with his usual unselfishness, insisted on bearing the expenses of the lecturers and others, though it crippled him financially to do so. He desired to protect the capitalists who went into the enterprise on his account, and, as is usual in such cases, the capitalists were perfectly willing to be protected. Mr. Grady was of the opinion that his experience with the Chautauqua business gave him a deeper and a richer knowledge of human nature than he had ever had before.

One morning Mr. Grady saw in a New York newspaper that a gentleman from Texas was in that city making a somewhat unsuccessful effort to raise funds for a Confederate veterans' home. The comments of the newspaper were not wholly unfriendly, but something in their tone stirred Mr. Grady's blood. "I will show them," he said, "what can be done in Georgia," and with that he turned to his stenographer and dictated a double-leaded editorial that stirred the State from one end to the other. He followed it up the next day, and immediately subscriptions began to flow in. He never suffered interest in the project to flag until sufficient funds for a comfortable home for the Confederate veterans had been raised.

Previously, he had organized a movement for putting up a building for the Young Men's Christian Association, and that building now stands a monument to his earnestness and unselfishness. Years ago, shortly after he came to Atlanta, he took hold of the Young Men's Library, which was in a languishing condition, and put it on its feet. It was hard work, for he was comparatively unknown then. Among other things, he organized a lecture course for the benefit of the library, and he brought some distinguished lecturers to Atlanta—among others the late

S. S. Cox. Mr. Cox telegraphed from New York that he would come to Atlanta, and also the subject of the lecture, so that it could be properly advertised. The telegram said that the title of the lecture was "Just Human," and large posters, bearing that title, were placed on the bill-boards and distributed around town. As Mr. Grady said, "the town broke into a profuse perspiration of placards bearing the strange device, while wrinkles gathered on the brow of the public intellect and knotted themselves hopelessly as it pondered over what might be the elucidation of such a strangely-named subject. "At last," Mr. Grady goes on to say, "the lecturer came, and a pleasant little gentleman he was, who beguiled the walk to the hotel with the airiest of jokes and the brightest of comment. At length, when he had registered his name in the untutored chirography of the great, he took me to one side, and asked in an undertone what those placards meant.

✓ "That," I replied, looking at him in astonishment, 'is the subject of your lecture.'

"My lecture!' he shrieked, 'whose lecture? What lecture? My subject! Whose subject? Why, sir,' said he, trying to control himself, 'my subject is 'Irish Humor,' while this is 'Just Human,' and he put on his spectacles and glared into space as if he were determined to wring from that source some solution of this cruel joke."

By an error of transmission, "Irish Humor" had become "Just Human." Mr. Grady does not relate the sequel, but what followed was as characteristic of him as anything in his unique career.

"Well," said he, turning to Mr. Cox, his bright eyes full of laughter, "you stick to your subject, and I'll take this ready-made one; you lecture on 'Irish Humor' and I'll lecture on 'Just Human.'"

And he did. He took the telegraphic error for a subject, and delivered in Atlanta one of the most beautiful lectures ever heard here. There was humor in it and laughter, but he handled his theme with such grace and

tenderness that the vast audience that sat entranced under his magnetic oratory went home in tears.

The lecture course that Mr. Grady instituted was never followed up, although it was a successful one. It was his way, when he had organized an enterprise and placed it on its feet, to turn his attention to something else. Sometimes his successors were equal to the emergency, and sometimes they were not. The Young Men's Library has been in good hands, and it is what may be termed a successful institution, but it is not what it was when Mr. Grady was booming the town in its behalf. When he put his hand to any enterprise or to any movement the effect seemed to be magical. It was not his personal influence, for there were some enterprises beyond the range of that, that responded promptly to his touch. It was not his enthusiasm, for there have been thousands of men quite as enthusiastic. Was it his methods? Perhaps the secret lies hidden there; but I have often thought, while witnessing the results he brought about, that he had at his command some new element, or quality, or gift not vouchsafed to other men. Whatever it was, he employed it only for the good of his city, his State, his section, and his country. His patriotism was as prominent and as permanent as his unselfishness. His public spirit was unbounded, and, above all things, restless and eager.

I have mentioned only a few of the more important enterprises in Atlanta that owe their success to Mr. Grady. He was identified with every public movement that took shape in Atlanta, and the people were always sure that his interest and his influence were on the side of honesty and justice. But his energies took a wider range. He was the very embodiment of the spirit that he aptly named "the New South,"—the New South that, reverently remembering and emulating the virtues of the old, and striving to forget the bitterness of the past, turns its face to the future and seeks to adapt itself to the conditions with which an unsuccessful struggle has environed it, and to turn them to its profit. Of the New South Mr. Grady was the pro-

phet, if not the pioneer. He was never tired of preaching about the rehabilitation of his section. Much of the marvelous development that has taken place in the South during the past ten years has been due to his eager and persistent efforts to call the attention of the world to her vast resources. In his newspaper, in his speeches, in his contributions to Northern periodicals, this was his theme. No industry was too small to command his attention and his aid, and none were larger than his expectations. His was the pen that first drew attention to the iron fields of Alabama, and to the wonderful marble beds and mineral wealth of Georgia. Other writers had preceded him, perhaps, but it is due to his unique methods of advertising that the material resources of the two States are in their present stage of development. He had no individual interest in the development of the material wealth of the South. During the past ten years there was not a day when he was alive that he could not have made thousands of dollars by placing his pen at the disposal of men interested in speculative schemes. He had hundreds of opportunities to write himself rich, but he never fell below the high level of unselfishness that marked his career as boy and man.

There was no limit to his interest in Southern development. The development of the hidden wealth of the hills and valleys, while it appealed strongly to an imagination that had its practical and common-sense side, but not more strongly than the desperate struggle of the farmers of the South in their efforts to recover from the disastrous results of the war while facing new problems of labor and conditions wholly strange. Mr. Grady gave them the encouragement of his voice and pen, striving to teach them the lessons of hope and patience. He was something more than an optimist. He was the embodiment, the very essence, as it seemed—of that smiling faith in the future that brings happiness and contentment, and he had the faculty of imparting his faith to other people. For him the sun was always shining, and he tried to make it shine for other men. At one period, when the farmers of Georgia

seemed to be in despair, and while there was a notable movement from this State to Georgia, Mr. Grady caused the correspondents of the *Constitution* to make an investigation into the agricultural situation in Georgia. The result was highly gratifying in every respect. The correspondents did their work well, as, indeed, they could hardly fail to do under the instructions of Mr. Grady. The farmers who had been despondent took heart, and from that time to the present there has been a steady improvement in the status of agriculture in Georgia.

It would be difficult to describe or to give an adequate idea of the work—remarkable in its extent as well as in its character—that Mr. Grady did for Georgia and for the South. It was his keen and hopeful eyes that first saw the fortunes that were to be made in Florida oranges. He wrote for the *Constitution* in 1877 a series of glowing letters that were full of predictions and figures based on them. The matter was so new at that time, and Mr. Grady's predictions and estimates seemed to be so extravagant, that some of the editors, irritated by his optimism, as well as by his success as a journalist, alluded to his figures as "Grady's facts," and this expression had quite a vogue, even among those who were not unfriendly.

Nevertheless there is not a prediction to be found in Mr. Grady's Florida letters that has not been fulfilled, and his figures appear to be tame enough when compared with the real results that have been brought about by the orange-growers. Long afterwards he alluded publicly to "Grady's facts," accepted its application, and said he was proud that his facts always turned out to be facts.

It would be impossible to enumerate the practical subjects with which Mr. Grady dealt in the *Constitution*. In the editorial rooms he was continually suggesting the exhaustive treatment of some matter of real public interest, and in the majority of instances, after making the suggestion to one of his writers, he would treat the subject himself in his own inimitable style. His pleasure trips were often itineraries in behalf of the section he was visit-

ing. He went on a pleasure trip to Southern Georgia on one occasion, and here are the headlines of a few of the letters he sent back: "Berries and Politics," "The Savings of the Georgia Farmers," "The Largest Strawberry Farm in the State," "A Wandering Bee, and How it Made the LeConte Pear," "The Turpentine Industries." All these are suggestive. Each letter bore some definite relation to the development of the resources of the State.

To Mr. Grady, more than to any other man, is due the development of the truck gardens and watermelon farms of southern and southwest Georgia. When he advised in the *Constitution* the planting of watermelons for shipment to the North, the proposition was hooted at by some of the rival editors, but he "boomed" the business, as the phrase is, and to-day the watermelon business is an established industry, and thousands of farmers are making money during what would otherwise be a dull season of the year. And so with hundreds of other things. His suggestions were always practicable, though they were sometimes so unique as to invite the criticism of the thoughtless, and they were always for the benefit of others—for the benefit of the people. How few men, even though they live to a ripe old age, leave behind them such a record of usefulness and unselfish devotion as that of this man, who died before his prime!

VII.

Mr. Grady's editorial methods were as unique as all his other methods. They can be described, but they cannot be explained. He had an instinctive knowledge of news in its embryonic state; he seemed to know just where and when a sensation or a startling piece of information would develop itself, and he was always ready for it. Sometimes it seemed to grow and develop under his hands, and his insight and information were such that what appeared to be an ordinary news item would suddenly become, under his manipulation and interpretation, of the first importance. It was this faculty that enabled him to make the *Constitu-*

tion one of the leading journals of the country in its method of gathering and treating the news.

Mr. Grady was not as fond of the editorial page as might be supposed. Editorials were very well in their way—capital in an emergency—admirable when a nail was to be clinched, so to speak—but most important of all to his mind was the news and the treatment of it. The whirl of events was never too rapid for him. The most startling developments, the most unexpected happenings, always found him ready to deal with them instantly and in just the right way.

He magnified the office of reporting, and he had a great fancy for it himself. There are hundreds of instances where he voluntarily assumed the duties of a reporter after he became managing editor. A case in point is the work he did on the occasion of the Charleston earthquake. The morning after that catastrophe he was on his way to Charleston. He took a reporter with him, but he preferred to do most of the work. His graphic descriptions of the disaster in all its phases—his picturesque grouping of all the details—were the perfection of reporting, and were copied all over the country. The reporter who accompanied Mr. Grady had a wonderful tale to tell on his return. To the people of that desolate town, the young Georgian seemed to carry light and hope. Hundreds of citizens were encamped on the streets. Mr. Grady visited these camps, and his sympathetic humor brought a smile to many a sad face. He went from house to house, and from encampment to encampment, wrote two or three columns of telegraphic matter on his knee, went to his room in the hotel in the early hours of morning, fell on the bed with his clothes on, and in a moment was sound asleep. The reporter never knew the amount of work Mr. Grady had done until he saw it spread out in the columns of the *Constitution*. Working at high-pressure there was hardly a limit to the amount of copy Mr. Grady could produce in a given time, and it sometimes happened that he dictated an editorial to his stenographer while writing a news article.

He did a good deal of his more leisurely newspaper work at home, with his wife and children around him. He never wrote on a table or desk, but used a lapboard or a pad, leaning back in his chair with his feet as high as his head. His house was always a centre of attraction, and when visitors came in Mrs. Grady used to tell them that they needn't mind Henry. The only thing that disturbed him on such occasions was when the people in the room conversed in a tone so low that he failed to hear what they were saying. When this happened he would look up from his writing with a quick "What's that?" This often happened in the editorial rooms, and he would frequently write while taking part in a conversation, never losing the thread of his article or of the talk.

As I have said, he reserved his editorials for occasions or emergencies, and it was then that his luminous style showed at its best. He employed always the apt phrase; he was, in fact a phrase-builder. His gift of expression was something marvelous, and there was something melodious and fluent about his more deliberate editorials that suggested the movement of verse. I was reading awhile ago his editorial appealing to the people of Atlanta on the cold Christmas morning which has already been alluded to in this sketch. It is short—not longer than the pencil with which he wrote it, but there is that about it calculated to stir the blood, even now. Above any other man I have ever known Mr. Grady possessed the faculty of imparting his personal magnetism to cold type; and even such a statement as this is an inadequate explanation of the swift and powerful effect that his writings had on the public mind.

He had a keen eye for what, in a general way, may be called climaxes. Thus he was content to see the daily *Constitution* run soberly and sedately along during the week if it developed into a great paper on Sunday. He did more editorial work for the Sunday paper than for any other issue, and bent all his energies toward making an impression on that day. There was nothing about the

details of the paper that he did not thoroughly understand. He knew more about the effects of type combinations than the printers did ; he knew as much about the business department as the business manager ; and he could secure more advertisements in three hours than his advertising clerks could solicit in a week. It used to be said of him that he lacked the business faculty. I suppose the remark was based on the fact that, in the midst of all the tremendous booms he stirred up, and the enterprises he fostered, he remained comparatively poor. I think he purposely neglected the opportunities for private gain that were offered him. There can be no more doubt of his business qualification than there can be of the fact that he neglected opportunities for private gain ; but his business faculties were given to the service of the public—witness his faultless management of two of the greatest expositions ever held in the South. Had he served his own interests one-half as earnestly as he served those of the people, he would have been a millionaire. As it was, he died comparatively poor.

Mr. Grady took great pride in the *Weekly Constitution*, and that paper stands to-day a monument to his business faculty and to his wonderful methods of management. When Mr. Grady took hold of the weekly edition, it had about seven thousand subscribers, and his partners thought that the field would be covered when the list reached ten thousand. To-day the list of subscribers is not far below two hundred thousand, and is larger than that of the weekly edition of any other American newspaper. Just how this result has been brought about it is impossible to say. His methods were not mysterious, perhaps, but they did not lie on the surface. The weekly editions of newspapers that have reached large circulations depend on some specialty—as, for instance, the *Detroit Free Press* with the popular sketches of M. Quad, and the *Toledo Blade*, with the rancorous, but still popular, letters of Petroleum V. Nasby. The *Weekly Constitution* has never depended on such things. It has had, and still has, the letters of Bill Arp,

of Sarge Wier, and of Betsey Hamilton, homely humorists all, but Mr. Grady took great pains never to magnify these things into specialties. Contributions that his assistants thought would do for the weekly, Mr. Grady would cut out relentlessly.

It sometimes happened that subscribers would begin to fall off. Then Mr. Grady would send for the manager of the weekly department, and proceed to caucus with him, as the young men around the office termed the conference. During the next few days there would be a great stir in the weekly department, and in the course of a fortnight the list of subscribers would begin to grow again. Once, when talking about the weekly, Mr. Grady remarked in a jocular way that when subscriptions began to flow in at the rate of two thousand a day, he wanted to die. Singularly enough, when he was returning from Boston, having been seized with the sickness that was so soon to carry him off, the business manager telegraphed him that more than two thousand subscribers had been received the day before.

In the midst of the manifold duties and responsibilities that he had cheerfully taken on his shoulders, there came to Mr. Grady an ardent desire to aid in the reconciliation of the North and South, and to bring about a better understanding between them. This desire rapidly grew into a fixed and solemn purpose. His first opportunity was an invitation to the banquet of the New England Society, which he accepted with great hesitation. The wonderful effect of his speech at that banquet, and the tremendous response of applause and approval that came to him from all parts of the country, assured him that he had touched the key-note of the situation, and he knew then that his real mission was that of Pacificator. There was a change in him from that time forth, though it was a change visible only to friendly and watchful eyes. He put away something of his boyishness, and became, as it seemed, a trifle more thoughtful. His purpose developed into a mission, and grew in his mind, and shone in his eyes, and remained with him day and night. He made many speeches after

that, frequently in little out-of-the-way country places, but all of them had a national significance and national bearing. He was preaching the sentiments of harmony, fraternity, and good will to the South as well as to the North.

He prepared his Boston speech with great care, not merely to perfect its form, but to make it worthy of the great cause he had at heart, and in its preparation he departed widely from his usual methods of composition. He sent his servants away, locked himself in Mrs. Grady's room, and would not tolerate interruptions from any source. His memory was so prodigious that whatever he wrote was fixed in his mind, so that when he had once written out a speech, he needed the manuscript no more. Those who were with him say that he did not confine himself to the printed text of the Boston speech, but made little excursions suggested by his surroundings. Nevertheless, that speech, as it stands, reaches the high-water mark of modern oratory. It was his last, as it was his best, contribution to the higher politics of the country—the politics that are above partisanship and self-seeking.

VIII.

From Boston Mr. Grady came home to die. It was known that he was critically ill, but his own life had been so hopeful and so bright, that when the announcement of his death was made the people of Atlanta were paralyzed, and the whole country shocked. It was a catastrophe so sudden and so far-reaching that even sorrow stood dumb for a while. The effects of such a calamity were greater than sorrow could conceive or affection contemplate. Men who had only a passing acquaintance with him wept when they heard of his death. Laboring men spoke of him with trembling lips and tearful eyes, and working-women went to their tasks in the morning crying bitterly. Never again will there come to Atlanta a calamity that shall so profoundly touch the hearts of the people—that shall so encompass the town with the spirit of mourning.

I feel that I have been unable, in this hastily written sketch, to do justice to the memory of this remarkable man. I have found it impossible to describe his marvelous gifts, his wonderful versatility, or the genius that set him apart from other men. The new generations that arise will bring with them men who will be fitted to meet the emergencies that may arise, men fitted to rule and capable of touching the popular heart; but no generation will ever produce a genius so versatile, a nature so rare and so sweet, a character so perfect and beautiful, a heart so unselfish, and a mind of such power and vigor, as those that combined to form the unique personality of Henry W. Grady. Never again, it is to be feared, will the South have such a wise and devoted leader, or sectional unity so brilliant a champion, or the country so ardent a lover, or humanity so unselfish a friend, or the cause of the people so eloquent an advocate.

MEMORIAL OF HENRY W. GRADY.

PREPARED BY MARION J. VERDERY, AT THE REQUEST OF
THE NEW YORK SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY was born in Athens, Georgia, May 17, 1851, and died in Atlanta, Georgia, December 23, 1889.

His father, William S. Grady, was a native of North Carolina, and lived in that State until about the year 1846, when he moved to Athens, Georgia. He was a man of vigorous energy, sterling integrity, and great independence of character. He was not literary by profession, but devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, and accumulated what was in those days considered a handsome fortune. Soon after moving to Georgia to live, he married Miss Gartrell, a woman of rare strength of character and deep religious nature. Their married life was sanctified by love of God, and made happy by a consistent devotion to each other.

They had three children, Henry Woodfin, William S., Jr., and Martha. Henry Grady's father was an early volunteer in the Confederate Army. He organized and equipped a company, of which he was unanimously elected captain, and went at once to Virginia, where he continued in active service until he lost his life in one of the battles before Petersburg. During his career as a soldier he bore himself with such conspicuous valor, that he was accorded the rare distinction of promotion on the field for gallantry.

He fought in defense of his convictions, and fell "a martyr for conscience' sake."

His widow, bereft of her helpmate, faced alone the grave responsibility of rearing her three young children.

She led them in the ways of righteousness and truth, and always sweetened their lives with the tenderness of indulgence, and the beauty of devotion. Two of them still live to call her blessed.

If memorials were meant only for the day and generation in which they are written, who would venture upon the task of preparing one to Henry W. Grady? His death occasioned such wide grief, and induced such unprecedented demonstrations of sorrow, that nothing can be commensurate with those impressive evidences of the unrivaled place he held in the homage of his countrymen.

No written memorial can indicate the strong hold he had upon the Southern people, nor portray that peerless personality which gave him his marvelous power among men. He had a matchless grace of soul that made him an unfailing winner of hearts. His translucent mind pulsated with the light of truth and beautified all thought. He grew flowers in the garden of his heart and sweetened the world with the perfume of his spirit. His endowments were so superior, and his purposes so unselfish, that he seemed to combine all the best elements of genius, and live under the influence of Divine inspiration.

As both a writer and a speaker, he was phenomenally gifted. There was no limit, either to the power or witchery of his pen. In his masterful hand, it was as he chose, either the mighty instrument which Richelieu decried, or the light wand of a poet striking off the melody of song, though not to the music of rhyme. In writing a political editorial, or an article on the industrial development of the South, or anything else to which he was moved by an inspiring sense of patriotism or conviction of duty, he was logical, aggressive, and unanswerable. When building an air-castle over the framework of his fancy, or when pouring out his soul in some romantic dream, or when sounding the depth of human feeling by an appeal for Charity's sake, his command of language was as boundless as the realm of thought, his ideas as beautiful as pictures in the sky, and his pathos as deep as the well of tears. As an orator, he

had no equal in the South. He literally mastered his audience regardless of their character, chaining them to the train of his thought and carrying them captive to conviction. He moved upon their souls like the Divine Spirit upon the waters, either lashing them into storms of enthusiasm, or stilling them into the restful quiet of sympathy. He was like no other man—he was a veritable magician. He could invest the most trifling thing with proportions of importance not at all its own. He could transform a homely thought into an expression of beauty beneath his wondrous touch. From earliest childhood he possessed that indefinable quality which compels hero-worship.

In the untimely ending of his brilliant and useful career—an ending too sudden to be called less than tragic—there came an affliction as broad as the land he loved, and a grief well-nigh universal. Atlanta lamented her foremost citizen; Georgia mourned her peerless son; the New South agonized over the fall of her intrepid leader; and the heart of the nation was athrob with sorrow when the announcement went forth—"Henry W. Grady is dead."

The power of his personality, the vital force of his energy, and the scope of his genius, had always precluded the thought that death could touch him, and hence, when he fell a victim to the dread destroyer, there was a terrible shock felt, and sorrow rolled like a tempest over the souls of the Southern people.

The swift race he ran, and the lofty heights he attained, harmonized well with God's munificent endowment of him. In every field that he labored, his achievements were so wonderful, that a faithful account of his career sounds more like the extravagance of eulogy, than like a record of truth. Of his very early boyhood no account is essential to the purposes of this sketch. It is unnecessary to give any details of him prior to the time when he was a student in the University of Georgia, at Athens. From that institution he was graduated in 1868.

During his college days, he was a boy of bounding spirit, who, by an inexplicable power over his associates,

made for himself an unchallenged leadership in all things with which he concerned himself. He was not a close student. He never studied his text-books more than was necessary to guarantee his rising from class to class, and to finally secure his diploma. He had no fondness for any department of learning except belles-lettres. In that branch of study he stood well, simply because it was to his liking. The sciences, especially mathematics, were really distasteful to him. He was an omnivorous reader. Every character of Dickens was as familiar to him as a personal friend. That great novelist was his favorite author. He read widely of history, and had a great memory for dates and events. He reveled in poetry as a pastime, but never found anything that delighted him more than "Lucile." He learned that love-song literally by heart.

While at college his best intellectual efforts were made in his literary and debating society. He aspired to be anniversarian of his society, and his election seemed a foregone conclusion. He was, however, over-confident of success in the last days of the canvass, and when the election came off was beaten by one vote. This was his first disappointment, and went hard with him. He could not bring himself to understand how anything toward the accomplishment of which he had bent his energy could fail. His defeat proved a blessing in disguise, for the following year a place of higher honor, namely that of "commencement orator" was instituted at the University, and to that he was elected by acclamation. This was the year of his graduation, and the speech he made was the sensation of commencement. His subject was "Castles in Air," and in the treatment of his poetic theme he reveled in that wonderful power of word painting for which he afterwards became so famous. Even in those early days, he wrote and spoke with a fluency of expression, and brilliancy of fancy, that were incomparable.

In all the relations of college life he was universally popular. He had a real genius for putting himself *en rapport* with all sorts and conditions of men. His sympathy

was quick-flowing and kind. Any sight or story of suffering would touch his heart and make the tears come. His generosity, like a great river, ran in ceaseless flow and broadening course toward the wide ocean of humanity. He lived in the realization of its being "more blessed to give than to receive." He never stopped to consider the worthiness of an object, but insisted that a man was entitled to some form of selfishness, and said his was the self-indulgence which he experienced in giving.

There was an old woman in Athens, who was a typical professional beggar. She wore out everybody's charity except Grady's. He never tired helping her. One day he said, just after giving her some money, "I do hope old Jane will not die as long as I live in Athens. If she does, my most unfailing privilege of charity will be cut off." A princely liberality marked everything he did. His name never reduced the average of a subscription list, but eight times out of ten it was down for the largest amount.

By his marked individuality of character, and evidences of genius, even as a boy he impressed himself upon all those with whom he came in contact.

Immediately after his graduation at Athens, he went to the University of Virginia, not so much with a determination to broaden his scholastic attainments, as with the idea that in that famous institution he would be inspired to a higher cultivation of his inborn eloquence. From the day he entered the University of Virginia, he had only one ambition, and that was to be "society orator." He made such a profound impression in the Washington Society that his right to the honor he craved was scarcely disputed. In the public debates, he swept all competitors before him. About two weeks before the Society's election of its orator, he had routed every other aspirant from the field, and it seemed he would be unanimously chosen. However, when election day came, that same over-confidence which cost him defeat at Athens lost him victory at Charlottesville. This disappointment nearly broke his heart. He came back home crestfallen and dispirited, and but for the

wonderful buoyancy of his nature, he might have succumbed permanently to the severe blow which had been struck at his youthful aspirations and hopes.

It was not long after his return to Georgia before he determined to make journalism his life-work. At once he began writing newspaper letters on all sorts of subjects, trusting to his genius to give interest to purely fanciful topics, which had not the slightest flavor of news. Having thus felt his way out into the field of his adoption, he soon went regularly into newspaper business.

Just about this time, and before he had attained his majority, he married Miss Julia King, of Athens. She was the first sweetheart of his boyhood, and kept that hallowed place always. Her beauty and grace of person, united to her charms of character, made her the queen of his life and the idol of his love. She, with two children (a boy and girl), survive him.

In his domestic life he was tender and indulgent to his family, and generously hospitable to his friends. The very best side of him was always turned toward his hearthstone, and there he dispensed the richest treasures of his soul. His home was his castle, and in it his friends were always made happy by the benediction of his welcome.

Soon after marriage he moved to Rome, Georgia, and established himself in the joint ownership, and editorial management of the Rome *Commercial*, which paper, instead of prospering, was soon enveloped in bankruptcy, costing Mr. Grady many thousands of dollars. Shortly after this he moved to Atlanta, and formed a partnership with Col. Robert Alliston in founding the Atlanta *Herald*. The conduct of that paper was a revelation in Georgia journalism. Grady and Alliston combined probably more genius than any two men who have ever owned a paper together in that State. They made the columns of the *Herald* luminous. They also put into it more push and enterprise than had ever been known in that section. They sacrificed everything to daily triumph, regardless of cost or consequences. They went so far as to charter an engine in order that they

might put their morning edition in Macon, Georgia, by breakfast time. This was a feat never before dreamed of in Georgia. They accomplished the unprecedented undertaking, but in doing that, and other things of unwarranted extravagance, it was not long before the *Atlanta Herald* went "lock, stock and barrel," into the wide-open arms of the Sheriff. In this venture Mr. Grady not only sunk all of his personal fortune which remained after the Rome wreck, but involved himself considerably in debt. Thus at twenty-three years of age, he was a victim to disappointment in the only two pronounced ambitions he had ever had, and was depressed by the utter failure of the only two business enterprises in which he had ever engaged.

He made another effort, and started a weekly paper called the *Atlanta Capital*. This, however, soon went the sorrowing way of his other hopes.

While those failures and disappointments seemed cruel set-backs in that day, looked at now they may be counted to have been no more than healthful discipline to him. They served to stir his spirit the deeper, and fill him with nobler resolve. Bravely he trampled misfortune under his feet, and climbed to the high place of honor and usefulness for which he was destined.

In the day of his extreme poverty, instead of despairing he took on new strength and courage that equipped him well for future triumphs. When it is remembered that his vast accomplishments and national reputation were compassed within the next fourteen years, the record is simply amazing.

Fourteen years ago, Henry W. Grady stood in Atlanta, Georgia, bankrupt and almost broken-hearted. Everything behind him was blotted by failure, and nothing ahead of him was lighted with promise. In that trying day he borrowed fifty dollars, and giving twenty of it to his faithful wife, took the balance and determined to invest it in traveling as far as it would carry him from the scene of his discouragements. He had one offer then open to him, namely, the editorial management of the *Wilmington*

(North Carolina) *Star*, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. It was the only thing that seemed a guarantee against actual want, and he had about determined to accept it, when yielding to the influence of pure presentiment, instead of buying a ticket to Wilmington with his thirty dollars, he bought one to New York City.

He landed here with three dollars and seventy-five cents, and registered at the Astor House in order to be in easy reach of Newspaper Row.

He used to tell the story of his experience on that occasion in this way: | "After forcing down my unrelished breakfast on the morning of my arrival in New York, I went out on the sidewalk in front of the Astor House, and gave a bootblack twenty-five cents, one fifth of which was to pay for shining my shoes, and the balance was a fee for the privilege of talking to him. I felt that I would die if I did not talk to somebody. Having stimulated myself at that doubtful fountain of sympathy, I went across to the *Herald* office, and the managing editor was good enough to admit me to his sanctum. It happened that just at that time several of the Southern States were holding constitutional conventions. The *Herald* manager asked me if I knew anything about politics, I replied that I knew very little about anything else. 'Well,' said he, 'sit at this desk and write me an article on State conventions in the South.' With these words he tossed me a pad and left me alone in the room. When my task-master returned, I had finished the article and was leaning back in the chair with my feet up on the desk. 'Why, Mr. Grady, what is the matter?' asked the managing editor. 'Nothing,' I replied, 'except that I am through.' 'Very well, leave your copy on the desk, and if it amounts to anything I will let you hear from me. Where are you stopping?' 'I am at the Astor House.' Early the next morning before getting out of bed, I rang for a hall-boy and ordered the *Herald*. I actually had not strength to get up and dress myself, until I could see whether or not my article had been used. I opened the *Herald* with a trembling hand,

and when I saw that 'State Conventions in the South' was on the editorial page, I fell back on the bed, buried my face in the pillow, and cried like a child. When I went back to the *Herald* office that day the managing editor received me cordially and said, 'You can go back to Georgia, Mr. Grady, and consider yourself in the employ of the *Herald*.'"

Almost immediately after his return to Atlanta, he was tendered, and gladly accepted, a position on the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He worked vigorously for the New York *Herald* for five years as its Southern correspondent, and in that time did some of the most brilliant work that has ever been done for that excellent journal.

Notable among his achievements were the graphic reports he made of the South Carolina riots in 1876. But the special work which gave him greatest fame was his exposure of the election frauds in Florida that same year. He secured the memorable confession of Dennis and his associates, and his report of it to the *Herald* was exclusive. For that piece of work alone, Mr. Bennett paid him a thousand dollars. His attachment to the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* gave him an opportunity to impress himself upon the people of Georgia, which he did with great rapidity and power.

In 1879, he came to New York, partly for recreation and partly for the purpose of writing a series of topical letters from Gotham. While here he was introduced by Governor John B. Gordon to Cyrus W. Field. Mr. Field was instantly impressed by him, and liked him so much that he loaned him twenty thousand dollars with which to buy one-fourth interest in the *Atlanta Constitution*. He made the purchase promptly, and that for which he paid twenty thousand dollars in 1880, was at the time of his death in 1889 worth at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The enormous increase in the value of the *Constitution* during his identification with it shows nothing more plainly than the value of his marvelous work in its service.

Securing an interest in the *Atlanta Constitution* may be

said to have fixed his noble destiny. It emancipated his genius from the bondage of poverty, quickened his sensitive spirit with a new consciousness of power for good, and inspired him to untiring service in the widest fields of usefulness. He saw the hand of God in the favor that had blessed him, and in acknowledgment of the Divine providence dedicated his life to the cause of truth, and the uplifting of humanity. Atlanta was his home altar, and there he poured out the best libations of his heart. That thriving city to-day has no municipal advantage, no public improvement, no educational institution, no industrial enterprise which does not either owe its beginning to his readiness of suggestion, or its mature development to his sustaining influence. Its streets are paved with his energy and devotion, its houses are built in the comeliness and fashion that he inspired, and its vast business interests are established in the prosperity and strength that he foretold.

Georgia was the pride of his life, and for the increase of her peace and prosperity, the deepening brotherhood of her people, the development of her vast mineral resources, and the enrichment of her varied harvests, he wrote, and talked, and prayed.

The whole South was to him sacred ground, made so both by the heroic death of his father and the precious birth of his children. By the former, he felt all the memories and traditions of the Old South to have been sanctified, and by the latter he felt all the hopes and aspirations of the New South to have been beautified. And thus with a personality altogether unique, and a genius thoroughly rare, he stood like a magical link between the past and the future. Turning toward the days that were gone, he sealed them with a holy kiss; and then looking toward the time that had not yet come, he conjured it with a voice of prophecy.

In politics he was an undeniable leader, and yet never held office. High places were pressed for his acceptance times without number, but he always resolutely put them away from him, insisting that office had no charm for him. He could have gone to Congress, as representative from the

State at large, if he would only have consented to serve. His name was repeatedly suggested for the governorship of Georgia, but he invariably suppressed the idea promptly, urging his friends to leave him at peace in his private station.

In spite of his indifference to all political preferment, it is universally believed in Georgia, that had he lived, he would have soon been sent to the United States Senate. Although he had no love of office for himself, he was the incomparable Warwick of his day. He was almost an absolute dictator in Georgia politics. No man cared to stand for election to any place, high or low, unless he felt Grady was with him. He certainly was the most powerful factor in the election of two Governors, and practically gave more than one United States Senator his seat. His power extended all over the State.

Such a man could not be held within the narrow limits of local reputation. It mattered not how far he traveled from home, he made himself quickly known by the power of his impressive individuality, or by some splendid exhibition of his genius.

By two speeches, one made at a banquet of the New England Society in New York City, and the other at a State fair at Dallas, Texas, he achieved for himself a reputation which spanned the continent. The most magnificent effort of eloquence which he ever made was the soul-stirring speech delivered in Boston on "The Race Problem," just ten days before he died. These three speeches were enough to confirm and perpetuate his fame as a surpassing orator.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of Henry Grady's largeness of heart, nobility of soul, and brilliancy of mind. Those three elements combined in royal abundance to make his princely nature.

When Georgia's great triumvirate died, their spirits seemed to linger on earth in the being of Henry W. Grady. While he lived he perpetuated the political sagacity of Alexander H. Stephens, the consummate genius of Robert Toombs, and the impassioned eloquence of Benjamin H. Hill.

True greatness is immortal. Real patriotic purposes are never swallowed up in death. Good works well begun live long after their praiseworthy originators have ascended in glory. If there is any truth in these reflections, they are precious and priceless to all who mourn the untimely taking off of Henry Woodfin Grady.

His sudden death struck grief to all true-hearted American citizens. In him was combined such breadth of usefulness and brilliancy of genius, that he illumined the critical period of American history in which he lived, and set the firmament of our national glory with many a new and shining star of promise. This century, though old in its last quarter, has given birth to but one Henry Woodfin Grady, and it will close its eyes long before his second self is seen.

A hundred years hence, when sweet charity is stemming the tides of suffering in the world, if truth is not dumb, she will say: This blessed work is an echo from Henry Grady's life on earth. A hundred years hence, when friendship is building high her altars of self-sacrifice in the name of love and loyalty, if truth is not dumb, she will say: This beautiful service is going on as a perpetual memorial to Henry Grady's life on earth. A hundred years hence, when all the South shall have been enriched by the development of her vast natural resources, if truth is not dumb, she will say: This is the legitimate fruit of Henry Grady's labor of love while he lived on earth. A hundred years hence, when patriotism shall have beaten down all sectional and partisan prejudice, and the burning problems that press upon our national heart to-day shall have been "solved in patience and fairness," if truth is not dumb, she will say: This is the glorious verification of Henry Grady's prophetic utterances while on earth. And when in God's own appointed time this nation shall lead all other nations of the earth in the triumphal march of prosperous peoples under perfect governments, if truth is not dumb, she will say: This is the free, full and complete answer to Henry Grady's impassioned prayer while on earth.

SPEECHES.

THE NEW SOUTH.

ON THE 21ST OF DECEMBER, 1886, MR. GRADY, IN RESPONSE TO AN URGENT INVITATION, DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS AT THE BANQUET OF THE NEW ENGLAND CLUB, NEW YORK:

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality—and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You

remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: "John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"140 cubits long—40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood—and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent—that Cavalier, John

Smith, gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since—and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. (But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.)

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. (But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrill-

ing forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! (Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomatox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot, old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social

system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he

did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out latchstring to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sassage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial and political

illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his

helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnson surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnson quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agricul-

ture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or

mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace; touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to

hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

"Those opened eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well beseeeming ranks,
March all one way."

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS.

AT THE DALLAS, TEXAS, STATE FAIR, ON THE 26TH OF OCTOBER, 1887, MR. GRADY WAS THE ORATOR OF THE DAY. HE SAID:

"Who saves his country, saves all things, and all things saved will bless him. Who lets his country die, lets all things die, and all things dying curse him."

These words are graven on the statue of Benjamin H. Hill in the city of Atlanta, and in their spirit I shall speak to you to-day.

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens: I salute the first city of the grandest State of the greatest government on this earth. In paying earnest compliment to this thriving city, and this generous multitude, I need not cumber speech with argument or statistics. It is enough to say that my friends and myself make obeisance this morning to the chief metropolis of the State of Texas. If it but holds this pre-eminence—and who can doubt in this auspicious presence that it will—the uprising tides of Texas's prosperity will carry it to glories unspeakable. For I say in soberness, the future of this marvelous and amazing empire, that gives broader and deeper significance to statehood by accepting its modest naming, the mind of man can neither measure nor comprehend.

I shall be pardoned for resisting the inspiration of this presence and adhering to-day to blunt and rigorous speech—for there are times when fine words are paltry, and this seems to me to be such a time. So I shall turn away

from the thunders of the political battle upon which every American hangs intent, and repress the ardor that at this time rises in every American heart—for there are issues that strike deeper than any political theory has reached, and conditions of which partisanry has taken, and can take, but little account. Let me, therefore, with studied plainness, and with such precision as is possible—in a spirit of fraternity that is broader than party limitations, and deeper than political motive—discuss with you certain problems upon the wise and prompt solution of which depends the glory and prosperity of the South.

But why—for let us make our way slowly—why “the South.” In an indivisible union—in a republic against the integrity of which sword shall never be drawn or mortal hand uplifted, and in which the rich blood gathering at the common heart is sent throbbing into every part of the body politic—why is one section held separated from the rest in alien consideration? We can understand why this should be so in a city that has a community of local interests; or in a State still clothed in that sovereignty of which the debates of peace and the storm of war has not stripped her. But why should a number of States, stretching from Richmond to Galveston, bound together by no local interests, held in no autonomy, be thus combined and drawn to a common center? That man would be absurd who declaimed in Buffalo against the wrongs of the Middle States, or who demanded in Chicago a convention for the West to consider the needs of that section. If then it be provincialism that holds the South together, let us outgrow it; if it be sectionalism, let us root it out of our hearts; but if it be something deeper than these and essential to our system, let us declare it with frankness, consider it with respect, defend it with firmness, and in dignity abide its consequence. What is it that holds the southern States—though true in thought and deed to the Union—so closely bound in sympathy to-day? For a century these States championed a governmental theory—but that, having triumphed in every forum, fell at last by the sword.

They maintained an institution—but that, having been administered in the fullest wisdom of man, fell at last in the higher wisdom of God. They fought a war—but the prejudices of that war have died, its sympathies have broadened, and its memories are already the priceless treasure of the republic that is cemented forever with its blood. They looked out together upon the ashes of their homes and the desolation of their fields—but out of pitiful resource they have fashioned their homes anew, and plenty rides on the springing harvests. In all the past there is nothing to
✕ draw them into essential or lasting alliance—nothing in all that heroic record that cannot be rendered unfearing from provincial hands into the keeping of American history.

✕ But the future holds a problem, in solving which the South must stand alone; in dealing with which, she must come closer together than ambition or despair have driven her, and on the outcome of which her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races, and nearly equal in numbers. She must carry these races in peace—for discord means ruin. She must carry them separately—for assimilation means debasement. She must carry them in equal justice—for to this she is pledged in honor and in gratitude. She must carry them even unto the end, for in human probability she will never be quit of either.

This burden no other people bears to-day—on none hath it ever rested. Without precedent or companionship, the South must bear this problem, the awful responsibility of which should win the sympathy of all human kind, and the protecting watchfulness of God—alone, even unto the end. Set by this problem apart from all other peoples of the earth, and her unique position emphasized rather than relieved, as I shall show hereafter, by her material conditions, it is not only fit but it is essential that she should hold her brotherhood unimpaired, quicken her sympathies, and in the light or in the shadows of this surpassing problem work out her own salvation in the fear of God—but of God alone.

What shall the South do to be saved? Through what paths shall she reach the end? Through what travail, or what splendors, shall she give to the Union this section, its wealth garnered, its resources utilized, and its rehabilitation complete—and restore to the world this problem solved in such justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands administer?

In dealing with this I shall dwell on two points.

First, the duty of the South in its relation to the race problem.

Second, the duty of the South in relation to its no less unique and important industrial problem.

I approach this discussion with a sense of consecration. I beg your patient and cordial sympathy. And I invoke the Almighty God, that having showered on this people His fullest riches has put their hands to this task, that He will draw near unto us, as He drew near to troubled Israel, and lead us in the ways of honor and uprightness, even through a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

What of the negro? This of him. I want no better friend than the black boy who was raised by my side, and who is now trudging patiently with downcast eyes and shambling figure through his lowly way in life. I want no sweeter music than the crooning of my old "mammy," now dead and gone to rest, as I heard it when she held me in her loving arms, and bending her old black face above me stole the cares from my brain, and led me smiling into sleep. I want no truer soul than that which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. History has no parallel to the faith kept by the negro in the South during the war. Often five hundred negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety, and the unprotected homes rested in peace. Unmarshaled, the black battalions moved patiently

to the fields in the morning to feed the armies their idleness would have starved, and at night gathered anxious at the big house to "hear the news from marster," though conscious that his victory made their chains enduring. Everywhere humble and kindly; the bodyguard of the helpless; the rough companion of the little ones; the observant friend; the silent sentry in his lowly cabin; the shrewd counselor. And when the dead came home, mourner at the open grave. A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. When the master going to a war in which slavery was involved said to his slave, "I leave my home and loved ones in your charge," the tenderness between man and master stood disclosed. And when the slave held that charge sacred through storm and temptation, he gave new meaning to faith and loyalty. I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care.

From this root, imbedded in a century of kind and constant companionship, has sprung some foliage. As no race had ever lived in such unresisting bondage, none was ever hurried with such swiftness through freedom into power. Into hands still trembling from the blow that broke the shackles, was thrust the ballot. In less than twelve months from the day he walked down the furrow as slave, the negro dictated in legislative halls from which Davis and Calhoun had gone forth, the policy of twelve commonwealths. When his late master protested against his misrule, the federal drum beat rolled around his strongholds, and from a hedge of federal bayonets he grinned in good-natured insolence. From the proven incapacity of that day has he far advanced? Simple, credulous, impulsive—easily led and too often easily bought, is he a safer, more intelligent citizen now than then? Is this mass of votes, loosed from old restraints, inviting alliance or awaiting opportunity, less menacing than when its purpose was plain and its way direct?

My countrymen, right here the South must make a decision on which very much depends. Many wise men hold that the white vote of the South should divide, the color line be beaten down, and the southern States ranged on economic or moral questions as interest or belief demands. I am compelled to dissent from this view. The worst thing in my opinion that could happen is that the white people of the South should stand in opposing factions, with the vast mass of ignorant or purchasable negro votes between. Consider such a status. If the negroes were skillfully led,—and leaders would not be lacking,—it would give them the balance of power—a thing not to be considered. If their vote was not compacted, it would invite the debauching bid of factions, and drift surely to that which was the most corrupt and cunning. With the shiftless habit and irresolution of slavery days still possessing him, the negro voter will not in this generation, adrift from war issues, become a steadfast partisan through conscience or conviction. In every community there are colored men who redeem their race from this reproach, and who vote under reason. Perhaps in time the bulk of this race may thus adjust itself. But, through what long and monstrous periods of political debauchery this status would be reached, no tongue can tell.

The clear and unmistakable domination of the white race, dominating not through violence, not through party alliance, but through the integrity of its own vote and the largeness of its sympathy and justice through which it shall compel the support of the better classes of the colored race,—that is the hope and assurance of the South. Otherwise, the negro would be bandied from one faction to another. His credulity would be played upon, his cupidity tempted, his impulses misdirected, his passions inflamed. He would be forever in alliance with that faction which was most desperate and unscrupulous. Such a state would be worse than reconstruction, for then intelligence was banded, and its speedy triumph assured. But with intelligence and property divided—bidding and overbid-

ding for place and patronage—irritation increasing with each conflict—the bitterness and desperation seizing every heart—political debauchery deepening, as each faction staked its all in the miserable game—there would be no end to this, until our suffrage was hopelessly sullied, our people forever divided, and our most sacred rights surrendered.

One thing further should be said in perfect frankness. Up to this point we have dealt with ignorance and corruption—but beyond this point a deeper issue confronts us. Ignorance may struggle to enlightenment, out of corruption may come the incorruptible. God speed the day when,—every true man will work and pray for its coming,—the negro must be led to know and through sympathy to confess that his interests and the interests of the people of the South are identical. The men who, from afar off, view this subject through the cold eye of speculation or see it distorted through partisan glasses, insist that, directly or indirectly, the negro race shall be in control of the affairs of the South. We have no fears of this; already we are attaching to us the best elements of that race, and as we proceed our alliance will broaden; external pressure but irritates and impedes. Those who would put the negro race in supremacy would work against infallible decree, for the white race can never submit to its domination, because the white race is the superior race. But the supremacy of the white race of the South must be maintained forever, and the domination of the negro race resisted at all points and at all hazards—because the white race is the superior race. This is the declaration of no new truth. It has abided forever in the marrow of our bones, and shall run forever with the blood that feeds Anglo-Saxon hearts.

In political compliance the South has evaded the truth, and men have drifted from their convictions. But we cannot escape this issue. It faces us wherever we turn. It is an issue that has been, and will be. The races and tribes of earth are of Divine origin. Behind the laws of man and the decrees of war, stands the law of God. What God hath

separated let no man join together. The Indian, the Malay, the Negro, the Caucasian, these types stand as markers of God's will. Let not man tinker with the work of the Almighty. Unity of civilization, no more than unity of faith, will never be witnessed on earth. No race has risen, or will rise, above its ordained place. Here is the pivotal fact of this great matter—two races are made equal in law, and in political rights, between whom the caste of race has set an impassable gulf. This gulf is bridged by a statute, and the races are urged to cross thereon. This cannot be. The fiat of the Almighty has gone forth, and in eighteen centuries of history it is written. We would escape this issue if we could. From the depths of its soul the South invokes from heaven "peace on earth, and good will to man." She would not, if she could, cast this race back into the condition from which it was righteously raised. She would not deny its smallest or abridge its fullest privilege. Not to lift this burden forever from her people, would she do the least of these things. She must walk through the valley of the shadow, for God has so ordained. But he has ordained that she shall walk in that integrity of race, that created in His wisdom has been perpetuated in His strength. Standing in the presence of this multitude, sobered with the responsibility of the message I deliver to the young men of the South, I declare that the truth above all others to be worn unsullied and sacred in your hearts, to be surrendered to no force, sold for no price, compromised in no necessity, but cherished and defended as the covenant of your prosperity, and the pledge of peace to your children, is that the white race must dominate forever in the South, because it is the white race, and superior to that race by which its supremacy is threatened.

It is a race issue. Let us come to this point, and stand here. Here the air is pure and the light is clear, and here honor and peace abide. Juggling and evasion deceives not a man. Compromise and subservience has carried not a point. There is not a white man North or South who does not feel it stir in the gray matter of his brain and throb in

his heart. Not a negro who does not feel its power. It is not a sectional issue. It speaks in Ohio, and in Georgia. It speaks wherever the Anglo-Saxon touches an alien race. (It has just spoken in universally approved legislation in excluding the Chinaman from our gates, not for his ignorance, vice or corruption, but because he sought to establish an inferior race in a republic fashioned in the wisdom and defended by the blood of a homogeneous people)

The Anglo-Saxon blood has dominated always and everywhere. It fed Alfred when he wrote the charter of English liberty; it gathered about Hampden as he stood beneath the oak; it thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king; it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; it has touched the desert and jungle with undying glory; it carried the drumbeat of England around the world and spread on every continent the gospel of liberty and of God: it established this republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, wrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon, and the theater of his transcending achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered while that blood lives in American veins, and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien and inferior race.

And yet that is just what is proposed. Not in twenty years have we seen a day so pregnant with fate to this section as the sixth of next November. If President Cleveland is then defeated, which God forbid, I believe these States will be led through sorrows compared to which the woes of reconstruction will be as the fading dews of morning to the roaring flood. To dominate these States through the colored vote, with such aid as federal patronage may * debase or federal power deter, and thus through its chosen instruments perpetuate its rule, is in my opinion the settled purpose of the Republican party. I am appalled when I measure the passion in which this negro problem is judged by the leaders of the party. Fifteen years ago Vice-President Wilson said—and I honor his memory as

that of a courageous man: "We shall not have finished with the South until we force its people to change their thought, and think as we think." I repeat these words, for I heard them when a boy, and they fell on my ears as the knell of my people's rights—"to change their thought, and make them think as we think." Not enough to have conquered our armies—to have decimated our ranks, to have desolated our fields and reduced us to poverty, to have struck the ballot from our hands and enfranchised our slaves—to have held us prostrate under bayonets while the insolent mocked and thieves plundered—but their very souls must be rifled of their faiths, their sacred traditions cudged from memory, and their immortal minds beaten into subjection until thought had lost its integrity, and we were forced "to think as they think." And just now General Sherman has said, and I honor him as a soldier:

"The negro must be allowed to vote, and his vote must be counted; otherwise, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them."

And this General took Johnston's sword in surrender! He looked upon the thin and ragged battalions in gray, that for four years had held his teeming and heroic legions at bay. Facing them, he read their courage in their depleted ranks, and gave them a soldier's parole. When he found it in his heart to taunt these heroes with this threat, why—careless as he was twenty years ago with fire, he is even more careless now with his words. If we could hope that this problem would be settled within our lives I would appeal from neither madness nor unmanliness. But when I know that, strive as I may, I must at last render this awful heritage into the untried hands of my son, already dearer to me than my life, and that he must in turn bequeath it unsolved to his children, I cry out against the inhumanity that deepens its difficulties with this incen-

diary threat, and beclouds its real issue with inflaming passion.

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This problem is not only enduring, but it is widening. The exclusion of the Chinese is the first step in the revolution that shall save liberty and law and religion to this land, and in peace and order, not enforced on the gallows or at the bayonet's end, but proceeding from the heart of an harmonious people, shall secure in the enjoyment of these rights, and the control of this republic, the homogeneous people that established and has maintained it. The next step will be taken when some brave statesman, looking Demagogy in the face, shall move to call to the stranger at our gates, "Who comes here?" admitting every man who seeks a home, or honors our institutions, and whose habit and blood will run with the native current; but excluding all who seek to plant anarchy or to establish alien men or measures on our soil; and will then demand that x the standard of our citizenship be lifted and the right of acquiring our suffrage be abridged. When that day comes, and God speed its coming, the position of the South will be fully understood, and everywhere approved. Until then, let us—giving the negro every right, civil and political, measured in that fullness the strong should always accord the weak—holding him in closer friendship and sympathy than he is held by those who would crucify us for his sake—realizing that on his prosperity ours depends—let us resolve that never by external pressure, or internal division, shall he establish domination, directly or indirectly, over that race that everywhere has maintained its supremacy. Let this resolution be cast on the lines of equity and justice. Let it be the pledge of honest, safe and impartial administration, and we shall command the support of the colored race itself, more dependent than any other on the bounty and protection of government. Let us be wise and patient, and we shall secure through its acquiescence what otherwise we should win through conflict, and hold in insecurity.

All this is no unkindness to the negro—but rather that

he may be led in equal rights and in peace to his uttermost good. Not in sectionalism—for my heart beats true to the Union, to the glory of which your life and heart is pledged. Not in disregard of the world's opinion—for to render back this problem in the world's approval is the sum of my ambition, and the height of human achievement. Not in reactionary spirit—but rather to make clear that new and grander way up which the South is marching to higher destiny, and on which I would not halt her for all the spoils that have been gathered unto parties since Catiline conspired, and Cæsar fought. Not in passion, my countrymen, but in reason—not in narrowness, but in breadth—that we may solve this problem in calmness and in truth, and lifting its shadows let perpetual sunshine pour down on two races, walking together in peace and contentment. Then shall this problem have proved our blessing, and the race that threatened our ruin work our salvation as it fills our fields with the best peasantry the world has ever seen. Then the South—putting behind her all the achievements of her past—and in war and in peace they beggar eulogy—may stand upright among the nations and challenge the judgment of man and the approval of God, in having worked out in their sympathy, and in His guidance, this last and surpassing miracle of human government.

What of the South's industrial problem? When we remember that amazement followed the payment by thirty-seven million Frenchmen of a billion dollars indemnity to Germany, that the five million whites of the South rendered to the torch and sword three billions of property—that thirty million dollars a year, or six hundred million dollars in twenty years, has been given willingly of our poverty as pensions for Northern soldiers, the wonder is that we are here at all. There is a figure with which history has dealt lightly, but that, standing pathetic and heroic in the genesis of our new growth, has interested me greatly—our soldier-farmer of '65. What chance had he for the future as he wandered amid his empty barns, his

stock, labor, and implements gone—gathered up the fragments of his wreck—urging kindly his borrowed mule—paying sixty per cent. for all that he bought, and buying all on credit—his crop mortgaged before it was planted—his children in want, his neighborhood in chaos—working under new conditions and retrieving every error by a costly year—plodding all day down the furrow, hopeless and adrift, save when at night he went back to his broken home, where his wife, cheerful even then, renewed his courage, while she ministered to him in loving tenderness. Who would have thought as during those lonely and terrible days he walked behind the plow, locking the sunshine in the glory of his harvest, and spreading the showers and the verdure of his field—no friend near save nature that smiled at his earnest touch, and God that sent him the message of good cheer through the passing breeze and the whispering leaves—that he would in twenty years, having carried these burdens uncomplaining, make a crop of \$800,000,000. Yet this he has done, and from his bounty the South has rebuilt her cities, and recouped her losses. While we exult in his splendid achievement, let us take account of his standing.

Whence this enormous growth? For ten years the world has been at peace. The pioneer has now replaced the soldier. Commerce has whitened new seas, and the merchant has occupied new areas. Steam has made of the earth a chess-board, on which men play for markets. Our western wheat-grower competes in London with the Russian and the East Indian. The Ohio wool grower watches the Australian shepherd, and the bleat of the now historic sheep of Vermont is answered from the steppes of Asia. The herds that emerge from the dust of your amazing prairies might hear in their pauses the hoof-beats of antipodean herds marching to meet them. Under Holland's dykes, the cheese and butter makers fight American dairies. The hen cackles around the world. California challenges vine-clad France. The dark continent is disclosed through meshes of light. There is competition

everywhere. The husbandman, driven from his market, balances price against starvation, and undercuts his rival. This conflict often runs to panic, and profit vanishes. The Iowa farmer burning his corn for fuel is not an unusual type.

Amid this universal conflict, where stands the South? While the producer of everything we eat or wear, in every land, is fighting through glutted markets for bare existence, what of the southern farmer? In his industrial as in his political problem he is set apart—not in doubt, but in assured independence. Cotton makes him king. Not the fleeces that Jason sought can rival the richness of this plant, as it unfurls its banners in our fields. It is gold from the instant it puts forth its tiny shoot. The shower that whispers to it is heard around the world. The trespass of a worm on its green leaf means more to England than the advance of the Russians on her Asiatic outposts. When its fibre, current in every bank, is marketed, it renders back to the South \$350,000,000 every year. Its seed will yield \$60,000,000 worth of oil to the press and \$40,000,000 in food for soil and beast, making the stupendous total of \$450,000,000 annual income from this crop. And now, under the Tompkins patent, from its stalk—news paper is to be made at two cents per pound. Edward Atkinson once said: "If New England could grow the cotton plant, without lint, it would make her richest crop; if she held monopoly of cotton lint and seed she would control the commerce of the world."

But is our monopoly, threatened from Egypt, India and Brazil, sure and permanent? Let the record answer. In '72 the American supply of cotton was 3,241,000 bales,—foreign supply 3,036,000. We led our rivals by less than 200,000 bales. This year the American supply is 8,000,000 bales—from foreign sources, 2,100,000, expressed in bales of four hundred pounds each. In spite of new areas elsewhere, of fuller experience, of better transportation, and unlimited money spent in experiment, the supply of foreign cotton has decreased since '72 nearly 1,000,000 bales, while

that of the South has increased nearly 5,000,000. Further than this: Since 1872, population in Europe has increased 13 per cent., and cotton consumption in Europe has increased 50 per cent. Still further: Since 1880 cotton consumption in Europe has increased 28 per cent., wool only 4 per cent., and flax has decreased 11 per cent. As for new areas, the uttermost missionary woos the heathen with a cotton shirt in one hand and the Bible in the other, and no savage I believe has ever been converted to one, without adopting the other. To summarize: Our American fibre has increased its product nearly three-fold, while it has seen the product of its rival decrease one-third. It has enlarged its dominion in the old centers of population, supplanting flax and wool, and it peeps from the satchel of every business and religious evangelist that trots the globe. In three years the American crop has increased 1,400,000 bales, and yet there is less cotton in the world to-day than at any time for twenty years. The dominion of our king is established; this princely revenue assured, not for a year, but for all time. It is the heritage that God gave us when he arched our skies, established our mountains, girt us about with the ocean, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain—ours and our children's forever.

Not alone in cotton, but in iron, does the South excel. The Hon. Mr. Norton, who honors this platform with his presence, once said to me: "An Englishman of the highest character predicted that the Atlantic will be whitened within our lives with sails carrying American iron and coal to England." When he made that prediction the English miners were exhausting the coal in long tunnels above which the ocean thundered. Having ores and coal stored in exhaustless quantity, in such richness, and in such adjustment, that iron can be made and manufacturing done cheaper than elsewhere on this continent, is to now command, and at last control, the world's market for iron. The South now sells iron, through Pittsburg, in New York. She has driven Scotch iron first from the interior, and finally from American ports. Within our lives she will

cross the Atlantic, and fulfill the Englishman's prophecy. In 1880 the South made 212,000 tons of iron. In 1887, 845,000 tons. She is now actually building, or has finished this year, furnaces that will produce more than her entire product of last year. Birmingham alone will produce more iron in 1889 than the entire South produced in 1887. Our coal supply is exhaustless, Texas alone having 6000 square miles. In marble and granite we have no rivals, as to quantity or quality. In lumber our riches are even vaster. More than fifty per cent. of our entire area is in forests, making the South the best timbered region of the world. We have enough merchantable yellow pine to bring, in money, \$2,500,000,000—a sum the vastness of which can only be understood when I say it nearly equaled the assessed value of the entire South, including cities, forests, farms, mines, factories and personal property of every description whatsoever. Back of this our forests of hard woods, and measureless swamps of cypress and gum. Think of it. In cotton a monopoly. In iron and coal establishing swift mastery. In granite and marble developing equal advantage and resource. In yellow pine and hard woods the world's treasury. Surely the basis of the South's wealth and power is laid by the hand of the Almighty God, and its prosperity has been established by divine law which work in eternal justice and not by taxes levied on its neighbors through human statutes. Paying tribute for fifty years that under artificial conditions other sections might reach a prosperity impossible under natural laws, it has grown apace—and its growth shall endure if its people are ruled by two maxims, that reach deeper than legislative enactment, and the operation of which cannot be limited by artificial restraint, and but little hastened by artificial stimulus.

First. No one crop will make a people prosperous. If cotton held its monopoly under conditions that made other crops impossible—or under allurements that made other crops exceptional—its dominion would be despotism.

Whenever the greed for a money crop unbalances the wisdom of husbandry, the money crop is a curse. When

it stimulates the general economy of the farm, it is the profiting of farming. In an unprosperous strip of Carolina, when asked the cause of their poverty, the people say, "Tobacco—for it is our only crop." In Lancaster, Pa., the richest American county by the census, when asked the cause of their prosperity, they say, "Tobacco—for it is the golden crown of a diversified agriculture." The soil that produces cotton invites the grains and grasses, the orchard and the vine. Clover, corn, cotton, wheat, and barley thrive in the same inclosure; the peach, the apple, the apricot, and the Siberian crab in the same orchard. Herds and flocks graze ten months every year in the meadows over which winter is but a passing breath, and in which spring and autumn meet in summer's heart. Sugar-cane and oats, rice and potatoes, are extremes that come together under our skies. To raise cotton and send its princely revenues to the west for supplies, and to the east for usury, would be misfortune if soil and climate forced such a curse. When both invite independence, to remain in slavery is a crime. To mortgage our farms in Boston for money with which to buy meat and bread from western cribs and smokehouses, is folly unspeakable. I rejoice that Texas is less open to this charge than others of the cotton States. With her eighty million bushels of grain, and her sixteen million head of stock, she is rapidly learning that diversified agriculture means prosperity. Indeed, the South is rapidly learning the same lesson; and learned through years of debt and dependence it will never be forgotten. The best thing Georgia has done in twenty years was to raise her oat crop in one season from two million to nine million bushels, without losing a bale of her cotton. It is more for the South that she has increased her crop of corn—that best of grains, of which Samuel J. Tilden said, "It will be the staple food of the future, and men will be stronger and better when that day comes"—by forty-three million bushels this year, than to have won a pivotal battle in the late war. In this one item she keeps at home this year a sum equal to

the entire cotton crop of my State that last year went to the west.

This is the road to prosperity. It is the way to manliness and sturdiness of character. When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures, and disturbed by no creditor, and enslaved by no debt, shall sit amid his teeming gardens, and orchards, and vineyards, and dairies, and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus, and selling it in his own time, and in his chosen market, and not at a master's bidding—getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt, but does not restore his freedom—then shall be breaking the fullness of our day. (Great is King Cotton! But to lie at his feet while the usurer and grain-raiser bind us in subjection, is to invite the contempt of man and the reproach of God. But to stand up before him and amid the crops and smokehouses wrest from him the magna charta of our independence, and to establish in his name an ample and diversified agriculture, that shall honor him while it enriches us—this is to carry us as far in the way of happiness and independence as the farmer, working in the fullest wisdom, and in the richest field, can carry any people.

But agriculture alone—no matter how rich or varied its resources—cannot establish or maintain a people's prosperity. There is a lesson in this that Texas may learn with profit. No commonwealth ever came to greatness by producing raw material. Less can this be possible in the future than in the past. The Comstock lode is the richest spot on earth. And yet the miners, gasping for breath fifteen hundred feet below the earth's surface, get bare existence out of the splendor they dig from the earth. It goes to carry the commerce and uphold the industry of distant lands, of which the men who produce it get but dim report. Hardly more is the South profited when, stripping the harvest of her cotton fields, or striking her teeming hills, or leveling her superb forests, she sends the raw

material to augment the wealth and power of distant communities.

Texas produces a million and a half bales of cotton, which yield her \$60,000,000. That cotton, woven into common goods, would add \$75,000,000 to Texas's income from this crop, and employ 220,000 operatives, who would spend within her borders more than \$30,000,000 in wages. Massachusetts manufactures 575,000 bales of cotton, for which she pays \$31,000,000, and sells for \$72,000,000, adding a value nearly equal to Texas's gross revenue from cotton, and yet Texas has a clean advantage for manufacturing this cotton of one per cent a pound over Massachusetts. The little village of Grand Rapids began manufacturing furniture simply because it was set in a timber district. It is now a great city and sells \$10,000,000 worth of furniture every year, in making which 125,000 men are employed, and a population of 40,000 people supported. The best pine districts of the world are in eastern Texas. With less competition and wider markets than Grand Rapids has, will she ship her forests at prices that barely support the wood-chopper and sawyer, to be returned in the making of which great cities are built or maintained? When her farmers and herdsmen draw from her cities \$126,000,000 as the price of their annual produce, shall this enormous wealth be scattered through distant shops and factories, leaving in the hands of Texas no more than the sustenance, support, and the narrow brokerage between buyer and seller? As one-crop farming cannot support the country, neither can a resource of commercial exchange support a city. Texas wants immigrants—she needs them—for if every human being in Texas were placed at equi-distant points through the State no Texan could hear the sound of a human voice in your broad areas.

So how can you best attract immigration? By furnishing work for the artisan and mechanic if you meet the demand of your population for cheaper and essential manufactured articles. One half million workers would be needed for this, and with their families would double the

population of your State. In these mechanics and their dependents farmers would find a market for not only their staple crops but for the truck that they now despise to raise or sell, but is at least the cream of the farm. Worcester county, Mass., takes \$720,000,000 of our material and turns out \$87,000,000 of products every year, paying \$20,000,000 in wages. The most prosperous section of this world is that known as the Middle States of this republic. With agriculture and manufacturers in the balance, and their shops and factories set amid rich and ample acres, the result is such deep and diffuse prosperity as no other section can show. Suppose those States had a monopoly of cotton and coal so disposed as to command the world's markets and the treasury of the world's timber, I suppose the mind is staggered in contemplating the majesty of the wealth and power they would attain. What have they that the South lacks?—and to her these things were added, and climate, ampler acres and rich soil. It is a curious fact that three-fourths of the population and manufacturing wealth of this country is comprised in a narrow strip between Iowa and Massachusetts, comprising less than one-sixth of our territory, and that this strip is distant from the source of raw materials on which its growth is based, of hard climate and in a large part of sterile soil. Much of this forced and unnatural development is due to slavery, which for a century fenced enterprise and capital out of the South. Mr. Thomas, who in the Lehigh Valley owned a furnace in 1845 that set that pattern for iron-making in America, had at that time bought mines and forest where Birmingham now stands. Slavery forced him away. He settled in Pennsylvania. I have wondered what would have happened if that one man had opened his iron mines in Alabama and set his furnaces there at that time. I know what is going to happen since he has been forced to come to Birmingham and put up two furnaces nearly forty years after his survey.

Another cause that has prospered New England and the Middle States while the South languished, is the

system of tariff taxes levied on the unmixed agriculture of these States for the protection of industries to our neighbors to the North, a system on which the Hon. Roger Q. Mills—that lion of the tribe of Judah—has at last laid his mighty paw and under the indignant touch of which it trembles to its center. That system is to be revised and its duties reduced, as we all agree it should be, though I should say
x in perfect frankness I do not agree with Mr. Mills in it. Let us hope this will be done with care and industrious patience. Whether it stands or falls, the South has entered the industrial list to partake of his bounty if it stands, and if it falls to rely on the favor with which nature has endowed her, and from this immutable advantage to fill her own markets and then have a talk with the world at large.

With amazing rapidity she has moved away from the one-crop idea that was once her curse. In 1880 she was esteemed prosperous. Since that time she has added 393,000,000 bushels to her grain crops, and 182,000,000 head to her live stock. This has not lost one bale of her cotton cotton crop, which, on the contrary, has increased nearly 200,000 bales. With equal swiftness has she moved away from the folly of shipping out her ore at \$2 a ton and buying it back in implements from \$20 to \$100 per ton; her cotton at 10 cents a pound and buying it back in cloth at 20 to 80 cents per pound; her timber at \$8 per thousand and buying it back in furniture at ten to twenty times as much. In the past eight years \$250,000,000 have been invested in new shops and factories in her States; 225,000 artisans are now working that eight years ago were idle or worked elsewhere, and these added \$227,000,000 to the value of her raw material—more than half the value of her cotton. Add to this the value of her increased grain crops and stock, and in the past eight years she has grown in her fields or created in her shops manufactures more than the value of her cotton crop. The incoming tide has begun to rise. Every train brings manufacturers from the East and West seeking to establish themselves or their sons near

the raw material and in this growing market. Let the fullness of the tide roll in.

It will not exhaust our materials, nor shall we glut our markets. When the growing demand of our southern market, feeding on its own growth, is met, we shall find new markets for the South. Under our new condition many indirect laws of commerce shall be straightened. We buy from Brazil \$50,000,000 worth of goods, and sell her \$8,500,000. England buys only \$29,000,000, and sells her \$35,000,000. Of \$65,000,000 in cotton goods bought by Central and South America, over \$50,000,000 went to England. Of \$331,000,000 sent abroad by the southern half of our hemisphere, England secures over half, although we buy from that section nearly twice as much as England. Our neighbors to the south need nearly every article we make; we need nearly everything they produce. Less than 2,500 miles of road must be built to bind by rail the two American continents. When this is done, and even before, we shall find exhaustless markets to the South. Texas shall command, as she stands in the van of this new movement, its richest rewards.

The South, under the rapid diversification of crops and diversification of industries, is thrilling with new life. As this new prosperity comes to us, it will bring no sweeter thought to me, and to you, my countrymen, I am sure, than that it adds not only to the comfort and happiness of our neighbors, but that it makes broader the glory and deeper the majesty, and more enduring the strength, of the Union which reigns supreme in our hearts. In this republic of ours is lodged the hope of free government on earth. Here God has rested the ark of his covenant with the sons of men. Let us—once estranged and thereby closer bound,—let us soar above all provincial pride and find our deeper inspirations in gathering the fullest sheaves into the harvest and standing the staunchest and most devoted of its sons as it lights the path and makes clear the way through which all the people of this earth shall come in God's appointed time.

A few words for the young men of Texas. I am glad that I can speak to them at all. Men, especially young men, look back for their inspiration to what is best in their traditions. Thermopylæ cast Spartan sentiments in heroic mould and sustained Spartan arms for more than a century. Thermopylæ had survivors to tell the story of its defeat. The Alamo had none. Though voiceless it shall speak from its dumb walls. Liberty cried out to Texas, as God called from the clouds unto Moses. Bowie and Fanning, though dead still live. Their voices rang above the din of Goliad and the glory of San Jacinto, and they marched with the Texas veterans who rejoiced at the birth of Texas independence. It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battlefields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every State of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil, that was crimsoned with their blood.

In this spirit of this inspiration and in the thrill of the amazing growth that surrounds you, my young friends, it will be strange if the young men of Texas do not carry the lone star into the heart of the struggle. The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new. Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South—the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor—that ran like water at duty's call and never stained where it touched—shall this blood that pours into our veins through

a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heat, when the old South, that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems? A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field, the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting

in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane: I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars

came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field strewn with the wrecks of government and institutions, of theories and of faiths that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swings the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South he bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up, from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself and the boy that shall follow me; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interest, advance her fortune, defend her fame and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her feet and last at her service. No hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, and as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish; what riches we should gather for her; what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union; what blessings we should gather unto the universal harvest of

humanity. As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. (I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her generally as from the wings of the unseen dove.)

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates, and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeaking, and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the milky way, shall not look down on a better people or happier land.

AT THE AUGUSTA EXPOSITION.

IN NOVEMBER, 1884, AT THE AUGUSTA EXPOSITION, MR. GRADY DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS :

"When my eyes for the last time behold the sun in the heavens, may they rest upon the glorious ensign of this republic, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in original lustre, not a star obscured or a stripe effaced, but everywhere blazing in characters of living light all over its ample folds as they wave over land and sea, and in every wind under heaven, that sentiment dear to every American heart, liberty and union now and forever, one and inseparable !"

These words of Daniel Webster, whose brain was the temple of wisdom and whose soul the temple of liberty, inspire my heart as I speak to you to-day.

Ladies and gentlemen : This day is auspicious. Set apart by governor and president for universal thanksgiving, our grateful hearts confirm the consecration. Though we have not been permitted to parade our democratic roosters in jubilant print, we may now lead them from their innocuous desuetude, and making them the basis of this day's feast, gather about them a company that in cordial grace shall be excelled by none—not even that which invests the republican turkey, whose steaming thighs shall be slipped to-day in Indianapolis, and attacking them with an appetite that comes from abounding health, consign them to that digestion that waits on a conscience void of offense.

We give thanks to-day that the Lord God Almighty, having led us from desolation into plenty, from poverty into substance, from passion into reason, and from es-

trangement into love—having brought the harvests from the ashes, and raised us homes from our ruins, and touched our scarred land all over with beauty and with peace—permits us to assemble here to-day and rejoice amid the garnered heaps of our treasure. Your visitors give thanks because, coming to a city that from deep disaster has risen with energy and courage unequalled, and witnessing an exposition that in the sweep of its mighty arms and the splendor of its gathered riches surpasses all we have attempted, they find all sense of rivalry blotted out in wondering admiration, and from hearts that know not envy or criticism, bid you God-speed to even higher achievement, and to full and swift harvesting of the prosperity to gain which you have builded so bravely and so wisely.

I am thankful, if you will pardon this personal digression, because I now meet face to face, and can render service to a people whose generous words on a late occasion touched my heart more deeply than I shall attempt here to express. I simply say to you now, and I would that my voice could reach every man in Georgia to whom I am in like indebted, that your kindness left no room for resentment or regret; but a heart filled with gratitude and love steadier in its resolution to deserve the approval you so unstintingly gave, and more deeply consecrated to the service of the people, that in giving me their love have given all that I have dared to hope for, and more than I had dared to ask. I know not what the future may hold for the life that recent events have jostled from its accustomed path. It would be affectation to say that I am careless—for, in touching it with your loving confidence, you have kindled inspirations that cherished without guile, may be confessed in frankness. But if it be given to man to read the human heart, and plumb the quicksands of human ambition, I know that I speak the truth when I say that if ever I hold in my grasp any honor, in the winning or wearing of which my State is disadvantaged, and my hand refuses to surrender it, I pray God that in remem-

brance of this hour He will strike it from me forever ; and if my ambitious heart rebels, that He will lead it, even through sorrow and humiliation, to know that unworthy laurels will fade on the brow, and that no honor can ennoble, no triumph advance, and no victory satisfy that is not won and worn in the weal of the people and the prosperity of the State.

It gives us pleasure to meet to-day our neighbors from Carolina, and by the banks of this river, more bond than boundary, give them cordial welcome to Georgia. The people of these States, sir, are ancient and honorable friends. When the infant colony that settled Georgia landed from its long voyage it was the hands of Carolinians that helped them ashore, and Carolina's hospitality that gave them food and shelter. A banquet was served at Beaufort, the details of which proved our ancestors to have been doughty trenchermen, and at which we are not surprised to learn a goodly quantity of most excellent wine was served, nor to learn—for scribes extenuated then as now—that, though the affair was conducted in the most agreeable manner, no one became intoxicated. When the Georgians took up their march to Savannah they carried with them herds from the Carolinians' folds, and food from their granaries, and an offer from Mr. Whitaker—blessed be his memory !—of a silver spoon for the first male child born on Georgia soil, the first instance, I believe, of a bounty offered or protection guaranteed to an infant industry on this continent. When they settled, it was Carolina gentlemen with their servants that builded the huts and sheltered them, and Carolina captains with their picket men that guarded them from the Indians. As from your slender and pitiful store you gave then bountifully to us, we invite you to-day to share with us our plenty and rejoice with us that what you planted in neighborly kindness hath grown into such greatness.

I am stirred with the profoundest emotion when I reflect upon what the peoples of these two States have endured together. Shoulder to shoulder they have fought

through two revolutions. Side by side they have fallen on the field of battle, and, brothers even in death, have rested in common graves. Hand clasped in hand, they enjoyed victory together, and together reaped in honor and dignity the fruits of their triumph. Heart locked in heart, they have stood undaunted in the desolation of defeat and, fortified by unfailing comradeship, have wrought gladness and peace from the tumult and bitterness of despair. Of them it may be truly said, they have known no rivalry save that emulation which inspires each, and embitters neither. If we match your Calhoun, one of that trinity that hath most been and shall not be equaled in political record, with our Stephens, who was as acute in expounding, and as devoted in defending the constitution as he; your Hayne, who maintained himself valiantly against the great mastodon in American politics, with our Hill (would that he might be given back to us to-day), who took the ablest debater of the age by the throat and shook him until his eager tongue was stilled and the lips that had slandered the South were livid in shame and confusion; if against McDuffie, eloquent and immortal tribune, we put our Toombs, the Mirabeau of his day, surpassing the Frenchman in eloquence, and stainless of his crimes; if against Legare, both scholar and statesman, we put our Wilde, not surpassed as either; if we proffer Lanier, Barick and Harris, when the praises of Sims, and Hayne, and Timrod are sung, it is only because we rejoice in the strength of each which has honored both, and glorified our great republic. Let the glory of our past history incite us to the future; let the trials we have endured nerve us for trials yet to come, and let Georgia and Carolina, that in prosperity united, in adversity have not been divided, strike hands here to-day in a new compact that shall hold them bound together in comradeship and love as long as the Savannah, laying its lips on the cheeks of either, runs down to the sea.

The South is now confronted by two dangers.

First, that by remaining solid it will force a permanent

sectional alignment, under which being in minority it has nothing to gain, and everything to lose.

Second, that by dividing it will debauch its political system, destroy the defenses of its social integrity, and put the balance of power in the hands of an ignorant and dangerous class.

Let us discuss these dangers for a moment.

As to the first. I do not doubt that every day the South remains solid, the drift toward a solid North is deepening. The South is solid now in a sense not dreamed of in antebellum days. Then we divided on every question save one, that of preserving equal representation in the Senate. Clay championed the protective tariff. Jackson flew at Calhoun's throat when Carolina threatened to nullify. Polk, of Tennessee, was made president over Clay, of Kentucky. In 1852, Pierce received the vote of twenty-seven States out of thirty-one, though this period marked the height of slavery disturbance. The South was solid then on one thing alone. On all other questions national suffrage knew no sectional lines. To-day the South is a mass of States merged into one; every issue fused in the ardor of one great question, and our 153 electoral votes hurled as a rifle-ball into the electoral college. The tendency of this must be to solidify the North. Indeed, this is already being done. Seymour and Blair, in 1868, on a platform declaring the amendments null and void, were beaten in the North by Grant, the hero of the war, by less than 100,000 votes. Mr. Harrison, twenty years later, beat Cleveland with a flawless record and a careful platform, over 450,000 votes in the northern States. The solid South invites the solid North. From this status the South has little to hope. The North is already in the majority. More than five million immigrants have poured into her States in the past ten years, and will be declared in the next census. Four new States will give her eight new senators and twelve electoral votes. In the South but one State has kept pace with the West—and that one, Texas, has largely gained at the expense of the Atlantic States.

The South had thirty-eight per cent. of the electoral vote in 1880. It is doubtful if she will have over twenty-five per cent. in 1890. To remain solid, therefore, is to incur the danger of being placed in perpetual minority, and practically shut out from participation in the government, into which Georgia and Massachusetts came as equals—that was fashioned in their common wisdom, defended in their common blood, and bought of their common treasure.

But what of the other danger? Can we risk that to avoid the first? I am sure we cannot. The very worst thing that could happen to the South is to have her white vote divided into factions, and each faction bidding for the negro who holds the balance of power. What is this negro vote? In every southern State it is considerable, and I fear it is increasing. It is alien, being separated by racial differences that are deep and permanent. It is ignorant—easily deluded or betrayed. It is impulsive—lashed by a word into violence. It is purchasable, having the incentive of poverty and cupidity, and the restraint of neither pride nor conviction. It can never be merged through logical or orderly currents into either of two parties, if two should present themselves. We cannot be rid of it. There it is, a vast mass of impulsive, ignorant and purchasable votes. With no factions between which to swing it has no play or dislocation; but thrown from one faction to another it is the loosed cannon on the storm-tossed ship. There is no community that would deliberately tempt this danger; no social or political fabric that could stand its strain. The Tweed ring, backed by a similar and less irresponsible following than a shrewd clique could rally and control in every southern State, and daring less of plunder and insolence than that following would sanction or support, blotted out party lines in New York, and made its intelligence and integrity as solid as the South ever was. Party lines were promptly recast because New York had to deal with the vicious, who once punished may be trusted to sulk in quiet while their wounds heal. We deal with the ignorant, that scourged from power to-day, may be deluded

to-morrow into assaulting the very position from which they have been lashed. Never did robbers find followers more to their mind than the emancipated slaves of reconstruction days. Ignorant and confiding, they could be committed to any excess, led to any outrage. Deep as was the degradation to which these sovereign States were carried, and heavy as is the burden they left on this impoverished people, it was only when the white race, rallying from the graves of its dead and the ashes of its homes, closed its decimated ranks, and fronting federal bayonets, and defying federal power, stood like a stone wall before the uttermost temples of its liberty and credit, and the hideous drama closed, that the miserable assault was checked.

Shall those ranks be broken while the danger still threatens?

Let the whites divide, what happens? Here is this dangerous and alien influence that holds the balance of power. It cannot be won by argument, for it is without information, understanding or traditions—hence without convictions. It must be bought by race privileges granted as such, or by money paid outright. Let us follow this in its twofold aspect. One faction gives the negro certain privileges and wins. The other offers more. The first bids under, and so the sickening work goes on until the barriers that now protect the social integrity and peace of both races are swept away. The negro gains nothing, for he secures these spoils and privileges not by deserving them, or qualifying himself for them, but as the plunder of an irritating struggle in which he loses that largeness of sympathy and tolerance that is at last essential to his well-being and advancement. The other aspect is as bad. One side puts up five thousand dollars for the purchase of the negro vote and wins. The other, declining at first to corrupt the suffrage, but realizing at last that the administration on which his life and property depends is at stake, doubles this, and so the debauching deepens until at last such enormous sums are spent that they must be recouped from the public treasuries. Good men disgusted go to the rear. The shrewd

and unscrupulous are put to the front, and the negro, carrying with him the balance of power, falls at last into the grasp of the faction which is most cunning and conscienceless. National parties, finding here their cheapest market and widest field, will pour millions into the South, adding to the corruption funds of municipal and State factions until the ballot-box will be hopelessly debauched, all the approaches thereto corrupt, and all the results therefrom tainted.

I understand perfectly that this is not the largest view of this question to take. The larger interests of this section and of the Union do not rest here. I deplore this fact. I would that the South, fettered by no circumstances and embarrassed by no problem, could take her place by the side of her sister States, making alliance as her interest or patriotism suggested.

Let me say here that I yield to no man in my love for this Union. I was taught from my cradle to love it, and my father, loving it to the last, nevertheless gave his life for Georgia when she asked it at his hands. Loving the Union as he did, yet would I do unto Georgia even as he did. I said once in New York, and I repeat it here, honoring his memory as I do nothing on this earth, I still thank God that the American conflict was adjudged by higher wisdom than his or mine, that the honest purposes of the South were crossed, her brave armies beaten, and the American Union saved from the storm of war. I love this Union because I am an American citizen. I love it because it stands in the light while other nations are groping in the dark. I love it because here, in this republic of a homogeneous people, must be worked out the great problems that perplex the world and established the axioms that must uplift and regenerate humanity. I love it because it is my country, and my State stood by when its flag was once unfurled, and uplifted her stainless sword, and pledged "her life, her property and her sacred honor," and when the last star glittered from the silken folds, and with her precious blood wrote her loyalty in its crimson

bars. I love it, because I know that its flag, fluttering from the misty heights of the future, followed by a devoted people once estranged and thereby closer bound, shall blaze out the way, and make clear the path up which all the nations of the earth shall come in God's appointed time.

I know the ideal status is that every State should vote without regard to sectional lines. The reconciliation of the people will never be complete until Iowa and Georgia, Texas and Massachusetts may stand side by side without surprise. I would to God that status could be reached! If any man can define a path on which the whites of the South, though divided, can walk in honor and peace, I shall take that path, though I walk down it alone—for at the end of that path, and nowhere else, lies the full emancipation of my section and the full restoration of this Union.

But it cannot be. When the negro was enfranchised, the South was condemned to solidity as surely as self-preservation is the first law of nature. A State here or there may drift away, but it will come back assuredly—and come through such travail, and bearing such burden, as neither war nor pestilence can bring. This problem is not of our seeking. It was thrust upon us not in the orderly unfolding of a preordained plan, but in hot impulse and passion, against the judgment of the world and the lessons of history, and to the peril of popular government, which rests at last on a pure and unsullied suffrage as a building rests on its cornerstone. If it be urged that it was the inexorable result of our course in 1860, we reply that we took that course in deliberation, maintained it in sincerity, sealed it with the blood of our best and bravest—and we accept without complaint, and abide in dignity, its direct and ultimate results, and shall hold it to be, in spite of defeat, forever honorable and sacred. This much I add. No king that ever sat on a throne, though backed by autocratic power, would have dared to subject his kingdom to the strain, and his people to the burden that the North put on the prostrate, impoverished, and helpless South when it enfranchised the body

of our late slaves. We would not undo this if we could. We know that this step, though taken in haste, shall never be retraced. Posterity will judge of the wisdom and patriotism in which it was ordered, and the order and equity in which it was worked out.

To that judgment we appeal with confidence. From that judgment Mr. Blaine has already appealed by shrewdly urging in his written history, that the North did not intend to enfranchise the negro, but was forced to do it by the stubborn attitude of the South. Be that as it may, it is our problem now, and with resolute hands and unfailing hearts we must carry it to the end. It dominates, and will dominate, all other issues with us. Political spoils are not to be considered. The administration of our affairs is secondary, and patronage is less. Economic issues are as naught, and even great moral reforms must wait on the settlement of this question. To quarrel over other issues while this is impending is to imitate the mother quail that thrums the leaves afar from her nest, or recall the finesse of the Spartan boy who smiled in his mother's face while he hid the fox that was gnawing at his vitals.

What then is the duty of the South? Simply this. To maintain the political as well as the social integrity of her white race, and to appeal to the world for patience and justice. Let us show that it is not sectional prejudice, but a sectional problem that keeps us compacted; that it is not the hope of dominion or power, but an abiding necessity—not spoils or patronage, but plain self-preservation that holds the white race together in the South. Let us make this so plain that a community anywhere, searching its own heart, would say: "The necessity that binds our brothers in the South would bind us as closely were the necessity here." Let us invite immigrants and meet them with such cordial welcome that they will abide with us in brotherhood, and so enlarge the body of intelligence and integrity, that divided it may carry the burden of ignorance without danger. Let us be loyal to the Union, and not only loyal but loving. Let the republic know that in

peace it hath nowhere better citizens, nor in war braver soldiers, than in these States. Though set apart by this problem which God permits to rest upon us, and which therefore is right, let us garner our sheaves gladly into the harvest of the Union, and find joy in our work and progress, because it makes broader the glory and deeper the majesty of this republic that is cemented with our blood. Let us love the flag that waved over Marion and Jasper, that waves over us, and which when we are gathered to our fathers shall be a guarantee of liberty and prosperity to our children, and our children's children, and know that what we do in honor shall deepen, and what we do in dishonor shall dim, the luster of its fixed and glittering stars.

As for the negro, let us impress upon him what he already knows, that his best friends are the people among whom he lives, whose interests are one with his, and whose prosperity depends on his perfect contentment. Let us give him his uttermost rights, and measure out justice to him in that fullness the strong should always give to the weak. Let us educate him that he may be a better, a broader, and more enlightened man. Let us lead him in steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may not longer be the sport of the thoughtless, and the prey of the unscrupulous. Let us inspire him to follow the example of the worthy and upright of his race, who may be found in every community, and who increase steadily in numbers and influence. Let us strike hands with him as friends—and as in slavery we led him to heights which his race in Africa had never reached, so in freedom let us lead him to a prosperity of which his friends in the North have not dreamed. Let us make him know that he, depending more than any other on the protection and bounty of government, shall find in alliance with the best elements of the whites the pledge of safe and impartial administration. And let us remember this—that whatever wrong we put on him shall return to punish us. Whatever we take from him in violence, that is unworthy and shall not endure. What we steal from him in fraud, that is worse. But what we win

from him in sympathy and affection, what we gain in his confiding alliance and confirm in his awakening judgment, that is precious and shall endure—and out of it shall come healing and peace.

What is the attitude of the North on this issue? Two propositions appear to be universally declared by the Republicans. First, that the negro vote of the South is suppressed by violence, or miscounted by fraud. Second, that it shall be freely cast and fairly counted. While Republicans agree on these declarations, there are those who hold them sincerely, but would be glad to see the first disapproved, and the second thereby wiped out—and those who hold them in malignity, and who will maintain the first that they may justify the storm that lies hid in the second.

Let us send to-day a few words to the fair-minded Republicans of the North. Here is a fundamental assertion—the negroes of the South can never be kept in antagonism with their white neighbors—for the intimacy and friendliness of the relation forbids. This friendliness, the most important factor of the problem—the saving factor now as always—the North has never, and it appears will never, take account of. It explains that otherwise inexplicable thing—the fidelity and loyalty of the negro during the war to the women and children left in his care. Had Uncle Tom's Cabin portrayed the habit rather than the exception of slavery, the return of the Confederate armies could not have stayed the horrors of arson and murder their departure would have invited. Instead of that, witness the miracle of the slave in loyalty closing the fetters about his own limbs—maintaining the families of those who fought against his freedom—and at night on the far-off battlefield searching among the carnage for his young master, that he might lift the dying head to his humble breast and with rough hands wipe the blood away, and bend his tender ear to catch the last words for the old ones at home, wrestling meanwhile in agony and love, that in vicarious sacrifice he would have laid down his life in his master's

stead. This friendliness, thank God, has survived the lapse of years, the interruption of factions, and the violence of campaigns, in which the bayonet fortified, and the drum-beat inspired. Though unsuspected in slavery, it explains the miracle of '64—though not yet confessed, it must explain the miracle of 1888.

Can a Northern man dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, understand the close relations of the races of the South? Can he comprehend the open-hearted, sympathetic negro, contented in his place, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, the frolic, the furrow, and the home, standing in kindly dependence that is the habit of his blood, and lifting not his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shuts him in with his neighbors? This relation may be interrupted, but permanent estrangement can never come between these two races. It is upon this, that the South depends. By fair dealing and by sympathy to deepen this friendship and add thereto the moral effect of the better elements compacted, with the wealth and intelligence and influence lodged therein—it is this upon which the South has relied for years, and upon which she will rest in future.

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Against this no outside power can prevail. That there has been violence is admitted. There has also been brutality in the North. But I do not believe there was a negro voter in the South kept away from the polls by fear of violence in the late election. I believe there were fewer votes miscounted in the South than in the North. Even in those localities where violence once occurred, wiser counsels have prevailed, and reliance is placed on those higher and legitimate and inexorable methods by which the superior race always dominates, and by which intelligence and integrity always resist the domination of ignorance and corruption. If the honest Republicans of the North permit a scheme of federal supervision, based on the assumption of intimidated voters and a false count, they will blunder from the start, for, beginning in error, they will end in worse. This ✓

HENRY W. GRADY,

whole matter should be left now with the people, with whom it must be left at last—that people most interested in its honorable settlement. External pressure but irritates and delays. The South has voluntarily laid down the certainty of power which dividing her States would bring, that she might solve this problem in the deliberation and the calmness it demands. She turns away from spoils, knowing that to struggle for them would bring irritation to endanger greater things. She postpones reforms and surrenders economic convictions, that unembarrassed she may deal with this great issue. And she pledges her sacred honor—by all that she has won, and all that she has suffered—that she will settle this problem in such full and exact justice as the finite mind can measure, or finite hands administer. On this pledge she asks the patience and waiting judgment of the world, and especially of the people—her brothers and her kindred—that in passion forced this problem into the keeping of her helpless hands.

Shall she have it?

Let us see. Was there a pistol shot through the South on election day? Was there a riot? Was there anything to equal the disturbance and arrests in President Harrison's own city? If so, diligent search has not found it. Where then was the vote suppressed through violence? In the 12,000 election precincts of the South, where was a ballot-box rifled, or a registry list altered? Thirteen Republican congressmen were elected, many of them by majorities so slender that the vote of a single precinct would have changed the result. In West Virginia, with its wild and lawless districts, the governorship hangs on less than three hundred votes, and this very day the governor of Tennessee and his cabinet are passing on a legal question in the casting of twenty-three votes that elects or defeats a congressman. In West Virginia and in Tennessee the law will be applied as impartially and the official vote held as sacred as in New York or Ohio. Where, then, is the wholesale fraud of which complaint is made?

In the face of this showing, let me quote from an edi-

torial in the *Chicago Tribune*, one of the most powerful and a usually conservative journal, charging that the negro vote is suppressed and miscounted. It says :

"The trouble is, the blacks will not fight for themselves. White men, or Indians, situated as the negroes, would have made the rivers of the South run red with blood before they would submit to the usurpations and wrongs with which the black passively endure. Oppressed by generations of slavery, the negroes are non-combatants. They will not shoot and burn for their rights."

Mark the unspeakable infamy of this suggestion. The "trouble" is that the negroes will not rise and shoot and burn. Not the "mercy" is that they do not—but the "mercy" is that they will not massacre and begin the strife that would repeat the horrors of Hayti in the various States of this Republic. Burn and shoot for what? That they may vote in Georgia, where in front of me in the line stood a negro, whose place was as sacred as mine, and whose vote as safely counted? That they may vote in the thirteen districts in which they have elected their congressmen?—in the 320 counties in which they have elected their representatives, and in old Virginia, where they came within 1400 votes of carrying the State?

As the 60,000 Virginia negroes who did vote did so in admitted peace and safety, where was the violence that prevented the needed 1400 from leaving their fields, coming to the ballot-box, and giving the State to the Republicans? And yet slavery itself, in which the selling of a child from its mother's arms and a wife from her husband was permitted, never brought into reputable print so villainous a suggestion as this, leveled by a knave at a political condition which he views from afar, and which it is proved does not exist. To pass by the man who wrote these words, how shall we judge the temper of a community in which they are applauded? Are these men blood of our blood that they permit such things to go unchallenged? Better that they had refused us parole at Appomattox and had confiscated the ruins of our homes, than twenty years later to bring us under the dominion of

such passion as this. Hear another witness, General Sherman, not in hot speech but in cold print :

"The negro must be allowed to vote, and his vote must be counted, otherwise, so sure as there is a God in heaven, you will have another war, more cruel than the last, when the torch and dagger will take the place of the muskets of well-ordered battalions. Should the negro strike that blow, in seeming justice, there will be millions to assist them."

And this is the greatest living soldier of the Union army. He covered the desolation he sowed in city and country through these States with the maxim that "cruelty in war, is mercy"—and no one lifted the cloak. But when he insults the men he conquered, and endangers the renewing growth of the country he wasted, with this unmanly threat, he puts a stain on his name the maxims of philosophy and fable from Socrates all the way cannot cover, and the glory of Marlborough, were it added to his own, could not efface.

No answer can be made in passion to these men. If the temper of the North is expressed in their words, the South can do nothing but rally her sons for their last defense and await in silence what the future may bring forth. This much should be said: The negro can never be established in dominion over the white race of the South. The sword of Grant and the bayonets of his army could not maintain them in the supremacy they had won from the helplessness of our people. No sword drawn by mortal man, no army martialled by mortal hand, can replace them in the supremacy from which they were cast down by our people, for the Lord God Almighty decreed otherwise when he created these races, and the flaming sword of his archangel will enforce his decree and work out his plan of unchangeable wisdom.

I do not believe the people of the North will be committed to a violent policy. I believe in the good faith and fair play of the American people. These noisy insects of the hour will perish with the heat that warmed them into life, and when their pestilent cries have ceased, the

great clock of the Republic will strike the slow-moving and tranquil hours, and the watchmen from the streets will cry, "All's well—all's well!" I thank God that through the mists of passion that already cloud our northern horizon comes the clear, strong voice of President Harrison declaring that the South shall not suffer, but shall prosper, in his election. Happy will it be for us—happy for this country, and happy for his name and fame, if he has the courage to withstand the demagogues who clamor for our crucifixion, and the wisdom to establish a path in which voters of all parties and of all sections may walk together in peace and prosperity.

Should the President yield to the demands of the pestilential, the country will appeal from his decision. In Indiana and New York more than two million votes were cast. By less than 16,000 majority these States were given to Harrison, and his election thereby secured. A change of less than ten thousand in this enormous poll would restore the Democratic party to power. If President Harrison permits this unrighteous crusade on the peace of the South, and the prosperity of the people, this change and more will be made, and the Democratic party restored to power.

In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section. Every settler among us raises up new witnesses to our fairness, sincerity and loyalty. We shall secure from the North more friendliness and sympathy, more champions and friends, through the influence of our industrial growth, than through political aspiration or achievement. Few men can comprehend—would that I had the time to dwell on this point to-day—how vast has been the development, how swift the growth, and how deep and enduring is laid the basis of even greater growth in the future. Companies of immigrants sent down from the sturdy settlers of the North will solve the Southern problem, and bring this section into full and harmonious relations with the North quicker than all the battalions that could be armed and martialled could do.

The tide of immigration is already springing this way. Let us encourage it. But let us see that these immigrants come in well-ordered procession, and not pell-mell. That they come as friends and neighbors—to mingle their blood with ours, to build their homes on our fields, to plant their Christian faith on these red hills, and not seeking to plant strange heresies of government and faith, but, honoring our constitution and reverencing our God, to confirm, and not estrange, the simple faith in which we have been reared, and which we should transmit unsullied to our children.

It may be that the last hope of saving the old-fashioned on this continent will be lodged in the South. Strange admixtures have brought strange results in the North. The anarchist and atheist walk abroad in the cities, and, defying government, deny God. Culture has refined for itself new and strange religions from the strong old creeds.

The old-time South is fading from observance, and the mellow church-bells that called the people to the temples of God are being tabooed and silenced. Let us, my countrymen, here to-day—yet a homogeneous and God-fearing people—let us highly resolve that we will carry untainted the straight and simple faith—that we will give ourselves to the saving of the old-fashioned, that we will wear in our hearts the prayers we learned at our mother's knee, and seek no better faith than that which fortified her life through adversity, and led her serene and smiling through the valley of the shadow.

Let us keep sacred the Sabbath of God in its purity, and have no city so great, or village so small, that every Sunday morning shall not stream forth over towns and meadows the golden benediction of the bells, as they summon the people to the churches of their fathers, and ring out in praise of God and the power of His might. Though other people are led into the bitterness of unbelief, or into the stagnation of apathy and neglect—let us keep these two States in the current of the sweet old-fashioned, that the sweet rushing waters may lap their sides, and everywhere from their soil grow the tree, the leaf whereof shall not

fade and the fruit whereof shall not die, but the fruit whereof shall be meat, and the leaf whereof shall be healing.

In working out our civil, political, and religious salvation, everything depends on the union of our people. The man who seeks to divide them now in the hour of their trial, that man puts ambition before patriotism. A distinguished gentleman said that "certain upstarts and speculators were seeking to create a new South to the derision and disparagement of the old," and rebukes them for so doing. These are cruel and unjust words. It was Ben Hill—the music of whose voice hath not deepened, though now attuned to the symphonies of the skies—who said: "There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead; there is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, growing, every hour."

It was he who named the New South.⁴ One of the "upstarts" said in a speech in New York: "In answering the toast to the New South, I accept that name in no disparagement to the Old South. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people, and not for the glories of New England history from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I surrender the least of these. Never shall I do, or say, aught to dim the luster of the glory of my ancestors, won in peace and war."

Where is the young man in the South who has spoken one word in disparagement of our past, or has worn lightly the sacred traditions of our fathers? The world has not equaled the unquestioning reverence and undying loyalty of the young man of the South to the memory of our fathers. History has not equaled the cheerfulness and heroism with which they bestirred themselves amid the poverty that was their legacy, and holding the inspiration of their past to be better than rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to do their part in rebuilding the fallen fortunes of the South and restoring her fields to their pristine beauty. Wherever they have driven—in market-place, putting youth against experience, poverty against capital—in the shop earning in the light of their forges

and the sweat of their faces the bread and meat for those dependent upon them—in the forum, eloquent by instinct, able though unlettered—on the farm, locking the sunshine in their harvests and spreading the showers on their fields—everywhere my heart has been with them, and I thank God that they are comrades and countrymen of mine. I have stood with them shoulder to shoulder as they met new conditions without surrendering old faiths—and I have been content to feel the grasp of their hands and the throb of their hearts, and hear the music of their quick step as they marched unfearing into new and untried ways. If I should attempt to prostitute the generous enthusiasm of these my comrades to my own ambition, I should be unworthy. If any man enwrapping himself in the sacred memories of the Old South, should prostitute them to the hiding of his weakness, or the strengthening of his failing fortunes, that man would be unworthy. If any man for his own advantage should seek to divide the old South from the new, or the new from the old—to separate these that in love hath been joined together—to estrange the son from his father's grave and turn our children from the monuments of our dead, to embitter the closing days of our veterans with suspicion of the sons who shall follow them—this man's words are unworthy and are spoken to the injury of his people.

Some one has said in derision that the old men of the South, sitting down amid their ruins, reminded him "of the Spanish hidalgos sitting in the porches of the Alhambra, and looking out to sea for the return of the lost Armada." There is pathos but no derision in this picture to me. These men were our fathers. Their lives were stainless. Their hands were daintily cast, and the civilization they builded in tender and engaging grace hath not been equaled. The scenes amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and material day has come, in which their gentle hands could garner but scantily, and their guileless hearts fend but feebly. Let them sit, therefore, in the dismantled porches of their homes, into which dishonor hath never entered, to which

discourtesy is a stranger—and gaze out to the sea, beyond the horizon of which their armada has drifted forever. And though the sea shall not render back for them the Arguses that went down in their ship, let us build for them in the land they love so well a stately and enduring temple—its pillars founded in justice, its arches springing to the skies, its treasures filled with substance; liberty walking in its corridors; art adorning its walls; religion filling its aisles with incense,—and here let them rest in honorable peace and tranquillity until God shall call them hence to “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

There are other things I wish to say to you to-day, my countrymen, but my voice forbids. I thank you for your courteous and patient attention. And I pray to God—who hath led us through sorrow and travail—that on this day of universal thanksgiving, when every Christian heart in this audience is uplifted in praise, that He will open the gates of His glory and bend down above us in mercy and love! And that these people who have given themselves unto Him, and who wear His faith in their hearts, that He will lead them even as little children are led—that He will deepen their wisdom with the ambition of His words—that He will turn them from error with the touch of His almighty hand—that he will crown all their triumphs with the light of His approving smile, and into the heart of their troubles, whether of people or state, that He will pour the healing of His mercy and His grace.

AGAINST CENTRALIZATION.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETIES OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, JUNE 25, 1889.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In thanking you for this cordial—this Virginia—welcome, let me say that it satisfies my heart to be with you to-day. This is my alma mater. Kind, in the tolerant patience with which she winnowed the chaff of idle days and idler nights that she might find for me the grain of knowledge and of truth, and in the charity with which she sealed in sorrow rather than in anger my brief but stormy career within these walls. Kinder yet, that her old heart has turned lovingly after the lapse of twenty years to her scapegrace son in a distant State, and recalling him with this honorable commission, has summoned him to her old place at her knees. Here at her feet, with the glory of her presence breaking all about me, let me testify that the years have but deepened my reverence and my love, and my heart has owned the magical tenderness of the emotions first kindled amid these sacred scenes. That which was unworthy has faded—that which was good has abided. Faded the memory of the tempestuous dyke and the riotous kalathump—dimmed the memory of that society, now happily extinct, but then famous as “The Nippers from Peru”—forgotten even the glad exultation of those days when the neighboring mountaineer in the pride of his breezy heights brought down the bandaged bear to give battle to the urban dog. Forgotten all these follies, and let us hope forgiven. But,

enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those golden days—the deep and pure inspiration of these academic shades—the kindly admonition and wisdom of the masters—the generous ardor of our mimic contests—and that loving comradeship that laughed at separation and has lived beyond the grave. Enduring and hallowed, blessed be God, the strange and wild ambitions that startled my boyish heart as amid these dim corridors, oh! my mother, the stirring of unseen wings in thy mighty past caught my careless ear, and the dazzling ideals of thy future were revealed to my wondering sight.

Gentlemen of the literary societies—I have no studied oration for you to-day. A life busy beyond its capacities has given scanty time for preparation. But from a loving heart I shall speak to you this morning in comradely sympathy of that which concerns us nearly.

Will you allow me to say that the anxiety that always possesses me when I address my young countrymen is to-day quickened to the point of consecration. For the first time in man's responsibility I speak in Virginia to Virginia. Beyond its ancient glories that made it matchless among States, its later martyrdom has made it the Mecca of my people. It was on these hills that our fathers gave new and deeper meaning to heroism, and advanced the world in honor! It is in these valleys that our dead lie sleeping. Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of His imperishable knighthood. Beyond is Petersburg, where he whose name I bear, and who was prince to me among men, dropped his stainless sword and yielded up his stainless life. Dear to me, sir, are the people among whom my father died—sacred to me, sir, the soil that drank his precious blood. From a heart stirred by these emotions and sobered by these memories, let me speak to you to-day, my countrymen—and God give me wisdom to speak aright and the words wherewithal to challenge and hold your attention.

We are standing in the daybreak of the second century

of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain light. Strange shapes have come with the night. Established ways are lost—new roads perplex, and widening fields stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro—but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry: "Who comes there?" In the obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved. The miracles of the present belie the simple truths of the past. The church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smoulders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilsmen. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the people to the defense of their liberties and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the Republic? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon over-ran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the schoolhouse bell and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow

of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of seabirds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle-bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog in Chicago, draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric center of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus as mounting in his flight to the sun he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours then to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or whether unbalanced they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty. Let one who loves this Republic as he loves his life, and whose heart is thrilled with the majesty of its mission, speak to you now of the dangers that

threaten its peace and prosperity, and the means by which they may be honorably averted.

The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America, is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the Federal government powers and privileges that should be left with the States, and to create powers that neither the State nor Federal government should have. Let it be understood at once that in discussing this question I seek to revive no dead issue. We know precisely what was put to the issue of the sword, and what was settled thereby. The right of a State to leave this Union was denied and the denial made good forever. But the sovereignty of the States in the Union was never involved, and the Republic that survived the storm was, in the words of the Supreme Court, "an indissoluble Union of indestructible States." Let us stand on this decree and turn our faces to the future!

It is not strange that there should be a tendency to centralization in our government. This disposition was the legacy of the war. Steam and electricity have emphasized it by bringing the people closer together. The splendor of a central government dazzles the unthinking—its opulence tempts the poor and the avaricious—its strength assures the rich and the timid—its patronage incites the spoilsmen and its powers inflame the partisan.

And so we have paternalism run mad. The merchant asks the government to control the arteries of trade—the manufacturer asks that his product be protected—the rich asks for an army, and the unfortunate for help—this man for schools and that for subsidy. The partisan proclaims, amid the clamor, that the source of largess must be the seat of power, and demands that the ballot-boxes of the States be hedged by Federal bayonets. The centrifugal force of our system is weakened, the centripetal force is increased, and the revolving spheres are veering inward from their orbits. There are strong men who rejoice in this unbalancing and deliberately contend that the center is the true repository of power and source of privilege—men who, were they charged with the solar system, would shred the planets

into the sun, and, exulting in the sudden splendor, little reck that they had kindled the conflagration that presages universal nights! Thus the States are dwarfed and the nation magnified—and to govern a people, who can best govern themselves, the central authority is made stronger and more splendid!

Concurrent with this political drift is another movement, less formal perhaps, but not less dangerous—the consolidation of capital. I hesitate to discuss this phase of the subject, for of all men I despise most cordially the demagogue who panders to the prejudice of the poor by abuse of the rich. But no man can note the encroachment in this country of what may be called “the money power” on the rights of the individual, without feeling that the time is approaching when the issue between plutocracy and the people will be forced to trial. The world has not seen, nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are every-day tales to us. Aladdin’s lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace when compared to our magicians of finance and trade. The seeds of a luxury that even now surpasses that of Rome or Corinth, and has only yet put forth its first flowers, are sown in this simple republic. What shall the full fruitage be? I do not denounce the newly rich. For most part their money came under forms of law. The irresponsibilities of sudden wealth is in many cases steadied by that resolute good sense which seems to be an American heritage, and under-run by careless prodigality or by constant charity. Our great wealth has brought us profit and splendor. But the status itself is a menace. A home that costs \$3,000,000 and a breakfast that cost \$5000 are disquieting facts to the millions who live in a hut and dine on a crust. The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of \$20,000,000—and his two associates nearly as much—from the control and arbitrary pricing of an article of universal use, falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it, as they sit empty-handed, while children cry for bread. The tendency deepens the dangers suggested

by the status. What is to be the end of this swift piling up of wealth? Twenty years ago but few cities had their millionaires. To-day almost every town has its dozen. Twenty men can be named who can each buy a sovereign State at its tax-book value. The youngest nation, America, is vastly the richest, and in twenty years, in spite of war, has nearly trebled her wealth. Millions are made on the turn of a trade, and the toppling mass grows and grows, while in its shadow starvation and despair stalk among the people, and swarm with increasing legions against the citadels of human life.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. When the agent of a dozen men, who have captured and control an article of prime necessity, meets the representatives of a million farmers from whom they have forced \$3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the highwayman who halts the traveler at his pistol's point, and insolently gives them the measure of this year's rapacity, and tells them—men who live in the sweat of their brows, and stand between God and Nature—that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless, then the first fruits of this system are gathered and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use—with no standard but their arbitrary will, and no limit but their greed or daring—and then notify the sovereign people of this free Republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessities of life—then the point of intolerable shame has been reached.

We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and descending as hawks from the crags, tore and robbed and plundered the voyagers until their greed was glutted, or the strength of their victims spent. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted, shall it be repeated in this free country? And yet, when a

syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent. to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tribute from the people, until from its surplus it could buy every castle on the Rhine, or requite every baron's debauchery from its kitchen account—where is the difference—save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and the picturesque river to the teeming streets and the broad fields of this government “of the people, by the people, and for the people”? I do not overstate the case. Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it until a sewing-woman in my city, working for ninety cents a week, had to pay him twenty cents tax on the sack of flour she bore home in her famished hands. Three men held the cotton crop until the English spindles were stopped and the lights went out in 3,000,000 English homes. Last summer one man cornered pork until he had levied a tax of \$3 per barrel on every consumer, and pocketed a profit of millions. The Czar of Russia would not have dared to do these things. And yet they are no secrets in this free government of ours! They are known of all men, and, my countrymen, no argument can follow them, and no plea excuse them, when they fall on the men who toiling, yet suffer—who hunger at their work—and who cannot find food for their wives with which to feed the infants that hang famishing at their breasts. Mr. Jefferson foresaw this danger and he sought to avert it. When Virginia ceded the vast Northwest to the government—before the Constitution was written—Mr. Jefferson in the second clause of the articles of cession prohibited forever the right of primogeniture. Virginia then nobly said, and Georgia in the cession of her territory repeated: “In granting this domain to the government and dedicating it to freedom, we prescribe that there shall be no classes in the family—no child set up at the expense of the others, no fendal estates established—but what a man hath shall be divided equally among his children.”

We see this feudal tendency, swept away by Mr. Jefferson, revived by the conditions of our time, aided by the government with its grant of enormous powers and its amazing class legislation. It has given the corporation more power than Mr. Jefferson stripped from the individual, and has set up a creature without soul or conscience or limit of human life to establish an oligarchy, unrelieved by human charity and unsteadied by human responsibility. (The syndicate, the trust, the corporation—these are the eldest sons of the Republic for whom the feudal right of primogeniture is revived, and who inherit its estate to the impoverishment of their brothers. Let it be noted that the alliance between those who would centralize the government and the consolidated money power is not only close but essential. The one is the necessity of the other. Establish the money power and there is universal clamor for strong government. The weak will demand it for protection against the people restless under oppression—the patriotic for protection against the plutocracy that scourges and robs—the corrupt hoping to buy of one central body distant from local influences what they could not buy from the legislatures of the States sitting at their homes—the oligarchs will demand it—as the privileged few have always demanded it—for the protection of their privileges and the perpetuity of their bounty. Thus, hand in hand, will walk—as they have always walked—the federalist and the capitalist, the centralist and the monopolist—the strong government protecting the money power, and the money power the political standing army of the government. Hand in hand, compact and organized, one creating the necessity, the other meeting it; consolidated wealth and centralizing government; stripping the many of their rights and aggrandizing the few; distrusting the people but in touch with the plutocrats; striking down local self-government and dwarfing the citizens—and at last confronting the people in the market, in the courts, at the ballot box—everywhere—with the infamous challenge: “What are you going

to do about it?" And so the government protects and the barons oppress, and the people suffer and grow strong. And when the battle for liberty is joined—the centralist and the plutocrat, entrenched behind the deepening powers of the government, and the countless ramparts of money bags, oppose to the vague but earnest onset of the people the power of the trained phalanx and the conscienceless strength of the mercenary.

Against this tendency who shall protest? Those who believe that a central government means a strong government, and a strong government means repression—those who believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interests and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the center—those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves and the government nothing that the States and the people can do—those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the States—those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government! Those of you who note the farmer sending his sons to the city that they may escape the unequal burdens under which he has labored, thus diminishing the rural population whose leisure, integrity and deliberation have corrected the passion and impulse and corruption of the cities—who note that while the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer, we are lessening that great middle class that, ever since it met the returning crusaders in England with the demand that the hut of the humble should be as sacred as the castle of the great, has been the bulwark and glory of every English-speaking community—who know that this Republic, which we shall live to see with 150,000,000 people, stretching from ocean to ocean, and almost from the arctic to the torrid zone, cannot be governed by any laws that a

the people on the other.) At all hazard, stand with the people and the threatened States. The choice may not be easily made. Wise men may hesitate and patriotic men divide. The culture, the strength, the mightiness of the rich and strong government—these will tempt and dazzle. But be not misled. Beneath this splendor is the canker of a disturbed and oppressed people. It was from the golden age of Augustus that the Roman empire staggered to its fall. The integrity of the States and the rights of the people! Stand there—there is safety—there is the broad and enduring brotherhood—there, less of glory, but more of honor! Put patriotism above partisanship—and wherever the principle that protects the States against the centralists, and the people against the plutocrats, may lead, follow without fear or faltering—for there the way of duty and of wisdom lies!

Exalt the citizen. As the State is the unit of government he is the unit of the State. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make himself self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the State for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his State can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government, nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless—a freeman born of freemen—sturdy in his own strength—dowering his family in the sweat of his brow—loving to his State—loyal to his Republic—earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

Go out, determined to magnify the community in which your lot is cast. Cultivate its small economies. Stand by its young industries. Commercial dependence is a chain that galls every day. A factory built at home, a book published, a shoe or a book made, these are steps in that

diffusion of thought and interest that is needed. Teach your neighbors to withdraw from the vassalage of distant capitalists, and pay, under any sacrifice, the mortgage on the home or the land. By simple and prudent lives stay within your own resources, and establish the freedom of your community. Make every village and cross-roads as far as may be sovereign to its own wants. Learn that thriving country-sides with room for limbs, conscience, and liberty are better than great cities with congested wealth and population. Preserve the straight and simple homogeneity of our people. Welcome emigrants, but see that they come as friends and neighbors, to mingle their blood with ours, to build their houses in our fields, and to plant their Christian faith on our hills, and honoring our constitution and reverencing our God, to confirm the simple beliefs in which we have been reared, and which we should transmit unsullied to our children. Stand by these old-fashioned beliefs. Science hath revealed no better faith than that you learned at your mother's knee—nor has knowledge made a wiser and a better book than the worn old Bible that, thumbed by hands long since still, and blurred with the tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of your family and the heart and conscience of your homes.

Honor and emulate the virtues and the faith of your forefathers—who, learned, were never wise above a knowledge of God and His gospel—who, great, were never exalted above an humble trust in God and His mercy!

Let me sum up what I have sought to say in this hurried address. Your Republic—on the glory of which depends all that men hold dear—is menaced with great dangers. Against these dangers defend her, as you would defend the most precious concerns of your own life. Against the dangers of centralizing all political powers, put the approved and imperishable principle of local self-government. Between the rich and the poor now drifting into separate camps, build up the great middle class that, neither drunk with wealth, nor embittered by poverty,

central despotism could devise or controlled by any armies it could marshal—you who know these things protest with all the earnestness of your souls against the policy and the methods that make them possible.

What is the remedy? To exalt the hearthstone—to strengthen the home—to build up the individual—to magnify and defend the principle of local self-government. Not in deprecation of the Federal government, but to its glory—not to weaken the Republic, but to strengthen it—not to check the rich blood that flows to its heart, but to send it full and wholesome from healthy members rather than from withered and diseased extremities.

The man who kindles the fire on the hearthstone of an honest and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor most. George Eliot has said:

“A human life should be well rooted in some spot of a native land where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of the earth, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blest.”

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that gives him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the body of my old mother—the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the

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soil his conqueror—this—this lodged in the heart of the citizen is the saving principle of our government. We note the barracks of our standing army with its rolling drum and its fluttering flag as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone—while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof-tree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there—every sacrifice endured, and every victory won, should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity! Be not like the peasant of France who hates the Paris he cannot comprehend—but emulate the example of your fathers in the South, who, holding to the sovereignty of the States, yet gave to the Republic its chief glory of statesmanship, and under Jackson at New Orleans, and Taylor and Scott in Mexico, saved it twice from the storm of war. Inherit without fear or shame the principle of local self-government by which your fathers stood! For though entangled with an institution foreign to this soil, which, thank God, not planted by their hands, is now swept away, and with a theory bravely defended but now happily adjusted—that principle holds the imperishable truth that shall yet save this Republic. The integrity of the State, its rights and its powers—these, maintained with firmness, but in loyalty—these shall yet, by lodging the option of local affairs in each locality, meet the needs of this vast and complex government, and check the headlong rush to that despotism that reason could not defend, nor the armies of the Czar maintain, among a free and enlightened people. This issue is squarely made! It is centralized government and the money power on the one hand—against the integrity of the States and rights of

shall lift up the suffering and control the strong.) To the jangling of races and creeds that threaten the courts of men and the temples of God, oppose the home and the citizen—a homogeneous and honest people—and the simple faith that sustained your fathers and mothers in their stainless lives and led them serene and smiling into the valley of the shadow.

Let it be understood in my parting words to you that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I always bet on sunshine in America. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes—but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson wisely said, "Our whole history looks like the last effort by Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." And the Republic will endure. Centralism will be checked, and liberty saved—plutocracy overthrown and equality restored. The struggle for human rights never goes backward among English-speaking peoples. Our brothers across the sea have fought from despotism to liberty, and in the wisdom of local self-government have planted colonies around the world. This very day Mr. Gladstone, the wisest man that has lived since your Jefferson died—with the light of another world beating in his face until he seems to have caught the wisdom of the Infinite and towers half human and half divine from his eminence—this man, turning away from the traditions of his life, begs his countrymen to strip the crown of its last usurped authority, and lodge it with the people, where it belongs. The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic—its

mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children—chief among the federation of English-speaking people—plenty streaming from its borders, and light from its mountain tops—working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are opened—and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted—and the jargon of the nations stilled and the perplexities of Babel straightened—and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum-beat and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace!

THE FARMER AND THE CITIES.

MR. GRADY'S SPEECH AT ELBERTON, GEORGIA, IN
JUNE, 1889.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—For the first time in my life I address an audience in the open air. And as I stand here in this beautiful morning, so shot through and through with sunshine that the very air is as molten gold to the touch—under these trees in whose trunks the rains and suns of years are compacted, and on whose leaves God has laid His whispering music—here in His majestic temple, with the brightness of His smile breaking all about us—standing above the soil instinct with the touch of His life-giving hand, and full of His promise and His miracle—and looking up to the clouds through which His thunders roll, and His lightnings cut their way, and beyond that to the dazzling glory of the sun, and yet beyond to the unspeakable splendor of the universe, flashing and paling until the separate stars are but as mist in the skies—even to the uplifted jasper gates through which His everlasting glory streams, my mind falls back abashed, and I realize how paltry is human speech, and how idle are the thoughts of men!

Another thought oppresses me. In front of me sit several thousand people. Over there, in smelling distance, where we can almost hear the lisp of the mop as it caresses the barbecued lamb or the pottering of the skewered pig as he leisurely turns from fat to crackling,

is being prepared a dinner that I verily believe covers more provisions than were issued to all the soldiers of Lee's army, God bless them, in their last campaign. And I shudder when I think that I, a single, unarmed, defenseless man, is all that stands between this crowd and that dinner. Here then, awed by God's majesty, and menaced by man's appetite, I am tempted to leave this platform and yield to the boyish impulses that always stir in my heart amid such scenes, and revert to the days of boyhood when about the hills of Athens I chased the pacing coon, or twisted the unwary rabbit, or shot my ramrod at all manner of birds and beasts—and at night went home to look up into a pair of gentle eyes and take on my tired face the benediction of a mother's kiss and feel on my weary head a pair of loving hands, now wrinkled and trembling, but, blessed be God, fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal women, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man, as they laid a mother's blessing there, while bending at her knees I made my best confession of faith and worshiped at the truest altar I have yet found in this world. I had rather go out and lay down on the ground and hug the grass to my breast and mind me of the time when I builded boyish ambitions on the wooded hills of Athens, than do aught else to-day. But I recall the story of Uncle Remus, who when his favorite hero, Brer Rabbit, was sorely pressed by that arch villain, Brer Fox, said :

“An' Brer Rabbit den he climb'd a tree.” “But,” said the little boy, “Uncle Remus, a rabbit can't climb a tree.”

“Doan you min' dat, honey. Brer Fox pressed dis rabbit so hard he des bleege to clim' a tree.”

I am pressed so hard to-day by your commands that I am just “bleeged” to make a speech, and so I proceed. I heartily invoke God's guidance in what I say, that I shall utter no word to soil this temple of His, and no sentiment not approved in His wisdom ; and as for you, when the time comes—as it will come—when you prefer barbecued shote to raw orator, and feel that you can be happier

at that table than in this forum, just say the word and I will be with you heart and soul !

I am tempted to yield to the gaiety of this scene, to the flaunting banners of the trees, the downpouring sunshine, the garnered plenty over there, this smiling and hospitable crowd, and, throwing serious affairs aside, to speak to you to-day as the bird sings—without care and without thought. I should be false to myself and to you if I did, for there are serious problems that beset our State and our country that no man, facing, as I do this morning, a great and intelligent audience, can in honor or in courage disregard. I shall attempt to make no brilliant speech—but to counsel with you in plain and simple words, beseeching your attention and your sympathy as to the dangers of the present hour, and our duties and our responsibilities.

At Saturday noon in any part of this county you may note the farmer going from his field, eating his dinner thoughtfully and then saddling his plow-horse, or starting afoot and making his way to a neighboring church or school-house. There he finds from every farm, through every foot-path, his neighbors gathering to meet him. What is the object of this meeting ? It is not social, it is not frolic, it is not a picnic—the earnest, thoughtful faces, the serious debate and council, the closed doors and the secret session forbid this assumption. It is a meeting of men who feel that in spite of themselves their affairs are going wrong—of free and equal citizens who feel that they carry unequal burdens—of toilers who feel that they reap not the just fruits of their toil—of men who feel that their labor enriches others while it leaves them poor, and that the sweat of their bodies, shed freely under God's command, goes to clothe the idle and the avaricious in purple and fine linen. This is a meeting of protest, of resistance. Here the farmer meets to demand, and organize that he may enforce his demand, that he shall stand equal with every other class of citizens—that laws discriminating against him shall be repealed—that the methods oppressing him shall be modified or abolished—and that he shall be guar-

anted that neither government nor society shall abridge, by statute or custom, his just and honest proportion of the wealth he created, but that he shall be permitted to garner in his barns, and enjoy by his hearthstone, the full and fair fruits of his labor. If this movement were confined to Elbert, if this disturbing feeling of discontent were shut in the limits of your county lines, it would still demand the attention of the thoughtful and patriotic. But, as it is in Elbert, so it is in every county in Georgia—as in Georgia, so it is in every State in the South—as in the South, so in every agricultural State in the Union. In every rural neighborhood, from Ohio to Texas, from Michigan to Georgia, the farmers, riding thoughtful through field and meadow, seek ten thousand schoolhouses or churches—the muster grounds of this new army—and there, recounting their wrongs and renewing their pledges, send up from neighborhoods to county, from county to State, and State to Republic, the measure of their strength and the unyielding quality of their determination. The agricultural army of the Republic is in motion. The rallying drumbeat has rolled over field and meadow, and from where the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf, and the clover carpets the earth, and the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains—everywhere that patient man stands above the soil, or bends about the furrow, the farmers are ready in squads and companies and battalions and legions to be led against what they hold to be an oppression that honest men would not deserve, and that brave men would not endure. Let us not fail to comprehend the magnitude and the meaning of this movement. It is no trifling cause that brings the farmers into such determined and widespread organization as this. It is not the skillful arts of the demagogue that has brought nearly two million farmers into this perfect and pledge-bound society—but it is a deep and abiding conviction that, in political and commercial economy of the day, he is put at a disadvantage that keeps him poor while other classes grow rich, and that bars his way

to prosperity and independence. General Toombs once said that the farmer, considered the most conservative type of citizenship, is really the most revolutionary. That the farmers of France, flocking to the towns and cities from the unequal burdens of their farms, brought about the French Revolution, and that about once in every century the French peasant raided the towns. Three times the farmers of England have captured and held London. It was the farmers of Mecklenburg that made the first American declaration, and Putnam left his plow standing in the furrow as he hurried to lead the embattled farmers who fought at Concord and Lexington. I realize it is impossible that revolution should be the outcome of our industrial troubles. The farmer of to-day does not consider that remedy for his wrongs. I quote history to show that the farmer, segregated and deliberate, does not move on slight provocation, but organizes only under deep conviction, and that when once organized and convinced, he is terribly in earnest, and is not going to rest until his wrongs are righted.

Now, here we are confronted with the most thorough and widespread agricultural movement of this or any other day. It is the duty alike of farmers and those who stand in other ranks, to get together and consult as to what is the real status and what is the patriotic duty. Not in sullenness, but in frankness. Not as opponents, but as friends—not as enemies, but as brothers begotten of a common mother, banded in common allegiance, and marching to a common destiny. It will not do to say that this organization will pass away, for if the discontent on which it is based survives it, it had better have lived and forced its wrongs to final issue. There is no room for divided hearts in this State, or in this Republic. If we shall restore Georgia to her former greatness and prosperity—if we shall solve the problems that beset the South in honor and safety—if we shall save this Republic from the dangers that threaten it—it will require the earnest and united effort of every patriotic citizen, be he farmer, or merchant,

or lawyer, or manufacturer. Let us consider then the situation, and decide what is the duty that lies before us.

In discussing this matter briefly, I beg the ladies to give me their attention. I have always believed that there are few affairs of life in which woman should not have a part. Not obtrusive part—for that is unwomanly. The work falling best to the hand of woman is such work as is done by the dews of night—that ride not on the boasting wind, and shine not in the garish sun, but that come when the wind is stilled and the sun is gone, and night has wrapped the earth in its sacred hush, and fall from the distillery of the stars upon the parched and waiting flowers, as a benediction from God.

Let no one doubt the power of this work, though it lack pomp and circumstance. Is Bismarck the mightiest power of this earth, who is attended by martial strains when he walks abroad, and in whose path thrones are scattered as trophies? Why, the little housewife alone in her chimney-corner, musing in her happiness with no trophy in her path save her husband's loving heart, and no music on her ear save the chirping of the cricket beneath her hearthstone, is his superior. For, while he holds the purse-strings of Germany, she holds the heartstrings of men. She who rocks the cradle rules the world. Give me then your attention, note the conflict that is gathering about us, and take your place with seeming modesty in the ranks of those who fight for right. It is not an abstract political theory that is involved in the contest of which I speak. It is the integrity and independence of your home that is at stake. The battle is not pitched in a distant State. Your home is the battle-field, and by your hearthstones you shall fight for your household gods. With your husband's arms so wound around you that you can feel his anxious heart beating against your cheek—with your sons, sturdy and loving, holding your old hands in theirs—here on the threshold of your house, under the trees that sheltered your babyhood, with the graves of your dead in that plain enclosure yonder—here men and women, heart to

heart, with not a man dismayed, not a woman idle—while the multiplied wolves of debt and mortgage, and trust and monopoly, swarm from every thicket; here we must fight the ultimate battle for the independence of our people and the happiness of our homes.

Now let us look at the facts: First, the notable movement of the population in America is from the country to the cities. In 1840—a generation ago, only one-twelfth of the American people lived in cities of more than 8000 people. In 1850, one-eighth; in 1860, one-sixth; in 1870, one-fifth; in 1880, one-fourth. In the past half-century the population of cities has increased more than four times as rapidly as that of the country. Mind you, when I say that the city population has increased in one generation from 8 per cent. to 25 per cent. in population, I mean the population of cities of more than 8000 people. There is not such a city in this congressional district. It is the village and town population, as well as that of the farms, that goes to swell so enormously the population of the great cities. Thus we see diminishing with amazing rapidity that rural population that is the strength and the safety of the people—slow to anger and thus a safeguard, but terrible in its wrath, and thus a tremendous corrective power. No greater calamity could befall any country than the sacrifice of its town and village and country life. I rejoice in Atlanta's growth, and yet I wonder whether it is worth what it cost when I know that her population has been drawn largely from rural Georgia, and that back of her grandeur are thousands of deserted farms and dismantled homes. As much as I love her—and she is all to me that home can be to any man—if I had the disposal of 100,000 immigrants at her gates to-morrow, 5000 should enter there, 75,000 should be located in the shops and factories in Georgia towns and villages, and 20,000 sent to her farms. It saddens me to see a bright young fellow come to my office from village or country, and I shudder when I think for what a feverish and speculative and uncertain life he has bartered his rural birthright, and surrendered

the deliberation and tranquillity of his life on the farm. It is just that deliberate life that this country needs, for the fever of the cities is already affecting its system. Character, like corn, is dug from the soil. A contented rural population is not only the measure of our strength, and an assurance of its peace when there should be peace, and a resource of courage when peace would be cowardice—but it is the nursery of the great leaders who have made this country what it is. Washington was born and lived in the country. Jefferson was a farmer. Henry Clay rode his horse to the mill in the slashes. Webster dreamed amid the solitude of Marshfield. Lincoln was a rail splitter. Our own Hill walked between the handles of the plow. Brown peddled barefoot the product of his patch. Stephens found immortality under the trees of his country home. Toombs and Cobb and Calhoun were country gentlemen, and afar from the cities' maddening strife established that greatness that is the heritage of their people. The cities produce very few leaders. Almost every man in our history formed his character in the leisure and deliberation of village or country life, and drew his strength from the drugs of the earth even as a child draws his from his mother's breast. In the diminution of this rural population, virtuous and competent, patriotic and honest, living beneath its own roof-tree, building its altars by its own hearthstone and shrining in its own heart its liberty and its conscience, there is abiding cause for regret. In the corresponding growth of our cities—already center spots of danger, with their idle classes, their sharp rich and poor, their corrupt politics, their consorted thieves, and their clubs and societies of anarchy and socialism—I see a pressing and impending danger. Let it be noted that the professions are crowded, that middlemen are multiplied beyond reason, that the factories can in six months supply the demand of twelve—that machinery is constantly taking the place of men—that labor in every department bids against itself until it is mercilessly in the hands of the employer, that the new-comers are largely re-

cruits of the idle and dangerous classes, and we can appreciate something of the danger that comes with this increasing movement to strip the villages and the farms and send an increasing volume into the already overcrowded cities. This is but one phase of that tendency to centralization and congestion which is threatening the liberties of this people and the life of this Republic.

Now, let us go one step further. What is the most notable financial movement in America? It is the mortgaging of the farm lands of the country—the bringing of the farmer into bondage to the money-lender. In Illinois the farms are mortgaged for \$200,000,000, in Iowa for \$140,000,000, in Kansas for \$160,000,000, and so on through the Northwest. In Georgia about \$20,000,000 of foreign capital holds in mortgage perhaps one-fourth of Georgia's farms, and the work is but started. Every town has its loan agent—a dozen companies are quartered in Atlanta, and the work goes briskly on. A mortgage is the bulldog of obligations—a very mud-turtle for holding on. It is the heaviest thing of its weight in the world. I had one once, and sometimes I used to feel, as it rested on my roof, deadening the rain that fell there, and absorbing the sunshine, that it would crush through the shingles and the rafters and overwhelm me with its dull and persistent weight, and when at last I paid it off, I went out to look at the shingles to see if it had not flopped back there of its own accord. Think of it, Iowa strips from her farmers \$14,000,000 of interest every year, and sends it to New York and Boston to be reloaned on farms in other States, and to support and establish the dominion of the money-lenders over the people. Georgia gathers from her languishing fields \$2,000,000 of interest every year, and sends it away forever. Could her farmers but keep it at home, one year's interest would build factories to supply at cost every yard of bagging and every pound of guano the farmers need, establish her exchanges and their warehouses, and have left more than a million dollars for the improvement of their farms and their homes. And year

after year this drain not only continues, but deepens. What will be the end? Ireland has found it. Her peasants in their mud cabins, sending every tithe of their earnings to deepen the purple luxury of London, where their landlords live, realize how poor is that country whose farms are owned in mortgage or fee simple by those who live beyond its borders. If every Irish landlord lived on his estate, bought of his tenants the product of their farms, and invested his rents in Irish industries, this Irish question that is the shame of the world would be settled without legislation or strife. Georgia can never go to Ireland's degradation, but every Georgia farm put under mortgage to a foreign capitalist is a step in that direction, and every dollar sent out as interest leaves the State that much poorer. I do not blame the farmers. It is a miracle that out of their poverty they have done so well. I simply deplore the result, and ask you to note in the millions of acres that annually pass under mortgage to the money-lenders of the East, and in the thousands of independent country homes annually surrendered as hostages to their hands, another evidence of that centralization that is drinking up the life-blood of this broad Republic.

Let us go one step further. All protest as to our industrial condition is met with the statement that America is startling the world with its growth and progress. Is this growth symmetrical—is this progress shared by every class? Let the tax-books of Georgia answer. This year, for the first time since 1860, our taxable wealth is equal to that with which, excluding our slaves, we entered the civil war—\$368,000,000. There is cause for rejoicing in this wonderful growth from the ashes and desolation of twenty years ago, but the tax-books show that while the towns and cities are \$60,000,000 richer than they were in 1860, the farmers are \$50,000,000 poorer.

Who produced this wealth? In 1865, when our towns and cities were paralyzed, when not a mine or quarry was open, hardly a mill or a factory running; when we had neither money or credit, it was the farmers' cotton that

started the mills of industry and of trade. Since that desolate year, when, urging his horse down the furrow, plowing through fields on which he had staggered amid the storm of battle, he began the rehabilitation of Georgia with no friend near him save nature that smiled at his kindly touch, and God that sent him the message of cheer through the rustling leaves, he has dug from the soil of Georgia more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of product. From this mighty resource great cities have been builded and countless fortunes amassed—but amid all the splendor he has remained the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. He had made the cities \$80,000,000 richer than they were when the war began, and he finds himself, in the sweat of whose brow this miracle was wrought, \$50,000,000 poorer than he then was. Perhaps not a farmer in this audience knew this fact—but I doubt if there is one in the audience who has not felt in his daily life the disadvantage that in twenty short years has brought about this stupendous difference. Let the figures speak for themselves. The farmer—the first figure to stumble amid the desolate dawn of our new life and to salute the coming day—hurrying to market with the harvest of his hasty planting that Georgia might once more enter the lists of the living States and buy the wherewithal to still her wants and clothe her nakedness—always apparently the master of the situation, has he not been really its slave, when he finds himself at the end of twenty hard and faithful years \$110,000,000 out of balance?

Now, let us review the situation a moment. I have shown you, first, that the notable drift of population is to the loss of village and country, and the undue and dangerous growth of the city; second, that the notable movement of finance is that which is bringing villages and country under mortgage to the city; and third, that they who handle the products for sale profit more thereby than those who create them—the difference in one State in twenty years reaching the enormous sum of \$110,000,000. Are these healthy tendencies? Do they not demand the earnest and thoughtful consideration of every patriotic citizen? The

problem of the day is to check these three currents that are already pouring against the bulwarks of our peace and prosperity. To anchor the farmer to his land and the villager to his home; to enable him to till the land under equal conditions and to hold that home in independence; to save with his hands the just proportion of his labor, that he may sow in content and reap in justice,—this is what we need. The danger of the day is centralization, its salvation diffusion. Cut that word deep in your heart. This Republic differs from Russia only because the powers centralized there in one man are here diffused among the people. Western Ohio is happy and tranquil, while Chicago is feverish and dangerous, because the people diffused in the towns and the villages of the one are centralized and packed in the tenements of the other; but of all centralization that menaces our peace and threatens our liberties, is the consolidation of capital—and of all the diffusion that is needed in this Republic, congesting at so many points, is the leveling of our colossal fortunes and the diffusion of our gathered wealth amid the great middle classes of this people. As this question underruns the three tendencies we have been discussing, let us consider it a moment.

Few men comprehend the growth of private fortunes in this country, and the encroachments they have made on the rest of the people. Take one instance: A man in Chicago that had a private fortune secured control of all the wheat in the country, and advanced the price until flour went up three dollars a barrel. When he collected \$1,000,000 of this forced tribute from the people, he opened his corner and released the wheat, and the world, forgetting the famishing children from whose hungry lips he had stolen the crust, praised him as the king of finance and trade. Let us analyze this deal. The farmer who raised the wheat got not one cent of the added profit. The mills that ground it not one cent. Every dollar went to swell the toppling fortunes of him who never sowed it to the ground, nor fed it to the thundering wheels, but who knew it only as the

chance instrument of his infamous scheme. Why, our fathers declared war against England, their mother country, from whose womb they came, because she levied two cents a pound on our tea, and yet, without a murmur, we submit to ten times this tax placed on the bread of our mouths, and levied by a private citizen for no reason save his greed, and no right save his might. Were a man to enter an humble home in England, bind the father helpless, stamp out the fire on the hearthstone, empty the scanty larder, and leave the family for three weeks cold and hungry and helpless, he would be dealt with by the law; and yet four men in New York cornered the world's cotton crop and held it until the English spindles were stopped and 14,000,000 operatives sent idle and empty-handed to their homes, to divide their last crust with their children, and then sit down and suffer until the greed of the speculators was filled. The sugar refineries combined their plants at a cost of \$14,000,000, and so raised the price of sugar that they made the first year \$9,500,000 profit, and since then have advanced it rapidly until we sweeten our coffee absolutely in their caprice. When the bagging mills were threatened with a reduced tariff, they made a trust and openly boasted that they intended to make one season's profits pay the entire cost of their mills—and these precious villains, whom thus far the lightnings have failed to blast, having carried out their infamous boast, organized for a deeper steal this season. And so it goes. There is not a thing we eat or drink, nor an article we must have for the comfort of our homes, that may not be thus seized and controlled and made an instrument for the shameless plundering of the people. It is a shame—this people patient and cheerful under the rise or fall of prices that come with the failure of God's season's charge as its compensation—or under the advance at the farm which enriches the farmer, or under that competitive demand which bespeaks brisk prosperity—this people made the prey and the sport of plunderers who levy tribute through a system that mocks at God's recurring rains, knows not the farmer, and locks competition in

the grasp of monopoly. And the millions, thus wrung from the people, loaned back to them at usury, laying the blight of the mortgage on their homes, and the obligation of debt on their manhood. Talk about the timidity of capital. That is a forgotten phrase. In the power and irresponsibility of this sudden and enormous wealth is bred an insolence that knows no bounds. "The public be damned!" was the sentiment of the plutocrats, speaking through the voice of Vanderbilt's millions. In cornering the product and levying the tribute—in locking up abundant supply until the wheels of industry stop—in oppressing through trusts, and domineering in the strength of corporate power, the plutocrats do what no political party would dare attempt and what no government on this earth would enforce. The Czar of Russia would not dare hold up a product until the mill-wheels were idle, or lay an unusual tax on bread and meat to replenish his coffers, and yet these things our plutocrats, flagrant and irresponsible, do day after day until public indignation is indignant and shame is lost in wonder.

And when an outraged people turn to government for help what do they find? Their government in the hands of a party that is in sympathy with their oppressors—that was returned to power with votes purchased with their money—and whose confessed leaders declared that trusts are largely private concerns with which the government had naught to do. Not only is the dominant party the apologist of the plutocrats and the beneficiary of their crimes, but it is based on that principle of centralization through which they came into life and on which alone they can exist. It holds that sovereignty should be taken from the States and lodged with the nation—that political powers and privileges should be wrested from the people and guarded at the capital. It distrusts the people, and even now demands that your ballot-boxes shall be hedged about by its bayonets. It declares that a strong government is better than a free government, and that national authority, backed by national armies and treasury, is a better guar-

antee of peace and prosperity and liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people. To defend this policy, that cannot be maintained by argument or sustained by the love or confidence of the people, it rallies under its flag the mercenaries of the Republic, the syndicate, the trust, the monopolist, and the plutocrat, and strengthening them by grant and protection, rejoices as they grow richer and the people grow poorer. Confident in the debanching power of money and the unscrupulous audacity of their creatures, they catch the spirit of Vanderbilt's defiance and call aloud from their ramparts, "the people be damned!" I charge that this party has bought its way for twenty years. Its nucleus was the passion that survived the war—and around this it has gathered the protected manufacturer, the pensioned soldier, the licensed monopolist, the privileged corporation, the unchallenged trust—all whom power can daunt, or money can buy, and with these in close and constant phalanx it holds the government against the people. Not a man in all its ranks that is not influenced by prejudice or bought by privilege.

What a spectacle, my countrymen! This free Republic in the hands of a party that withdraws sovereignty from the people that its own authority may be made supreme—that fans the smouldering embers of war, and loosing among the people the dogs of privilege and monopoly to hunt, and harrow and rend, that its lines may be made stronger and its ramparts fortified. And now, it is committed to a crime that is without precedent or parallel in the history of any people, and this crime it is obliged by its own necessity as well as by its pledge to commit as soon as it gets the full reins of power. This crime is hidden in the bill known as the service pension bill, which pensions every man who enlisted for sixty days for the Union army. Let us examine this pension list. Twelve years ago it footed \$46,000,000. Last year it was \$81,000,000. This year it has already run to over \$100,000,000. Of this amount Georgia pays about \$3,500,000 a year. Think of it. The money that her people have paid, through indirect

taxation into the treasury, is given, let us say to Iowa, for that State just equals Georgia in population. Every year \$3,500,000 wrung from her pockets and sent into Iowa as pensions for her soldiers. (Since 1865, out of her poverty, Georgia has paid \$51,000,000 as pensions to Northern soldiers—one-sixth of the value of her whole property. And now it is proposed to enlarge the pension list until it includes every man who enlisted for sixty days.) They will not fail. The last Congress passed a pension bill that Commissioner Black—himself a gallant Union general—studied deliberately, and then told the President that if he signed it, it would raise the pension list to \$200,000,000, and had it not been for the love of the people that ran in the veins of Grover Cleveland and the courage of Democracy which flamed in his heart, that bill would have been law to-day. A worse bill will be offered. There is a surplus of \$120,000,000 in the treasury. While that remains it endangers the protective tariff, behind which the trained captains of the Republican party muster their men. (But let the pension list be lifted to \$200,000,000 a year. Then the surplus is gone and a deficiency created, and the protective tariff must be not only perpetuated but deepened, and the vigilance of the spies and collectors increased to meet the demands of the government. And back of it all will be mustered the army of a million and a half pensioners, drawing their booty from the Republican party and giving it in turn their purchased allegiance and support.

My countrymen, a thousand times I have thought of that historic scene beneath the apple-tree at Appomattox, of Lee's 8000 ragged, half-starved immortals, going home to begin anew amid the ashes of their homes, and the graves of their dead, the weary struggle for existence, and Grant's 68,000 splendid soldiers, well fed and equipped, going home to riot amid the plenty of a grateful and prosperous people, and I have thought how hard it was that out of our poverty we should be taxed to pay their pension, and to divide with this rich people the crust we scraped up from the ashes of our homes. And I have thought when their maimed and

helpless soldiers were sheltered in superb homes, and lapped in luxury, while our poor cripples limped along the highway or hid their shame in huts, or broke bitter bread in the county poor-house, how hard it was that, of all the millions we send them annually, we can save not one dollar to go to our old heroes, who deserve so much and get so little. And yet we made no complaint. We were willing that every Union soldier made helpless by the war should have his pension and his home, and thank God, without setting our crippled soldiers on the curbstone of distant Babylons to beg, as blind Belisarius did, from the passing stranger. We have provided them a home in which they can rest in honorable peace until God has called them hence to a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We have not complained that our earnings have gone to pension Union soldiers—the maimed soldiers of the Union armies. But the scheme to rob the people that every man who enlisted for sixty days, or his widow, shall be supported at public expense is an outrage that must not be submitted to. It is not patriotism—it is politics. It is not honesty—it is plunder. The South has played a patient and a waiting game for twenty years, fearing to protest against what she knew to be wrong in the fear that she would be misunderstood. I fear that she has gained little by this course save the contempt of her enemies. The time has come when she should stand upright among the States of this Republic and declare her mind and stand by her convictions. She must not stand silent while this crowning outrage is perpetrated. It means that the Republican party will loot the treasury to recruit its ranks—that \$70,000,000 a year shall be taken from the South to enrich the North, thus building up one section against another—that the protective tariff shall be deepened, thus building one class against another, and that the party of trusts and monopoly shall be kept in power, the autonomy of the Republic lost, the government centralized, the oligarchs established, and justice to the people postponed. But this party will not prevail, even though its pension bill should pass, and its pretorial God be esta-

blished in every Northern State. It was Louis XVI. who peddled the taxing privileges to his friends, and when the people protested surrounded himself with an army of Swiss mercenaries. His minister, Neckar, said to him : "Sire, I beseech you send away these Swiss and trust your people" ; but the king, confident in his strength and phalanx, buckled it close about him and plundered the people until his head paid the penalty of his crime. So this party, bartering privileges and setting up classes, may feel secure as it closes the ranks of its mercenaries, but some day the great American heart will burst with righteous wrath, and the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, will challenge the traitors, and the great masses will rise in their might, and breaking down the defenses of the oligarchs, will hurl them from power and restore this Republic to the old moorings from which it had been swept by the storm.

The government can protect its citizens. It is of the people, and it shall not perish from the face of the earth. It can top off these colossal fortunes and, by an income tax, retard their growth. It can set a limit to personal and corporate wealth. It can take trusts and syndicates by the throat. It can shatter monopoly ; it can equalize the burden of taxation ; it can distribute its privileges impartially ; it can clothe with credit its land now discredited at its banks ; it can lift the burdens from the farmer's shoulders, give him equal strength to bear them—it can trust the people in whose name this Republic was founded ; in whose courage it was defended ; in whose wisdom it has been administered, and whose stricken love and confidence it can not survive.

But the government, no matter what it does, does not do all that is needed, nor the most ; that is conceded, for all true reform must begin with the people at their homes. A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there

centered—its presidents, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its 60,000,000 of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty—and I felt that if wisdom, and justice, and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking—inside the house, thrift, comfort and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the

door the old mother appeared ; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry—the restless bird called from the neighboring wood—and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law. That his sovereignty rests beneath his hat,

and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love. Build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

Now, my friends, I am no farmer. I have not sought to teach you the details of your work, for I know little of them. I have not commended your splendid local advantages, for that I shall do elsewhere. I have not discussed the differences between the farmer and other classes, for I believe in essential things there is no difference between them, and that minor differences should be sacrificed to the greater interest that depends on a united people. I seek not to divide our people, but to unite them. I should despise myself if I pandered to the prejudice of either class to win the applause of the other.

But I have noted these great movements that destroy the equilibrium and threaten the prosperity of my country, and standing above passion and prejudice or demagoguery I invoke every true citizen, fighting from his hearthstone outward, with the prattle of his children on his ear, and the hand of his wife and mother closely clasped, to determine here to make his home sustaining and independent, and to pledge eternal hostility to the forces that threaten our liberties, and the party that stands behind it.

When I think of the tremendous force of the currents against which we must fight, of the great political party that impels that fight, of the countless host of mercenaries that fight under its flag, of the enormous powers of govern-

ment privilege and monopoly that back them up, I confess my heart sinks within me, and I grow faint. But I remember that the servant of Elisha looked abroad from Samaria and beheld the hosts that encompassed the city, and said in agonized fear: "Alas, master, what shall we do?" and the answer of Elisha was the answer of every brave man and faithful heart in all ages: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and this faith opened the eyes of the servant of the man of God, and he looked up again, and lo, the air was filled with chariots of fire, and the mountains were filled with horsemen, and they compassed the city about as a mighty and unconquerable host. Let us fight in such faith, and fear not. The air all about us is filled with chariots of unseen allies, and the mountains are thronged with unseen knights that shall fight with us. Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. Buckle on your armor, gird about your loins, stand upright and dauntless while I summon you to the presence of the immortal dead. Your fathers and mine yet live, though they speak not, and will consecrate this air with their wheeling chariots, and above them and beyond them to the Lord God Almighty, King of the Hosts in whose unhindered splendor we stand this morning. Look up to them, be of good cheer, and faint not, for they shall fight with us when we strike for liberty and truth, and all the world, though it be banded against us, shall not prevail against them.

AT THE BOSTON BANQUET.

IN HIS SPEECH AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE BOSTON MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION IN DECEMBER, 1889, MR. GRADY SAID :

MR. PRESIDENT: Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem—bidden by occasion to make a political speech—I appreciate in trying to reconcile orders with propriety the predicament of the little maid who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, “Now, go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don’t go near the water.”

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston’s banquet hall, and discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement, if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England’s historic soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within

touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here in the cradle of American letters, and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars—until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base—while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government, and the perfected model of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered—to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South—I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President—before the praise of New England has died on my lips—that I believe the best product of her present life is the procession of 17,000 Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots, and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of 26,000 Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and the heroic help them—and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the south, Mr. President, separated from this

section by a line, once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There, is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There, are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron and wool—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly—in iron, proven supremacy—in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in Divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest—not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet, while in the Eldorado of which I have told you, but 15 per cent. of lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched and its population so scant that,

were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking with troubled eyes some new land in which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer Northern-born citizens than she had in 1870—fewer in '70 than in '60. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem, and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Nothing else stands between us and such love as bound Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices at Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night—hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave-ships of the Republic sailed from your ports—the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do hereby declare that in its wise and humane administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a

happiness he has not yet found in freedom—our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. (I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel.) Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was owner of the land—the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable—but they hindered both sections and are gone! But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or excluded, without rhyme or reason. It matters not that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere at any time on the same soil with equal rights in peace! In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not perhaps changed American prejudice—to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks—and to reverse,

under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no delay—a rigor that accepts no excuse—and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would—so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world, that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know; we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy—with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood—and that when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts.

The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South—the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history—whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war—whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the ashes of their war wasted homes—these men wear this problem in their hearts and their brains, by day and by night. They realize, as you cannot, what this problem means—what they owe to this kindly and dependent race—the measure of their debt to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth, and their march encumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness, nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid abysses and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need not go one step fur-

ther unless you concede right here the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible, and as just as your people, seeking as earnestly as you would in their place, to rightly solve the problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall sacrifice my self-respect and tax your patience in vain. But admit that they are men of common sense and common honesty—wisely modifying an environment they cannot wholly disregard—guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race—compensating error with frankness, and retrieving in patience what they lose in passion—and conscious all the time that wrong means ruin,—admit this, and we may reach an understanding to-night.

The President of the United States in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?" I shall not here protest against the partisanry that, for the first time in our history in time of peace, has stamped with the great seal of our government a stigma upon the people of a great and loyal section, though I gratefully remember that the great dead soldier who held the helm of state for the eight stormiest years of reconstruction never found need for such a step; and though there is no personal sacrifice I would not make to remove this cruel and unjust imputation on my people from the archives of my country! But, sir, backed by a record on every page of which is progress, I venture to make earnest and respectful answer to the questions that are asked. I bespeak your patience, while with vigorous plainness of speech, seeking your judgment rather than your applause, I proceed step by step. We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$45,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the

hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plow.

It is claimed that this ignorant labor is defrauded of its just hire. I present the tax-books of Georgia, which show that the negro, 25 years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone \$10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him, and vindicate his neighbors? What people, penniless, illiterate, has done so well? For every Afro-American agitator, stirring the strife in which alone he prospers, I can show you a thousand negroes, happy in their cabin homes, tilling their own land by day, and at night taking from the lips of their children the helpful message their State sends them from the schoolhouse door. And the schoolhouse itself bears testimony. In Georgia we added last year \$250,000 to the school fund, making a total of more than \$1,000,000—and this in the face of prejudice not yet conquered—of the fact that the whites are assessed for \$368,000,000, the blacks for \$10,000,000, and yet 49 per cent. of the beneficiaries are black children—and in the doubt of many wise men if education helps, or can help, our problem. Charleston, with her taxable values cut half in two since 1860, pays more in proportion for public schools than Boston. Although it is easier to give much out of much than little out of little, the South with one-seventh of the taxable property of the country, with relatively larger debt, having received only one-twelfth as much public land, and having back of its tax-books none of the half billion of bonds that enrich the North—and though it pays annually \$26,000,000 to your section as pensions—yet gives nearly one-sixth of the public school-fund. The South since 1865 has spent \$122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 for state and city schools, although the blacks paying one-thirtieth of the taxes get nearly one half of the fund.

Go into our fields and see whites and blacks working side by side. On our buildings in the same squad. In our

shops at the same forge. Often the blacks crowd the whites from work, or lower wages by the greater need or simpler habits, and yet are permitted because we want to bar them from no avenue in which their feet are fitted to tread. They could not there be elected orators of the white universities, as they have been here, but they do enter there a hundred useful trades that are closed against them here. We hold it better and wiser to tend the weeds in the garden than to water the exotic in the window. In the South, there are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, dentists, doctors, preachers, multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In villages and towns they have their military companies equipped from the armories of the State, their churches and societies built and supported largely by their neighbors. What is the testimony of the courts? In penal legislation we have steadily reduced felonies to misdemeanors, and have led the world in mitigating punishment for crime, that we might save, as far as possible, this dependent race from its own weakness. In our penitentiary record 60 per cent. of the prosecutors are negroes, and in every court the negro criminal strikes the colored juror, that white men may judge his case. In the North, one negro in every 1805 is in jail—in the South only one in 446. In the North the percentage of negro prisoners is six times as great as native whites—in the South, only four times as great. If prejudice wrongs him in southern courts, the record shows it to be deeper in northern courts.

I assert here, and a bar as intelligent and upright as the bar of Massachusetts will solemnly indorse my assertion, that in the southern courts, from highest to lowest, pleading for life, liberty or property, the negro has distinct advantage because he is a negro, apt to be overreached, oppressed—and that this advantage reaches from the juror in making his verdict to the judge in measuring his sentence. Now, Mr. President, can it be seriously maintained that we are terrorizing the people from whose willing hands come every year \$1,000,000,000 of farm

crops? Or have robbed a people, who twenty-five years from unrewarded slavery have amassed in one State \$20,000,000 of property? Or that we intend to oppress the people we are arming every day? Or deceive them when we are educating them to the utmost limit of our ability? Or outlaw them when we work side by side with them? Or re-enslave them under legal forms when for their benefit we have even imprudently narrowed the limit of felonies and mitigated the severity of law? My fellow countryman, as you yourself may sometimes have to appeal to the bar of human judgment for justice and for right, give to my people to-night the fair and unanswerable conclusion of these incontestible facts.

But it is claimed that under this fair seeming there is disorder and violence. This I admit. And there will be until there is one ideal community on earth after which we may pattern. But how widely it is misjudged! It is hard to measure with exactness whatever touches the negro. His helplessness, his isolation, his century of servitude, these dispose us to emphasize and magnify his wrongs. This disposition, inflamed by prejudice and partisanship, has led to injustice and delusion. Lawless men may ravage a county in Iowa and it is accepted as an incident—in the South a drunken row is declared to be the fixed habit of the community. Regulators may whip vagabonds in Indiana by platoons, and it scarcely arrests attention—a chance collision in the South among relatively the same classes is gravely accepted as evidence that one race is destroying the other. We might as well claim that the Union was ungrateful to the colored soldiers who followed its flag, because a Grand Army post in Connecticut closed its doors to a negro veteran, as for you to give racial significance to every incident in the South, or to accept exceptional grounds as the rule of our society. I am not one of those who becloud American honor with the parade of the outrages of either section, and belie American character by declaring them to be significant and representative. I prefer to maintain that they are neither, and stand

for nothing but the passion and the sin of our poor fallen humanity. If society, like a machine, were no stronger than its weakest part, I should despair of both sections. But, knowing that society, sentient and responsible in every fibre, can mend and repair until the whole has the strength of the best, I despair of neither. These gentlemen who come with me here, knit into Georgia's busy life as they are, never saw, I dare assert, an outrage committed on a negro! And if they did, not one of you would be swifter to prevent or punish. It is through them, and the men who think with them—making nine-tenths of every southern community—that these two races have been carried thus far with less of violence than would have been possible anywhere else on earth. And in their fairness and courage and steadfastness—more than in all the laws that can be passed or all the bayonets that can be mustered—is the hope of our future.

When will the black cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss; when the vote of the poor anywhere is not influenced by the power of the rich; when the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and shiftless—then and not till then will the ballot of the negro be free. The white people of the South are banded, Mr. President, not in prejudice against the blacks—not in sectional estrangement, not in the hope of political dominion—but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and purchasable vote—clannish, credulous, impulsive and passionate—tempting every art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Wrongly started, in that it was led into alienation from its neighbor and taught to rely on the protection of an outside force, it cannot be merged and lost in the two great parties through logical currents, for it lacks political conviction and even that information on which conviction must be based. It must remain a faction—strong enough in every community to control on the slight-

est division of the whites. Under that division it becomes the prey of the cunning and unscrupulous of both parties. Its credulity is imposed on, its patience inflamed, its cupidity tempted, its impulses misdirected—and even its superstition made to play its part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot-box debauched. It is against such campaigns as this—the folly and the bitterness and the danger of which every southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in Massachusetts would be banded if 300,000 black men, not one in a hundred able to read his ballot—banded in race instinct, holding against you the memory of a century of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to distrust and oppose you, had already travestied legislation from your statehouse, and in every species of folly or villainy had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit.

But admitting the right of the whites to unite against this tremendous menace, we are challenged with the smallness of our vote. This has long been flippantly charged to be evidence, and has now been solemnly and officially declared to be proof of political turpitude and baseness on our part. Let us see. Virginia—a State now under fierce assault for this alleged crime—cast in 1888 75 per cent. of her vote. Massachusetts, the State in which I speak, 60 per cent. of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast 69 per cent. of her vote, and Massachusetts, fighting in every district, cast only 49 per cent. of hers. If Virginia is condemned because 31 per cent. of her vote was silent, how shall this State escape in which 51 per cent. was dumb? Let us enlarge this comparison. The sixteen southern States in 1888 cast 67 per cent. of their total vote—the six New England States but 63 per cent. of theirs. By what fair rule shall the stigma be put upon one section, while the other escapes? A congressional election in New York last week, with the polling-place in touch of every

voter, brought out only 6000 votes of 28,000—and the lack of opposition is assigned as the natural cause. In a district in my State, in which an opposition speech has not been heard in ten years, and the polling-places are miles apart—under the unfair reasoning of which my section has been a constant victim—the small vote is charged to be proof of forcible suppression. In Virginia an average majority of 10,000, under hopeless division of the minority, was raised to 42,000; in Iowa, in the same election, a majority of 32,000 was wiped out, and an opposition majority of 8000 was established. The change of 42,000 votes in Iowa is accepted as political revolution—in Virginia an increase of 30,000 on a safe majority is declared to be proof of political fraud. I charge these facts and figures home, sir, to the heart and conscience of the American people, who will not assuredly see one section condemned for what another section is excused!

If I can drive them through the prejudice of the partisan, and have them read and pondered at the fireside of the citizen, I will rest on the judgment there formed and the verdict there rendered!

It is deplorable, sir, that in both sections a larger percentage of the vote is not regularly cast, but more inexplicable that this should be so in New England than in the South. What invites the negro to the ballot-box? He knows that, of all men, it has promised him most and yielded him least. His first appeal to suffrage was the promise of "forty acres and a mule." His second, the threat that Democratic success meant his re-inslavement. Both have proved false in his experience. He looked for a home, and he got the freedman's bank. He fought under the promise of the loaf, and in victory was denied the crumbs. Discouraged and deceived, he has realized at last that his best friends are his neighbors, with whom his lot is cast, and whose prosperity is bound up in his—and that he has gained nothing in politics to compensate the loss of their confidence and sympathy that is at last his best and his enduring hope. And so, without leaders or organization—

and lacking the resolute heroism of my party friends in Vermont that makes their hopeless march over the hills a high and inspiring pilgrimage—he shrewdly measures the occasional agitator, balances his little account with politics, touches up his mule and jogs down the furrow, letting the mad world jog as it will!

The negro vote can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans in the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave man, banding them together, would rise, as Elisha rose in beleaguered Samaria, and touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air “filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.” If there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it, numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community—and the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun; but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That, sir, is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of the earth shall not prevail. It was just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race—that before the moral and material power of her people once more unified, opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone vainly striving to rally his disordered hosts—as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to Federal election law, you may submit, in fear of a necessity that does not exist, that the very form of this government may be changed—this old State that holds in its charter the boast that “it is a free and independent common-

wealth"—it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create—but never, sir, will a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our State government from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot-box and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir, though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district of the South, we still should find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment!

I regret, sir, that my section, hindered with this problem, stands in seeming estrangement to the North. If, sir, any man will point out to me a path down which the white people of the South divided may walk in peace and honor, I will take that path though I took it alone—for at the end, and nowhere else, I fear, is to be found the full prosperity of my section and the full restoration of this Union. But, sir, if the negro had not been enfranchised, the South would have been divided and the Republic united. His enfranchisement—against which I enter no protest—holds the South united and compact. What solution, then, can we offer for the problem? Time alone can disclose it to us. We simply report progress and ask your patience. If the problem be solved at all—and I firmly believe it will, though nowhere else has it been—it will be solved by the people most deeply bound in interest, most deeply pledged in honor to its solution. I had rather see my people render back this question lightly solved than to see them gather all the spoils over which faction has contended since Catiline conspired and Cæsar fought. Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. We open to him every pursuit in which he can prosper, and seek to broaden his training and capacity. We seek to

hold his confidence and friendship, and to pin him to the soil with ownership, that he may catch in the fire of his own hearthstone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know. And we gather him into that alliance of intelligence and responsibility that, though it now runs close to racial lines, welcomes the responsible and intelligent of any race. By this course, confirmed in our judgment and justified in the progress already made, we hope to progress slowly but surely to the end.

The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, puts a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until

death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he puts his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people—when they forget these!

Whatever the future may hold for them—whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ—whether they find homes again in Africa, and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said: "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"—whether, forever dislocated and separated, they remain a weak people beset by stronger, and exist as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy rather than in the conscience of Europe—or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it—we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic, or mitigate our consecration to its service. I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the government of Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Mary-

land to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him, to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it; such is the temper in which we approach it: such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may help know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic—for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no south, no north, no east, no west; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to-night to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission.

And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until his full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

BEFORE THE BAY STATE CLUB.

DURING MR. GRADY'S VISIT TO BOSTON, IN 1889, HE WAS A GUEST OF THE BAY STATE CLUB, BEFORE WHOM HE DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING SPEECH :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN : I am confident you will not expect a speech from me this afternoon, especially as my voice is in such a condition that I can hardly talk. I am free to say that it is not a lack of ability to talk, because I am a talker by inheritance. My father was an Irishman, my mother was a woman ; both talked. I came by it honestly. •

I don't know how I could take up any discussion here or any topic apart from the incidents of the past two days. I saw this morning Plymouth Rock. I was pulled up on top of it and was told to make a speech.

It reminded me of an old friend of mind, Judge Dooley, of Georgia, who was a very provoking fellow and was always getting challenged to duels, and never fighting them. He always got out of it by being smarter than the other fellow. One day he went out to fight a man with one leg, and he insisted on bringing along a bee gum and sticking one leg into it so that he would have no more flesh exposed than his antagonist. On the occasion I am thinking of, however, he went out to fight with a man who had St. Vitus's dance, and the fellow stood before him holding the pistol cocked and primed, his hand shaking. The judge

went quietly and got a forked stick and stuck it up in front of him.

"What's that for?" said the man.

"I want you to shoot with a rest, so that if you hit me you will bore only one hole. If you shoot that way you will fill me full of holes with one shot."

I was reminded of that and forced to tell my friends that I could not think of speaking on top of Plymouth Rock without a rest.

But I said this, and I want to say it here again, for I never knew how true it was till I had heard myself say it and had taken the evidence of my voice, as well as my thoughts—that there is no spot on earth that I had rather have seen than that. I have a boy who is the pride and the promise of my life, and God knows I want him to be a good citizen and a good man, and there is no spot in all this broad Republic nor in all this world where I had rather have him stand to learn the lessons of right citizenship, of individual liberty, of fortitude and heroism and justice, than the spot on which I stood this morning, reverent and uncovered.

Now, I do not intend to make a political speech, although when Mr. Cleveland expressed some surprise at seeing me here, I said: "Why, I am at home now; I was out visiting last night." I was visiting mighty clever folks, but still I was visiting. Now I am at home.

It is the glory and the promise of Democracy, it seems to me, that its success means more than partisanry can mean. I have been told that what I said helped the Democratic party in this State. Well, the chief joy that I feel at that, and that you feel, is that, beyond that and above it, it helped those larger interests of the Republic, and those essential interests of humanity that for seventy years the Democratic party has stood for, being the guarantor and the defender.

Now, Mr. Cleveland last night made—I trust this will not get into the papers—one of the best Democratic speeches I ever heard in my life, and yet all around sat

Republicans cheering him to the echo. It was just simply because he pitched his speech on a high key, and because he said things that no man, no matter how partisan he was, could gainsay.

Now it seems to me we do not care much for political success in the South—for a simple question of spoils or of patronage. We wanted to see one Democratic administration since General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, just to prove to the people of this world that the South was not the wrong-headed and impulsive and passionate section she was represented to be. I heard last night from Mr. Cleveland, our great leader, as he sat by me, that he held to be the miracle of modern history the conservatism and the temperance and the quiet with which the South accepted his election, and the few office-seekers in comparison that came from that section to besiege and importune him.

Now it seems to me that the struggle in this country, the great fight, the roar and din of which we already hear, is a fight against the consolidation of power, the concentration of capital, the diminution of local sovereignty and the dwarfing of the individual citizen. Boston is the home of the one section of a nationalist party that claims that the remedy for all our troubles, the way in which Dives, who sits inside the gate, shall be controlled, and the poor Lazarus who sits outside shall be lifted up, is for the government to usurp the functions of the citizen and take charge of all his affairs. It is the Democratic doctrine that the citizen is the master and that the best guarantee of this government is not garnered powers at the capital, but diffused intelligence and liberty among the people.

My friend, General Collins—who, by the way, captured my whole State and absolutely conjured the ladies—when he came down there talked about this to us, and he gave us a train of thought that we have improved to advantage.

It is the pride, I believe, of the South, with her simple faith and her homogeneous people, that we elevate there the citizen above the party, and the citizen above every-

thing. (We teach a man that his best guide at least is his own conscience, that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, that his own right arm and his own stout heart are his best dependence ; that he should rely on his State for nothing that he can do for himself, and on his government for nothing that his State can do for him ; but that he should stand upright and self-respecting, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his State, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building at last his altars above his own hearthstone, and shrining his own liberty in his own heart. That is a sentiment that I would not have been afraid to avow last night. And yet it is mighty good democratic doctrine, too.

I went to Washington the other day and I stood on the Capitol hill, and my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, of the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there ; and I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a Republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged its final uplifting and its regeneration.

But a few days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great trees and encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest ; the fragrance of the pink and the hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and the resonant clucking of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort.

Outside there stood my friend, the master—a simple, independent, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof,

no lien on his growing crops—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged and trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And, as he started to enter his home, the hand of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and honorable father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment. And as we approached the door the mother came, a happy smile lighting up her face, while with the rich music of her heart she bade her husband and her son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her domestic affairs, the loving helpmate of her husband. Down the lane came the children after the cows, singing sweetly, as like birds they sought the quiet of their nest.

So the night came down on that house, falling gently as the wing from an unseen dove. And the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest and the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were falling from the sky, called the family around him and took the Bible from the table and called them to their knees. The little baby hid in the folds of its mother's dress while he closed the record of that day by calling down God's blessing on that simple home. While I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded; forgotten were its treasures and its majesty; and I said: "Surely here in the homes of the people lodge at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this Republic."

My friends, that is the democracy in the South; that is the democratic doctrine we preach; a doctrine, sir, that is writ above our hearthstones. We aim to make our homes, poor as they are, self-respecting and independent. We try to make them temples of refinement, in which our daughters may learn that woman's best charm and strength is her gentleness and her grace, and temples of liberty in which our sons may learn that no power can justify and no treasure repay for the surrender of the slightest right of a free individual American citizen.

Now you do not know how we love you Democrats. Had we better print that? Yes, we do, of course we do. If a man does not love his home folks, who should he love? We know how gallant a fight you have made here, not as hard and hopeless as our friends in Vermont, but still an up-hill fight. You have been doing better, much better.

Now, gentlemen, I have some mighty good Democrats here. There is one of the fattest and best in the world sitting right over there [pointing to his partner, Mr. Howell].

You want to know about the South. My friends, we representative men will tell you about it. I just want to say that we have had a hard time down there.

When my partner came out of the war he didn't have any breeches. That is an actual truth. Well, his wife, one of the best women that ever lived, reared in the lap of luxury, took her old woolen dress that she had worn during the war—and it had been a garment of sorrow and of consecration and of heroism—and cut it up and made a good pair of breeches. He started with that pair of breeches and with \$5 in gold as his capital, and he scraped up boards from amid the ashes of his home, and built him a shanty of which love made a home and which courtesy made hospitable. And now I believe he has with him three pairs of breeches and several pairs at home. We have prospered down there.

I attended a funeral once in Pickens county in my State. A funeral is not usually a cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles from here, find the material for one or two cheerful funerals. Still, this funeral was peculiarly sad. It was a poor "one gallus" fellow, whose breeches struck him under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee—he didn't believe in *decollete* clothes. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry: they cut through solid marble to make his grave; and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont.

They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the North. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground. There they put him away and the clods rattled down on his coffin, and they buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati, leaving him nothing to carry into the next world with him to remind him of the country in which he lived, and for which he fought for four years, but the chill of blood in his veins and the marrow in his bones.

Now we have improved on that. We have got the biggest marble-cutting establishment on earth within a hundred yards of that grave. We have got a half-dozen woolen mills right around it, and iron mines, and iron furnaces, and iron factories. We are coming to meet you. We are going to take a noble revenge, as my friend, Mr. Carnegie, said last night, by invading every inch of your territory with iron, as you invaded ours twenty-nine years ago.

A voice—I want to know if the tariff built up these industries down there?

Mr. Grady—The tariff? Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I think it helped some; but you can bet your bottom dollar that we are Democrats straight through from the soles of our feet to the top of our heads, and Mr. Cleveland will not have if he runs again, which I am inclined to think he ought to do, a stronger following.

Now, I want to say one word about the reception we had here. It has been a constant revelation of hospitality and kindness and brotherhood from the whole people of

this city to myself and my friends. It has touched us beyond measure.

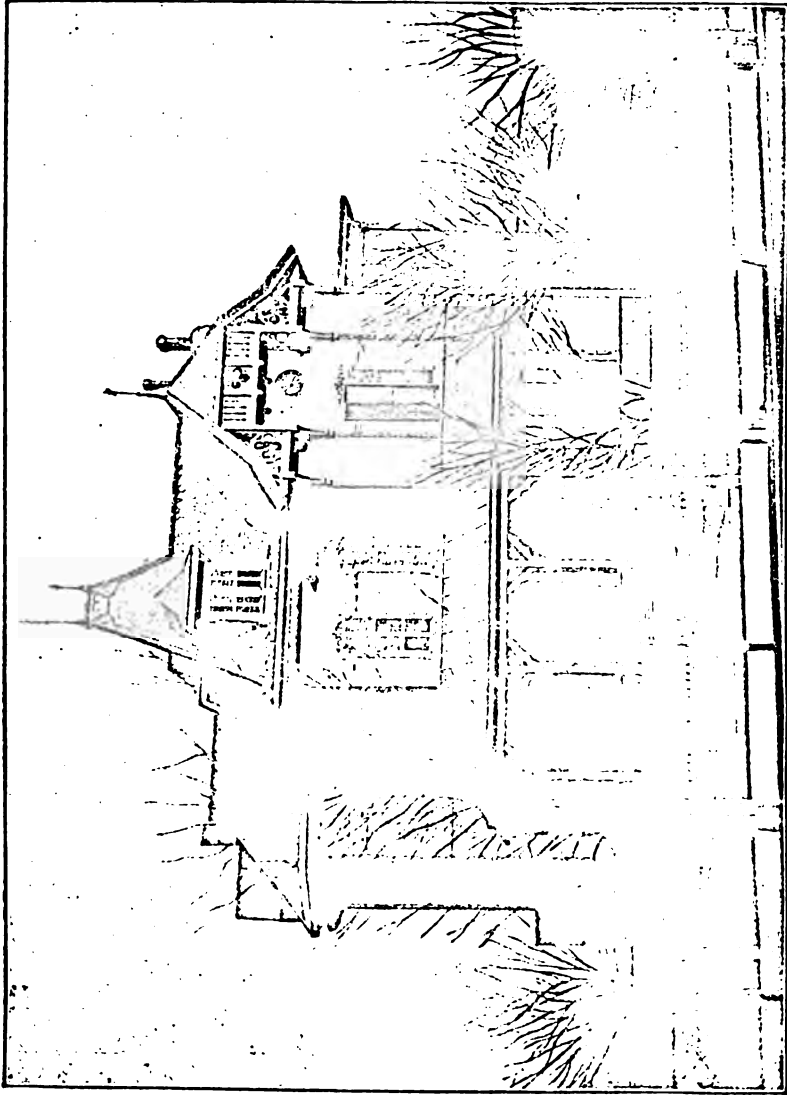
I was struck with one thing last night. Every speaker that rose expressed his confidence in the future and lasting glory of this Republic. There may be men, and there are, who insist on getting up fratricidal strife, and who infamously fan the embers of war that they may raise them again into a blaze. But just as certain as there is a God in the heavens, when those noisy insects of the hour have perished in the heat that gave them life, and their pestilent tongues have ceased, the great clock of this Republic will strike the slow-moving, tranquil hours, and the watchman from the street will cry, "All is well with the Republic; all is well."

We bring to you, from hearts that yearn for your confidence and for your love, the message of fellowship from our homes. This message comes from consecrated ground. The fields in which I played were the battlefields of this Republic, hallowed to you with the blood of your soldiers who died in victory, and doubly sacred to us with the blood of ours who died undaunted in defeat. All around my home are set the hills of Kennesaw, all around the mountains and hills down which the gray flag fluttered to defeat, and through which American soldiers from either side charged like demigods; and I do not think I could bring you a false message from those old hills and those sacred fields—witnesses twenty years ago in their red desolation of the deathless valor of American arms and the quenchless bravery of American hearts, and in their white peace and tranquillity to-day of the imperishable Union of the American States and the indestructible brotherhood of the American people.

It is likely that I will not again see Bostonians assembled together. I therefore want to take this occasion to thank you, and my excellent friends of last night and those friends who accompanied us this morning for all that you have done for us since we have been in your city, and to say that whenever any of you come South just speak your

name, and remember that Boston or Massachusetts is the watchword, and we will meet you at the gates.

The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head so late hath been ;
The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his own but yester e'en ;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiled so sweetly on her knee ;
But forget thee will I ne'er, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me.



HENRY W. GRADY'S ATLANTA HOME.

WRITINGS.

"SMALL JANE."

THE STORY OF A LITTLE HEROINE.

SINCE my experience with the case of "Sallie," I feel a hesitation in presenting a new heroine to the attention of the public.

You see, I do not mind the real sorrow that I experienced when my sincere efforts to improve the condition of this child came to naught. But I was staggered and sickened by the fact that most of my friends were rejoiced at her downfall.

I do not remember anything that gave more genuine joy to the town than the relapse of this wretched girl into the slums from which she had been lifted. It was the occasion of general hilarity—this falling back of an immortal soul into Death—this terrible spectacle of a child staggering blindly from sunlight into shame. I was poked in the ribs facetiously. A perfect shower of chuckles fell on my ear. It was the joke of the season—this triumph of the Devil over the body of a girl. One mad young wag, who, with a keen nose for a joke, followed her into her haunts of crime, came back, his honest face convulsed with laughter, and bearing on his lips a statement from her, to the literal effect that "I was a d—d fool."

I was staggered, I say, at the enjoyment created by the downfall of this girl. For myself, I can hardly imagine a more pitiful sight than her childish figure, as with face averted and hands raised, blinded by the white light of virtue and bewildered by her new condition, she slipped back in despair to her old shame. I may be a "d—d fool," but I cannot find the heart to laugh at that.

I don't know how it is, but I have a mania for looking into cases of this sort. It is not philanthropy with me; it is a disease.

At the editorial desk, I sit opposite a young man of a high order of mind.

He makes it a point to compass the problems of nations. I dodge them. He has settled, to his own agreement, every European problem of the past decade. Those problems have settled me. He soars—I plod. Once in a while, when he yearns for a listener, he reaches down for my scalp, and lifts me up to his altitude, where I shiver and blink, until his talented fingers relax, and I drop home. It delights him to adjust his powerful mind to the contemplation of contending armies,—I swash around with the swarm that hangs about me.

His hero is Bismarck, that phlegmatic miracle that has yoked impulse to an ox, and having made a chess-board of Europe, plays a quiet game with the Pope. My hero is a blear-eyed sot, that having for four years waged a gigantic battle with drink, and alternated between watery Reform and positive Tremens, is now playing a vague and losing game with Spontaneous Combustion. My friend discusses Bismarck's projects with a vastness of mind that actually makes his discourse dim, and I slip off to try my hero's temper, and see whether I shall have him wind his intoxicated arms about my neck and envelop me in an atmosphere of whisky and reform, or fall recumbent in the gutter, his weak but honest face upturned to the sky, and his moist, white hand working vaguely upward from his placid breast, in token of abject surrender.

Bismarck is a bigger man than Bob.

But I can't help thinking that Bob is engaged in the most thrilling and desperate conflict. Anyhow, I had rather see his watery eyes grow clear and his paroxysmal arms grow steadfast, than to see Bismarck wipe out every potentate in Europe. It's a grave thing to watch the conflicts of kings, and see nations embattled rushing against each other. But there are greater and deeper conflicts

waged in our midst every day, when the legions of Despair swarm against stout hearts, and Hunger and Suffering storm the citadel of human lives !

But I started to tell you of my new heroine.

Her name is Jane.

She presented herself one morning about three months ago. A trim, slender figure, the growth of nine years. It was such a small area of poverty that I felt capable of attending to it myself. But I remembered that small beggars usually represent productive but prostrated parents and a brood of children. The smaller the beggar the larger the family. I therefore summoned the good little woman who guides my household affairs.

She claims to be an expert in beggars. She has certain tests that she applies to all comers. Her fundamental rule is that all applicants are entitled to cold bread on first call. After this she either grades them up to cake and preserves, or holds them to scraps. I remember that she kept Col. Nash on dry biscuit for thirteen months, while other applicants have gone up to pie in three visits. I never felt any hesitation in taking her judgment after that, for of all wheedling mendicants Col. Nash, the alleged scissors-grinder, takes the lead.

But Jane was not a beggar. She carried on her arm a basket. It was filled with some useless articles that she wanted to sell. Would the lady look at them ? Oh ! of course ! They were bits of splints embroidered with gay worsted. What were they for ? Why, she didn't know. She just thought somebody would buy them, and she needed some money so badly.

"Who is your mother ?"

"I haven't any. She is dead. I have a father, though."

"What does he do ?"

"He's sick most of the time. He works when he is well."

"What's his name ?"

"Robert —— !"

(Saints ! My "Bob !" Sick indeed ! The weak rascal !)

Jane was asked in, and I began to investigate. I learned that this child was literally alone in the world. She had a sister, a puny two-year-old, and a drunken father—my flabby friend. They lived in a rickety hovel, out of which the last chair had been sold to pay rent. The mother, a year an invalid, had been accustomed to work little trifles in splints and worsted. She dying, the child picked up the splints, and worked grotesque baby fancies in wood and worsted. She had no time for weeping. Her hunger dried her eyes. The cooing baby by her side, crying for bread, made her forget the dead mother. So she fashioned the splints together, and with a brave heart went out to sell them.

Bob reformed at the bedside of his dying wife. Possibly at that moment the angels that had come to guide the woman home swept away the mist of the man's debauch, and gave him a glimpse of the pure life that lay behind. Certain it is that his moist, uncertain hands crept vaguely up the cover till they caught the wasted cheeks of his wife, and his shaggy head bent down till his quivering lips found hers. And the poor wife, yielding once more to the love that had outlived shame and desertion, turned her eyes from her children and fixed them on her husband. Ah! how this earthly hope and this earthly love chased even the serenity of Heaven from her face, and lighted it with tender rapture! How quickly this drunkard supplanted God in the dying woman's soul? "Oh, Bob! my darling!" she gasped, and raising her face toward him with a masterful yearning, she died.

"Mother didn't seem to know we were there after father came," Jane told me. And I wondered if the child had not been hurt, that all her months of patient love and watching had been forgotten in a tempest of love for a vagabond husband that had wrought nothing but disaster and death.

After the funeral, through which he went in a dazed sort of stupor, Bob got drunk, I don't know why or how. He seemed tenderer since then than before. I noticed that he reformed oftener and got over it quicker. A piece of

crape that Jane had fixed about his hat seemed to possess sacred properties to him. When he touched it and swore abstinence, he generally held out two or three days. One night, as he lay in the gutter, a cow, full of respect for his person, and yet unable to utterly control her hunger, chewed his hat. Since then he seemed to have lost his moorings, and drifted about on a currentless drunk.

He was always kind to Jane and the little biddie. In his maudlin way he would caress them, and cry over them, and reform with them, and promise to work for them. Even when he ate their last crust of bread, he accompanied the action with a sort of fumbling pomposity that robbed it of its horror. He never did it without promising to go out at once and bring back a sack of flour. Once he went so high as to promise four sacks. So that the child, in love like her mother with the old rascal, and like her mother fresh always in faith, was rather rejoiced than otherwise when he ate the bread. Did he bring the flour?

"Why, how could he? They had to bring him home. So of course I did not blame him. 'Poor father!'"

I must do Bob the justice to say that he never earned a cent in all these days that he did not intend giving to Jane. Of course he never did it, but I desire him to have the credit of his intention. If the Lord held the best of us strictly to performance and ruled out intention, we wouldn't be much better in his sight than Bob is in ours.

One day I was sitting behind a window looking at Jane, who stood in the kitchen door. Her oldish-looking, chipper little face was turned straight to me. It was a pretty face. The brown eyes were softened with suffering, and fear and anxiety had driven all color from her thin cheeks. I noticed that her mouth was never still. Though she was alone and silent, her lips quivered and trembled all the time. At times they would break into a dumb sob. Then she would draw them firmly together. Again they would twitch convulsively in the terrible semblance of a smile. Then in that pretty, feminine way she would pucker them together.

Long suffering had racked the child until she was all awry, and her nerves were plunging through her tender frame like devils.

"Jane, were you ever hungry?"

"Sir!" and she started painfully, while her starved heart managed to send a thin coating of scarlet into her cheeks. She was a proud little body, and never talked of her sorrows.

May the Lord forgive me for repeating the question!

"Sometimes, sir, when I couldn't sell anything. Last Saturday we had only some bread for dinner. We never had anything else until Sunday night. I wouldn't have minded it then, but Mary cried so for bread that I went out, and a lady that I knew gave me some things."

Now, think of that. From a crust at Saturday noon, on nothing till Sunday night. Of all the abundant marketing of Saturday evening; of all the luxuries of Sunday breakfast and dinner, not a crumb for this poor child. While we were dressing our children for their trip to Sunday-school, or their romp over the hills, this poor child, gnawed by hunger, deserted by her drunken father, holding a starving baby, sat crouched in a hovel, given up to despair and hopelessness. And that, too, within the sound of the bells that made the church-steeple thrill with music, and called God's people to church!

A friend who had heard Jane's story had given me three dollars for her. I gave it to her, and told her that as her rent was paid, she could with this lay in some provisions. She was crying then, but she dried her tears and hurried off.

* * * * *

"Will you please come here and look?" called a lady whose call I always obey, about an hour afterward.

I went, and there stood Jane, flushed and happy.

"I declare I am astonished at this child!" said the lady.

And therewith she displayed Jane's purchases. A

little meal and meat had been sent home. The rest she had with her. First, there was a goblet of strained honey ; then a bundle of candy "for baby," a package of tea "for father," and a chip straw hat, with three gayly colored ribbons, "for herself." And that's where the money had gone !

"I am just put out with her," said the arbitress of my affairs, after Jane had gathered up her treasures and departed. "To waste her money like that ! I can imagine how the poor, half-starved child couldn't help buying the honey-goblet ; I should die myself if I didn't have something sweet ; but how she came to buy that hat and ribbons I can't see !"

Ah, blue-eyed woman ! There's a yearning in the feminine soul stronger than hunger. There's a passion there that starvation cannot conquer. The hat and ribbons were bought in response to that craving. The hat, I'll bet thee, was bought before the honey,—aye, before the meal or meat. "Can't understand it !" Then, my spouse, I'll explain : Jane is a woman !

I must confess that I was pleased at the misdirection of Jane's funds. Have you ever had a child deep in a long-continued stupor from fever ! How delighted you were then when, tempted by some trifle, he gave signs of eagerness ! So I was rejoiced to see that the long years of suffering had not crushed hope and emotion out of this girl's life.

The tea and the candy showed that her affections, working up to the father and drawn to the baby, were all right. The honey gave evidence that the fresh impulses of childhood had not been nipped and chilled. The hat and ribbons—best and most hopeful purchase of all—proved that the womanly vanity and love of prettiness still fluttered in her young soul. Nothing is so charming and so feminine in woman as the passion for dress. Laugh at it as we may, I think that men will agree that there is nothing so pathetic as a young woman out of whom all hope of fine appearance has been pressed. A

gay ribbon is the sign in which woman conquers. I wager that Eve made a neat, many-colored thing of fig-leaves.

But to return to Jane.

I know that this desultory sketch should be closed with something unusual. Jane should die or get married. But she's too young for either. And so her life is running on ever. She plods the streets as she used to do. She has quit selling the flaming scraps she used to sell, and now knits her young but resolute brow over crochet work, which she sells at marvelous prices. Her path is flecked with more sunshine than ever before, and at Sunday-school she is as smart a little woman as can be seen. If the shadow of a staggering figure, that falls so often across her course, could be lifted, she would have little else to grieve over. Not that she complains of this—not a bit of it. "Poor father is sick so much. How can he be expected to work?" And so she goes on, with her woman's nature clinging to him closer than ever; even as the ivy clings to the old ruin. Hiding his shame from the world, wrapping him in the plenitude of her faith, and binding up his shattered resolves with her heart-strings.

And as for Bob:

I am strongly tempted to tell a lie, and say that he is either sober or dead. But he is neither. He is the same shiftless, irresponsible fellow that I have known for three years. His face is heavier, his eyes are smaller, his nose redder, his flesh more moist than ever. But in the depth of his debauch there seems to have been winged some idea of the excellence of Jane's life, and the fineness of her martyrdom. He catches me anywhere he sees me, and, falling on my shirt-front, weeps copious tears of praise and pop-skull, while talking of her. He swears by her.

By the way, I must do him justice. Yesterday he came to me very much affected. He was white-lipped, and trembling, and hungry. He had spent the night in the gutter, and the policeman who was scattering the disinfecting lime, either careless or wise beyond his kind, had powdered him all over. He seemed to be terribly in earn-

est. He raised his trembling hand to his hat and touched the place where the crape used to be, and swore that he intended to reform, for good and all. "S'elp me Jane!" he said.

I have not seen him since. I hope that the iron has at last entered his soul and will hold him steadfast. Ha! that sounds like him stumbling up the steps now. Hey! he has rolled back to the bottom! Here he comes again. That must be him. "Of course!"

DOBBS!

A THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF A MARTYR.

I AM proud of my acquaintance with Dobbs.

He was a hero, whose deeds were not spread upon any of the books of men, but whose martyrdom I am sure illustrates a glowing page in God's great life book.

I met him late one night.

The paper, with its burden of news and gossip, had just been put to press, and I strolled out of the hot, clanking room to catch a sight of the cool morning stars, and a whiff of the dew-laden breezes of the dawn.

Silhouetted against the intercepted stars, I saw a tall and striking form, standing like a statue on the corner.

As I came out of the door the figure approached.

"Is this the *Herald* office, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Well—" hesitating for an instant, and then speaking boldly and sharply, "I wanted to know if you could not trust me for a few papers?"

"I suppose so; walk in to the light."

I shall never forget the impression Dobbs made on me that night, as we two walked in from the starlight to the glare of the gas-burners.

A BLAZE OF HONESTY.

As I have said before, he had a tall and striking figure. His face was ugly. He was ungraceful, ragged, and uncouth. Yet there was a splendid glow of honesty that shone from every feature, and challenged your admiration. It was not that cheap honesty that suffuses the face of your average honest man; but a vivid burst of light that, fed by principle, sent its glow from the heart. It was not the

passive honesty that is the portion of men who have no need to steal, but the triumphant honesty that has grappled with poverty, with disease, with despair, and conquered the whole devil's brood of temptation; the honesty that has been sorely tried, the honesty of martyrdom; the honesty of heroism. He was the honestest man I ever knew.

THE PATHOS OF INCONGRUITY.

There was one feature of his dress that was pathetic in its uniqueness. He wore a superb swallow-tail dress-coat; a gorgeous coat, which was doubtless christened at some happy wedding (his father's, I suppose); had walked side by side with dainty laces; been swept through stately quadrilles, pressed upon velvet, and to-night came to me upon a shirtless back, and asked "trust" for a half-dozen newspapers.

It had that seedy, threadbare look which makes broadcloth, after its first season, the most melancholy dress that sombre ingenuity ever invented. It was scrupulously brushed and buttoned close up to the chin, whether to hide the lack of a shirt, I never in the course of six months' intimate acquaintance had the audacity to inquire. In the sleeve, on which rosy wrists had, in days gone by, laid in loving confidence, a shriveled arm hung loosely, and from its outlet three decrepit fingers driveled. His hat was old, and fell around his ears.

His breeches, of a whitish material, which had the peculiarity of leaving the office perfectly dirty one evening and coming back pure and clean the next morning. What amount of midnight scrubbing this required from my hero Dobbs, I will not attempt to tell. Neither will I guess how he became possessed of that wonderful coat. Whether in the direst days of the poverty which had caught him, his old mother, pitying her boy's rags, had fished it up from the bottom of a trunk where, with mayhaps an orange-wreath or a bit of white veil, it had lain for years, the last token of a happy bridal night, and, baptizing it with her

tears, had thrown it around his bare shoulders, I cannot tell. All I know is, that taken in connection with the rest of his attire, it was startling in its contrast; and that I honored the brave dignity with which he buttoned this magnificent coat against his honest rags, and strode out to meet the jeers of the world and work out a living.

FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK.

I knew Dobbs for six months! Day after day I saw him come at three o'clock in the morning. I saw his pale face, and that coat so audacious in its fineness, go to the press-room, fold his papers, and hurry out into the weather. One night I stopped him.

"Dobbs," says I, "how much do you make a week?"

"Ia verage five dollars and twenty cents, sir. I have twenty-seven regular customers. I get the paper at fifteen cents a week from you, and sell it to them at twenty-five cents. I make two dollars and seventy cents off of them, and then I sell about twenty-five extra papers a morning."

"What do you do with your money?"

"It takes nearly all of it to support me and mother."

"You don't mean to tell me that you and your mother live on five dollars and twenty cents a week?"

"Yes, sir, we do, and pay five dollars a month rent out of that. We live pretty well, too," with a smile, possibly induced by the vision of some of those luxuries which were included under the head of "living pretty well." I was crushed!

Five dollars and twenty-five cents a week! The sum which I waste per week upon cigars. The paltry amount which I pay almost any night at the theater. The sum that I spend any night I may chance to strike a half-dozen boon companions. This sum, so contemptible to me—wasted so lightly—I find to be the sum total of the income of a whole family—the whole support of two human beings.

I left Dobbs, humiliated and crushed. I pulled my hat over my eyes, strolled down to Mercer's, and bought a

twenty-five cent cigar and sat down to think over my duty in the premises.

. . . . One morning the book-keeper of the *Herald*, to whom my admiration for Dobbs was well known (I having frequently delivered glowing lectures upon his character from the mailing table to an audience of carriers, clerks, and printers), approached me and with a devilish smack of joy in his voice, says:

"I am afraid your man Dobbs is a fraud. Some time ago he persuaded the clerk to give him credit on papers. He ran up a bill of about seven dollars, and then melted from our view. We have not seen or heard of him since—expect he's gone to trading with the *Constitution* now, to bilk them out of a bill."

This looked bad—but somehow or other I still had a firm faith in my hero. God had written "honesty" too plain in his face for my confidence in him to be shaken. I knew that if he had sinned or deceived, that it was starvation or despair that had driven him to it, and I forgave him even before I knew he was guilty. . . .

About a week after this happened, a bombazine female—one of those melancholy women that occasionally arise like some Banquo's ghost in my pathway, and always, I scarce know why, put remorse to twitching at my heart-strings—came into my sanctum and asked for me.

"I am the mother," says she, in a voice which sorrow (or snuff) had filled with tears and quavers—"of Mr. Dobbs, a young man who used to buy papers from you. He left owing you a little, and asked me to see you about it."

"Left? Where has he gone?"

"To heaven, I hope, sir! He is dead!"

"Dead?"

A CONSCIENTIOUS DEBTOR.

"Yes, sir; my poor boy went last Thursday. He were all I had on earth, but he suffered so it seemed like a mercy

to let him go. He were worried to the last about a debt he was owin' of you. He said you had been clever to him, and would think hard ef he didn't pay you. He wanted you to come and see him so he could explain as how he were took down with the rheumatizum, but that were no one to nuss him while I come for you. He had owin' to him when he were took, about three dollars, which he have an account of in this little book. He told me with his last breath to collect this money, and not to use a cent tell I had paid you, and if I didn't git enough, to turn you over the book. I hev took in one dollar and tirty cents, and"—with the air of one who has fought the good fight—"here it is!" So saying, she ran her hand into a gash in the bombazine, which looked like a grievous wound, and pulled out one of those long cloth purses that always reminded me of the entrails of some unfortunate dead animal, and counted out the money. This she handed me with the book.

I ran my eye over the ruggedly kept accounts and found that each man owed from a dime up to fifty cents.

"Why, madam," says I, "these accounts are not worth collecting."

"That's what he was afraid of," says she, moving toward a bundle that lay upon the floor; "he told me if you said so, to give you this, and ask you to sell it if you could, and make your money. It's all he had, sir, or me, either, and he wouldn't die easy 'til I told him I wud do it! God knows"—and the tears rolled down her thin and hollow cheeks—"God knows it were a struggle to promise to give it up. He wore it, and his father before him. How many times it has covered 'em both! I had hoped to carry it to the end with me, and wrap my old body in it when I died. But it was all we had which was fine, and he wouldn't rest 'til I told him I wud give it to you. Then he smiled as pert-like as a child, and kissed me, and says, 'Now I am ready to go!' He were a good boy, sir, as ever lived"—and she rocked her old body to and fro with her grief. Need I say that she had offered me the old dress-coat!

That sacred garment, blessed with the memory of her son and his father, and which, rather than give up, she would willingly pluck either of the withered arms that hung at her sides from its socket!

I dropped my eyes to the account book again—for what purpose I am not ashamed that the reader may guess.

In a few moments I spoke :

“Madam, I was mistaken in the value of these accounts; most of the debtors on this book, I find upon a second look, are capitalists. The \$11 worth of accounts will sell for \$12 anywhere. Your son owed me \$7. Leave the book with me ; I will pay myself, and here is \$5 balance which I hand to you. Your son was a good boy, and I feel honored that I can serve his mother.”

She folded the old coat up and departed.

I kept the book.

It was a simple record of Dobbs's life. Here ran his expense list—a dreary trickle of “bacon” and “meal” and “rent,” enlivened only once with “sugar”; a saccharine suggestion that I am unable to account for, as it surely did not comport with either of the staples that formed the basis of his life. Probably, on some grand occasion, he and his mother ate it in the lump.

Here were his accounts, of say fifty cents each, on men accounted responsible in the world's eye—accounts for papers furnished through snow, and sleet, and rain! Some of them showed signs of having been called for a dozen times, being frescoed with such notes as “Call Tuesday,” “Call Wednesday,” “Call Thursday,” etc.

On another page was a pathetic list of delusive liniments and medicines, with which he had attacked his stubborn disease. Such as, “King of Pane—kored a man in Maryetti in 2 days, \$1.00”; “Magic Linament—kores in 10 minnits, \$2.00 a bottel”; and so on through the whole catalogue of snares which the patent office turns out year after year. Poor fellow! the only relief he got from his rack-ing pains was when God laid his healing hand on him.

I shall keep the book as long as I live.

In its thumbbed and greasy leaves is written the record of a heroism more lofty and a martyrdom more lustrous than ever lit the page of book before or since.

I think I shall have it printed in duplicate, and scattered as leaven throughout the lumpy Sunday-school libraries of the land.

A CORNER LOT.

“**H**E has been at that for thirteen years.”

And the speaker laughed as he watched an old man gathering up a bucket of stones and broken bricks. The old man continued his work until his bucket was filled, and then started back toward Spring Street, stopping on the way to resurrect a rusted old hoop that was nearly buried in the gutter.

After walking about three blocks he stopped at the corner of Spring and James streets, and laying the rusty hoop carefully upon a great heap of hoops of all kinds and sizes, he carried the bucket to the back of his lot, a part of which was considerably lower than the front, and emptied the bucketful of bricks and stones.

He was a very old man—about seventy years old, apparently—in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing a dingy straw hat. He was feeble, too, and his steps were slow, but he stopped only to get a drink of water at the back door, and then ambled off with the empty bucket.

The little frame structure is half store and half residence. Just inside the door to the store sat a portly old lady of sixty or thereabouts. “Who is that old man yonder with that empty bucket?”

“Him! Why that’s old man Lewis Powell, and he’s my husband. I thought everybody knowed him.”

“Is that all he does?”

“Fill up the lot, you mean? No, no, he puts hoops on barrels and kegs, and raises calves and such like, but that’s his main business. He’s been at it now for nigh on to fourteen years.”

“And how much has he filled in?”

“Oh, from the sidewalk on back. The lot is fifty by

eighty, and it used to be just one big hole. Now here on Spring Street where the front is, the bank went nearly straight down 'cause the eye of the sewer was right there. Then the sewer was open and run in a gully the whole length of the lot, and just about in the middle of the lot. Here on James Street, at the side there, it wasn't so steep. The front of the old house was about half-way down the bank, and the pillars at the back was over ten feet high. The house wasn't more'n twelve feet that way, either, so you can tell how steep it was. And right at the back door the sewer passed."

"How deep was it?"

"Well, right here at the front the city men measured to the sewer once, and it was a little over twenty feet below the sidewalk. The back of the lot was a little lower. It was one big hole fifty by eighty, and almost in the bottom of it was the old house."

"Fourteen years ago."

"Fourteen years ago we bought it from Jack Smith on time. It wasn't much, but me and Jenny and Joe and Stella just buckled down and worked like tigers. The neighbors made fun of us at first, and even the niggers thought it was funny. Now, I aint telling you this because I'm stuck up about it, but it just shows what the Powell family has done, and it shows what any poor folks can do if they just stick at it."

"Didn't the old man help?"

"Yes, a little. But we had to live, and then he spent lots of his time a-fillin' up, so the brunt of the money part fell on me and the children. We bought the mudhole, and he made the mudhole what it is now. Right here where the mudhole was there is a corner lot, and them what used to laugh at us would like mighty well to own it now."

And the old lady smiled as though the thought was a very pleasant one.

"Yes, sir," she continued, "it's worth a good deal now, and the first thing you know, when the streets get paved along here, it will be worth a lot more than it is now."

“And the old man?”

“The old man has worked mighty faithful. Little at a time he has fetched dirt, and rocks, and bricks, and trash. Then the city put a pipe there for the sewer, and he begun at the sidewalk on Spring Street and filled back. The bank kept getting further and further, and after, I don't know how long, we built this little house on the filled-in part. The old man kept fillin' back till we've got a pretty big back yard; and there's only a little part left to fill back there. You see, he never tore up the old house—the patchwork palace of '77—just throwed in around it and in it till he has almost buried it.”

“Why.”

“Oh, it's just a notion of his. He didn't want to see the old house tore up, and there it is now, with just the roof stickin' out. In a little while it will be one level yard, fifty by eighty, and a corner lot, too. And by the time it all gets filled up—well, me and the old man is gettin' feeble now, and we wont last much longer. But, now that we are all out of debt, and just enough left to do to keep the old man's hand in, it does me good to think of that old mud-hole, and how we had to save and slave and pinch to pay for it. And I think the old man likes to stand there at the corner and look back how level and smooth it is, and think how it was done, a handful at a time, through the rain and the snow and the sunshine. Fourteen years! It was a big job, but we stuck to it, and I'm restin' now, for my work is done. The old man don't work like he used to, but he says his job aint finished yet, and he keeps fillin' up.”

“And when his work is done—”

“Then he'll rest, too.”

THE ATHEISTIC TIDE SWEEPING OVER THE CONTINENT.

THE THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE SIMPLE FAITH OF THE FATHERS BY THE VAIN DECEITS OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.—AN ATTACK CHRISTIANS MUST MEET.

[WRITTEN FOR THE CONSTITUTION, 1881.]

NEW YORK, January 26.—The dread of the times, as I see it, is the growing skepticism in the leading circles of thought and action throughout the country—a swelling tide of atheism and unbelief that has already swept over the outposts of religion.

I am not alarmed by the fact that Henry Ward Beecher shook hands with Ingersoll on a public stand, and has since swung beyond the limit of orthodoxy, any more than I am reassured by the fact that Stephen H. Tyng has, by indorsing the miracles at Lourdes, swung back into the stronghold of superstition. These are mere personal expressions that may mean much or little. They may be classed with the complaint of Dr. Talmage that he found religion dead in a circuit of 3000 miles of travel last year, which complaint is balanced by the assertion of Dr. Hall that the growth of religious sentiment was never so decisive as at present.

I have noted, in the first place, that the latter-day writers—novelists, scientists and essayists—are arraying themselves in great force either openly on the side of skepticism, or are treating religious sentiment with a readiness of touch and lack of reverence, that is hardly less dangerous. I need not run over the lists of scientists, beginning with Tyndall, Huxley and Stephens, that have raised the banner of negation—nor recount the number of

novelists who follow the lead of sweet George Eliot, this sad and gentle woman, who allied sentiment to positivism so subtly, and who died with the promise on her lips that her life would "be gathered like a scroll in the tomb, unread forever"—who said that she "wanted no future that broke the ties of the past," and has gone to meet the God whose existence she denied. We all know that within the past twenty years there has been an alarming increase of atheism among the leading writers in all branches. But it is the growth of skepticism among the people that has astonished me.

I am not misled by the superb eloquence of Ingersoll nor the noisy blasphemy of his imitators. I was with five journalists, and I found that every one of them were skeptics, two of them in the most emphatic sense. In a sleeping-car with eight passengers, average people I take it, I found that three were confirmed atheists, three were doubtful about it, and two were old-fashioned Christians. A young friend of mine, a journalist and lecturer, asked me a few months ago what I thought of his preparing a lecture that would outdo Ingersoll—his excuse being that he found Ingersoll so popular. I asked Henry Watterson once what effect Ingersoll's lectures had on the Louisville public. "No more than a theatrical representation," was the quick reply. Watterson was wrong. I have never seen a man who came away from an Ingersoll lecture as stout of faith and as strong in heart as he was when he went there.

I do not know that this spirit of irreligion and unbelief has made much inroad on the churches. It is as yet simply eating away the material upon which the churches must recruit and perpetuate themselves. There is a large body of men and women, the bulk probably of our population, that is between the church and its enemies; not members of the church or open professors of religion, they have yet had reverence for the religious beliefs, have respected the rule of conscience, and believed in the existence of one Supreme Being. These men and women have

been useful to the cause of religion, in that they held all the outposts about the camp of the church militant, and protected it with enwrapping conservatism and sympathy. It is this class of people that are now yielding to the assaults of the infidel. Having none of the inspiration of religion, and possessing neither the enthusiasm of converts nor the faith of veterans, they are easily bewildered and overcome. It is a careless and unthinking multitude on which the atheists are working, and the very inertia of a mob will carry thousands if the drift of the mass once floats to the ocean. And the man or woman who rides on the ebbing tide goes never to return. Religious beliefs once shattered are hardly mended. The church may reclaim its sinners, but its skeptics, never.

It is not surprising that this period of critical investigation into all creeds and beliefs has come. It is a logical epoch, come in its appointed time. It is one of the penalties of progress. We have stripped all the earth of mystery, and brought all its phenomena under the square and compass, so that we might have expected science to doubt the mystery of life itself, and to plant its theodolite for a measurement of the Eternal, and pitched its crucible for an analysis of the soul. It was natural that the Greek should be led to the worship of his physical gods, for the earth itself was a mystery that he could not divine—a vastness and vagueness that he could not comprehend. But we have fathomed its uttermost secret; felt its most secret pulse, girdled it with steel, harnessed it and trapped it to our liking. What was mystery is now demonstrated; what was vague is now apparent. Science has dispelled illusion after illusion, struck down error after error, made plain all that was vague on earth, and reduced every mystery to demonstration. It is little wonder then that, at last having reduced all the illusions of matter to an equation, and anchored every theory to a fixed formula, it should assail the mystery of life itself, and warn the world that science would yet furnish the key to the problem of the soul. The obelisk, plucked from the heart of Egypt, rests upon a

shore that was as vaguely and infinitely beyond the knowledge or aspiration of its builders as the shores of a star that lights the space beyond our vision are to us to-day; the Chinaman jostles us in the streets, and the centuries that look through his dreamy eyes have lost all sense of wonder; ships that were freighted from the heart of Africa lie in our harbor, and our market-places are vocal with more tongues than bewildered the builders at Babel; a letter slips around the earth in ninety days, and the messages of men flash along the bed of the ocean; we tell the secrets of the universe as a woman tells her beads, and the stars whirl serenely through orbits that science has defined; we even read of the instant when the comet that plunged in dim illimitable distance, where even the separate stars are lost in mist and vapor, shall whirl again into the vision of man, a wanderer that could not shake off the inexorable supervision of science, even in the chill and measureless depths of the universe. Fit time is this, then, for science to make its last and supreme assault—to challenge the last and supreme mystery—defy the last and supreme force. And the church may gird itself for the conflict! As the Pope has said, “It is no longer a rebel that threatens the church. It is a belligerent!” It is no longer a shading of creed. It is the upsettal of all creeds that is attempted.

It is impossible to conceive the misery and the blindness that will come in the wake of the spreading atheism. The ancients witnessed the fall of a hundred creeds, but still had a hundred left. The vast mystery of life hung above them, but was lit with religions that were sprinkled as stars in its depths. From a host of censers was their air made rich with fragrance, and warmed from a field of altars. No loss was irreparable. But with us it is different. We have reached the end. Destroy our one belief and we are left hopeless, helpless, blind. Our air will be odorless, chill, colorless. Huxley, the leader of the positivists, himself confesses—I quote from memory: “Never, in the history of man, has a calamity so terrific befallen the race, as this advancing deluge, black with destruction, uprooting our

most cherished hopes, engulfing our most precious creed, and burying our highest life in mindless desolation." And yet Mr. Huxley urges on this deluge with furious energy. The aggressiveness of the atheists is inexplicable to me. Why they should insist on destroying a system that is pure and ennobling, when they have nothing to replace it with; why they should shatter a faith that colors life, only to leave it colorless; why they should rob life of all that makes life worth living; why they should take away the consolation that lifts men and women from the despair of bereavement and desolation, or the light that guides the feet of struggling humanity, or the hope that robs even the grave of its terror,—why they should do all this, and then stand empty-handed and unresponsive before the yearning and supplicating people they have stripped of all that is precious, is more than I can understand. The best atheist, to my mind, that I ever knew, was one who sent his children to a convent for their education. "I cannot lift the blight of unbelief from my own mind," he said, "but it shall never fall upon the minds of my children if I can help it. As for me, I would give all I have on earth for the old faith that I wore so lightly and threw off so carelessly."

The practical effects of the growth of atheism are too terrible to contemplate. A vessel on an unknown sea that has lost its rudder and is tossed in a storm—that's the picture. It will not do for Mr. Ingersoll to say that a purely human code of right and wrong can be established to which the passions of men can be anchored and from which they can swing with safety. It will not do for him to cite his own correct life or the correct lives of the skeptical scientists, or of leading skeptics, as proof that unbelief does not bring license. These men are held to decency by a pride of position and by a sense of special responsibility. It is the masses that atheism will demoralize and debauch. It is thousands of simple men and women, who, loosed of the one restraint that is absolute and imperious, will drift upon the current of their passions, colliding

everywhere, and bringing confusion and ruin. The vastly greatest influence that religion has exercised, as far as the world goes, has been the conservative pressure that it has put upon the bulk of the people, who are outside of the church. With the pressure barely felt and still less acknowledged, it has preserved the integrity of society, kept the dangerous instincts within bounds, repressed savagery, and held the balance. Conscience has dominated men who never confessed even to themselves its power, and the dim, religious memories of childhood, breathing imperceptibly over long wastes of sin and brutality, have dissolved clouds of passion in the souls of veterans. Atheism will not work its full effect on this class of men. Even after they have murdered conscience by withholding the breath upon which it lives, its ghost will grope through the chambers of their brain, menacing and terrible, and to the last,—

Creeping on a broken wing
Through cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear !

It is on the young men and women—the generation bred in the chill atmosphere of unbelief—that atheism will do its worst. With no traditions in which to guide their faith, no altar before which they can do reverence, no ideal to which their eyes can turn, no standard lofty enough to satisfy, or steadfast enough to assure—with no uplifting that is not limited, no aspiration that has wings, and no enthusiasm that is not absurd—with life but a fever that kindles in the cradle and dies in the grave,—truly atheism meets youth with a dread prospect, sullen, storm-swept, hopeless.

In the conflict that is coming, the church is impregnable, because the church is right ; because it is founded on a rock. The scientists boast that they have evolved everything logically from the first particles of matter ; that from the crystal rock to sentient man is a steady way, marked by natural gradations. They even say that, if a new bulk were thrown off from the sun to-morrow it would spin into the face of the earth, and the same development

that has crowned the earth with life would take place in the new world. And yet Tyndall says: "We have exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, and yet a mighty mystery looms up before us." And this mystery is the kindling of the atoms of the brain with the vital spark. There science is baffled, for there is the supreme force that is veiled eternally from the vision of man.

The church is not bound to the technicalities of argument in this contest. It has the perfect right to say, and say logically, that something must rest on faith—that there must be something in the heart or soul before conviction can be made perfect. Just as we cannot impress with the ecstasies and transports of earthly love a man who has never loved, or paint a rainbow to a man who has never seen. And yet the time has passed when religion can dismiss the skeptic with a shriek or a sneer. I read one little book a year ago, gentle, firm, decisive; a book that demonstrated the necessity and existence of the Supreme Being, as clearly and as closely as a mathematical proposition was worked out. But the strength of the church is, after all, the high-minded consistency of its members; the warmth and earnestness of its evangelism; the purity and gentleness of its apostles. If the creeds are put at peace, and every man who wears the Christian armor will go forth to plead the cause of the meek and lowly Nazarene, whose love steals into the heart of man as the balm of flowers into the pulses of a summer evening—then we shall see the hosts of doubt and skepticism put to rout.

Of course I have no business to write all this. It is the province of the preachers to talk of these things, and many no doubt will resent as impertinent even the suggestion of a worldling. And yet it seems so sure to me that in the swift and silent marshaling of the hosts of unbelief and irreligion there is presaged the supremest test that the faith of Christians has ever undergone, that I felt impelled to write. There are men, outside of the active workers of the church, who have all reverence for its institutions and love for its leaders; whose hearts are stirred now and then

(by a faith caught at a mother's knee, or the memory of some rapt and happy moment; who want to live, if not in the fold of the chosen, at least in the shadow of the Christian sentiment, and among the people dominated by Christian faith; and who hope to die at last, in the same trust and peace that moved the dying Shakespeare—wisest, sweetest mind ever clothed in mortal flesh—when he said: “I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.”

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE ON A STEAMSHIP.

A VERY TALL STORY.—THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—A SIDE VIEW OF SEA-SICKNESS.—THE SIGHT OF THE OCEAN.—LAND AT LAST AND GLAD OF IT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COURIER.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, 1876.—The ocean is a greatly exaggerated affair. About four years ago, my friend Charles I. Graves and myself were sitting on a country fence, in Floyd County, after the manner of lizards, drinking in the sunshine, when a wagon containing a small box wheeled past us. It had hardly got abreast us when my friend dropped from his comfortable perch as if he were shot, and rushed to the wagon. Then ensued a remarkable scene. You have all seen a well-bred country dog meet a city dog on some green highway. You know with what hurried circumspection he smells the stranger at all points. So did my friend approach the little square box on the wagon. He sniffed at it as if "he would draw his soul through his nose." I examined the ugly little box closely. It was marked

To MR. BERCKMANS,
MONT ALTO, NEAR ROME,
GA., U.S.A.

It was Rhenish wine shipped from Paris.

My friend explained to me, after his rhapsody was over, that the box having been brought across the ocean in the hold of a steamer, retained a subtle scent of bilge-water, that brought the sea with all its dangerous fascination back

to him—he having served all his young life before the mast. He was, at this writing, a plain, staid farmer, content among his cattle and clover. And yet that sharp, briny, saline flavor, thrown on the bosom of the still country breeze, put a restless devil in his breast. It was as if a born gallant, exiled for a decade to the heart of some desert, should, near the expiration of his sentence, stumble upon a cambric handkerchief, redolent with the perfume of a lady's boudoir. In less than two years after the sight or rather the smell of that box my friend had sold his plantation, convinced his wife, and gone to the ocean again. Had Dr. Berckmans been content to drink native wine, Mr. Graves would yet be alternating cotton with clover, in the peaceful valley of the Etowah.

After this strong proof of the fascination that the sea has for its votaries, I achieved a strong desire to try it for myself. It renewed in my mature days the wild ambition that put turmoil into my schoolboy life, after I had read "Lafitte, or the Pirate of the Gulf."

I have longed for many a day to run a "gore" into each leg of my pantaloons, roll back my collar, tousle my hair, fold my cloak about my shoulders, and stand before the mast in a stiff breeze, and there read Byron with one eye, and with the other watch the effect of the tableau on the female passengers.

I never had a chance to gratify the desire until lately. I never saw the ocean until the trip that results in this letter; I shall never forget the impression it made on me.

I had imagined that it would be a moment of ecstasy. I had believed that my soul, in the glad recognition of something as infinite, as illimitable as itself, would laugh with joy, and leap to my lips, and burn in my fingers, and tingle in my veins. I wisely reserved the first sight until we had steamed out beyond the land, and then with the air of one who unchains himself, I raised my head and looked out to the future. There, as far as the eye could reach, aye, and way beyond, as if mocking the finiteness of sight, stretched the blue waters. Ah! how my fine-spun

fancies crumbled and came tumbling back on me in dire confusion! My soul literally shriveled! My very imagination was cowed and driven to its corner, and I sat there dumb and trembling!

No tenant of a cradle was ever more simple or more trusting than I became at that moment. I literally rejoiced in the abrogation of all the pride and manliness that I had boasted of two hours before. I flung away my self-dependence, and my soul ran abashed into the hollow of His hand, even as a frightened child runs to its father's arms. As I looked shuddering upon the vast and restless waste of waters in front of me, I felt as if some person had taken me to the confines of that time which human calculation can compass, and holding me on the chill edge of that gulf called the Eternal, had asked me to translate its meaning, and pronounce its uttermost boundary.

I suppose the truth of the matter is that I was about scared to death; certain it is that I crouched there for hours, trembling, and yet gazing out beyond me upon the lapping waters, from where they parted before our ship to where they curled up against the half-consenting sky! At last I arose, shook myself, as if throwing off some nightmare, and sought the crowd again.

I can never forget how dissonant and inopportune the flippant conversation of the voyagers seemed to me to be at that time. It was as if some revelers should jest and shout in a great church. With the awful abyss in front, and these prattlers to the rear, one had the two extremes. There was God in the deep and awful stillness ahead, and the world behind in the chatter and gayety that rang out "like a man's cracked laughter heard way down in hell."

The first man's voice that I heard, as I turned away from the solemn hush of the Eternal that yawned before us, was that of a young fellow who remarked to his chum rhapsodically (evidently alluding to some female acquaintance), "Why, she had a leg on her like a government mule." These words bit into my memory as if they were cut there by white-hot pincers.

HOW SEA-SICKNESS WORKS.

I believe I have said somewhere in this letter that my soul didn't leap to my lips when I went out to meet the ocean. I regret to say that my breakfast did. I do not know whether any writer has addressed himself to sea-sickness. I am certain that no writer of sacred or profane literature can do it sufficient injustice. Walt Whitman might do it. He's better on the yawp than any poet I know. Never tell me again that hell is a lake of fire and brimstone. Eternal punishment means riding on a rough sea, in a steamer that don't roll well, without a copper-bottomed stomach, and a self-acting stop-valve in the throat. To have been jostled about in a lake of fire would have been real cheerful business compared to the unutterable anguish that I suffered for three days. I do believe that if I had tied a cannon-ball to a crumb of bread and swallowed them both, the crumb would have come prancing to the front again, and brought the cannon-ball with it. It at last became a sort of dismal joke to send anything down. But this was not what made it so hard to bear. It was the abject degradation that it brought upon me. The absolute prostration of every mental, moral and physical activity, of every emotion, impulse and ambition; the reduction of a system that boasted of some nervous power and of excessive tone, to the condition of a wet dish-clout,—these were the things that made sea-sickness a misery beyond the power of words. For three days I lay like an old volcano, still, desolate and haggard; but with an exceedingly active crater. I was brought to that condition which Chesterfield says is the finest pitch to which a gentleman can be brought, that sublime pitch of indifference that enables him to hear of the loss of an estate, or a poodle dog, with the same feeling. Nothing disturbs the man who is sea-sick. He blinks in the face of disaster, and yawps at death itself. He actually longs for sensation. To stick him with a pin, or drop ice down his back, would be a mercy. He spraddles madly over the ship, flabbing himself like a mollusk over every-

thing he stumbles on, and knows not night or morning. As far as I was concerned, I was seized with a yawning that came very near proving fatal. I was taken with a longing to turn myself wrong-side outwards, and hang myself on the taffrail. Several times I was on the point of doing it; but I struggled against it and saved myself.

THE SIGHTS OF THE SEA.

The "sights" of the sea are not what they are cracked up to be. Some writer, Lowell, I believe, who was seduced into going seaward, had a sovereign contempt for everything connected with the sea. With a charming abandon, he says, "A whale looks like a brown paper parcel—the white stripes down his back resembling the pack-thread." It is not hard to bring everything down to this standard.

The very motion of the waves, the cause of rhymes unnumbered, becomes terribly monotonous after the first day or two. The rise and relapse of the tinted water glistening in the sun, and blooming lilies on the wave-crest, is a pretty enough sight at first; but before long one longs to shiver the surface of the deep, and calm its eternal restlessness. The waves, wriggling up like a woman's regrets from nowhere, come dragging themselves over the weary waste, and, plashing back upon each other, spring off on another uneasy remonstrance, until the brain of the looker-on is actually addled. I would have given a great deal to have had the power to have settled the upheaving waters for one hour, just as a schoolboy has the power, and the inclination, too, to break the inexorable calm of a mill-pond by splashing it with rocks. Nothing tires us like sameness; sameness, inactivity, is intolerable.

We saw some flying-fish. And we saw, what I valued much more, on board with us a man who knew a man whose cousin had seen the great sea-serpent. I have a great respect for a man who knows somebody that has seen the sea-serpent. He is a link between us and the supernatural in the ocean. He is a relic, stranded by the shore of science, of that world of wonders that began with the syrens, was

modernized with the mermaids, and that ends in the devil-fish and sea-serpent. While he lives I want to be near him. When he dies I want his tooth set on my mantel-piece; it will be a sort of guarantee, under which I can read the weird stories of the old, unexplored ocean, that made boy-hood joyous. Give me the sea-serpent as a fact, and I will swear to the mermaids, bet on the phantom ship, and pin my faith to the syrens.

THE LOVERS AND THE PILOT.

The intercourse between the passengers was not pleasant. We got tired of each other. The fact that none of us could get on or off, gave us a sort of feeling that we were prisoners; or, when locked up at night in our berths, that we were animals traveling in the same menagerie; brought together by chance, and held together through necessity.

There was one couple on board that won my attention. It was a man, full-grown, handsome and accomplished, but with the deep furrows in his brow that always come after a man has wrestled with the world; and the girl not more than fifteen years of age. The girl had not worn off the subtle bloom of childhood that gave her grace and glow, as the dew-chrisom of early dawn graces the lily. She was not beautiful, after the approved models, but there was an elastic freshness, a bright charm that would have put beauty to the blush. She was brimming with the splendid and tender divinity that fills the odorous buds just before they burst into life's beauty. She was full of spring. She carried its balms about with her, its aroma hung about her skirts, and its auroral light illuminated her very being. She was April, with all its joys and all its happy tears—its dear restlessness, and its thrills. I marveled to see how the man of affairs loved her. It annoyed me to see how this man, with all his vast concerns, his rugged schemes, his vaulting ambition, bowed down at the feet of a child. It was a very miracle of love that centered all the impulses, aspirations, hopes, and endeavors of this man of the world in a bright slip of a girl. She understood her power, too;

and taking the reins of affairs in her little fingers, carried herself with a pretty imperiousness. Not always was she mistress, though. Once in awhile I noticed, when he held her beneath his words, her eyes softened and fell, and she sat half absorbed and trembling, thrilling under an ecstasy that stirred her soul to its very depths, and yet left her unconscious of what it meant or from what it came. I watched this couple with a strange interest, and my heart went out to the child. But beyond this there was nothing interesting on shipboard. The people were all tame. They seemed to have been planted on the ship, and grown there. They were all indigenous; and hence, when the pilot—a breezy fellow, by the way—jumped on board just outside of New York, he brought with him the charm of a rare exotic, and actually acquired a sort of game flavor, by being a stranger.

SOME CONCLUSIONS NOT JUMPED AT.

Altogether, a trip on the ocean is a very great bore. It does not compare to the cozy and bustling comforts of an inland trip, especially if one have the benefits of a Pullman.

The ocean is meant to be looked at and enjoyed—from the shore, or through books. You may see more of it by going on board a ship. It is pretty apt to see more of you, though, than you do of it. There are many moments during the first day or two, when, leaning over the taffrail, you yawp into its face, that it can see clear through to your boots. That's the way it was with

JOHN, JR.

TWO MEN WHO HAVE THRILLED THE STATE.

AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING ON THE STREET, IN WHICH TWO GREAT MEN ARE RECOGNIZED AS THE TYPES OF TWO CLASHING THEORIES—TOOMBS'S SUCCESSES—BROWN'S JUDGMENT.

THE other day I saw two men meet on the street, bow cordially, and pass. I was struck by the contrast between them—by the difference in their walk, appearance and manner. This suggested that the contrast in their lives, in their lineage and their methods, was even greater than their physical make-up. And then, forgetting for the moment that a gubernatorial campaign of great fierceness was raging, I fell to wondering if there had ever been two masterful men whose paths lay near each other, and whose performance was so nearly equal, who had been born in such dissimilar conditions, and moved by such dissimilar motives. Joe Brown and Bob Toombs! Both illustrious and great—both powerful and strong—and yet at every point, and from every view, the perfect opposites of each other.

Through two centuries have two strains of blood, two conflicting lines of thought, two separate theories of social, religious and political life, been working out the two types of men, which have in our day flowered into the perfection of contrast—vivid, thorough pervasive. For seven generations the ancestors of Joe Brown have been aggressive rebels; for a longer time the Toombs have been dauntless and intolerant followers of the king and kingliness. At the siege of Londonderry—the most remarkable fasting match beyond Tanner—Margaret and James Brown, grandparents of the James Brown who came to America and was grandparent of Joe Brown, were within the walls starving

and fighting for William and Mary; and I have no doubt there were hard-riding Toombs outside the walls charging in the name of the peevish and unhappy James. Certain it is that forty years before, the direct ancestors of General Toombs on the Toombs estate were hiding good King Charles in the oak at Boscabel, where, I have no doubt, the father and uncles of the Londonderry Brown, with cropped hair and severe mien, were proguing about the place with their pikes, searching every bush, in the name of Cromwell and the psalm-singers. From these initial points sprang the two strains of blood—the one affluent, impetuous, prodigal, the other slow, resolute, forceful. From these ancestors came the two men—the one superb, ruddy, fashioned with incomparable grace and fulness; the other pale, thoughtful, angular, stripped down to bone and sinew. From these opposing theories came the two types—the one patrician, imperious, swift in action and brooking no stay; the other democratic, sagacious, jealous of rights and submitting to no imposition. The one for the king; the other for the people. It does not matter that the elder Toombs was a rebel in Virginia against the fat George, for that revolt was kingly of itself, and the Virginian cavaliers went into it with love-locks flying and care cast to the winds, feeling little of the patient spirit of James Brown, who, by his Carolina fireside, fashioned his remonstrance slowly, and at last put his life upon the issue.

Governor Brown and General Toombs started under circumstances in accordance with the suggestions of the foregoing. General Toombs's father had a fine estate, given him by the State of Georgia, and his son had a fine education and started in life in liberal trim. Governor Brown had nothing, and for years hauled wood to Dahlonga; and sold vegetables from a basket to the hotel and what others would buy. Young Toombs made money rapidly, his practice for the first five years amounting to much over \$50,000. He conquered by the grace of his genius, and went easily from triumph to triumph. Young Brown moved ahead laboriously but steadily. He made only

about \$1200 his first year, and then pushed his practice to \$2000 or \$3000. He made no brilliant reputation, but never lost a client, and added to his income and practice. His progress was the result of hard labor and continuous work. He lived moderately and his habits were simple. General Toombs has lived in princely style all his life, and has always been fond of wine and cards. Both men are rich, and both are well preserved for their time of life. General Toombs is seventy-one and Governor Brown fifty-nine. Each had a lucky stroke early in life, and in both cases it was in a land investment. General Toombs bought immense tracts of Texas land, of which he has sold perhaps \$100,000 profit and still holds enough to yield double or treble that much more. Governor Brown, when very young, paid \$450 for a piece of land, and afterward sold a half interest in a copper mine thereon for \$25,000. This he invested in farms, and thus laid the basis of his fortune.

The first time these men met was in Milledgeville, in 1851 or '52, when Governor Brown was a young Democratic State Senator and General Toombs was a Whig Congressman—then the idol of his party and the most eloquent man in Georgia. They were then just such men physically as one who had never seen them would imagine from reading their lives. General Toombs was, as Governor Brown has told me, "the handsomest man he ever saw." His physique was superb, his grand head fit for a crown, his presence that of a king, overflowing with vitality, his majestic face illumined with his divine genius. Governor Brown was then pallid, uncomely—his awkward frame packed closely with nerve and sinew, and fed with a temperate flow of blood. They met next at Marietta, where Toombs had a fiery debate with that rare master of discussion, the late Robert Cowart. Governor Brown was deeply impressed with the power and genius of that wonderful man, but General Toombs thought but little of the awkward young mountaineer. For later, when in Texas, hearing that Joe Brown was nominated for Governor, he

did not even remember his name, and had to ask a Georgia-Texan "who the devil it was."

But the next time he met him he remembered it. Of course we all remember when the "Know-Nothings" took possession of the Whig party, and Toombs and Stephens seceded. Stephens having a campaign right on him, and being pressed to locate himself, said he was neither Whig nor Democrat, but "was toting his own skillet," thus introducing that homely but expressive phrase into our political history. Toombs was in the Senate and had time for reflection. It ended by his marching into the Democratic camp. Shortly afterward he was astounded at seeing the standard of his party, upon the success of which his seat in the Senate depended, put in the hands of Joe Brown, a new campaigner, while the opposition was led by Ben Hill, then as now an audacious and eloquent speaker, incomparable on the stump. Hill and Brown had had a meeting at Athens, I believe, and it was reported that Brown had been worsted. Howell Cobb wrote Toombs that he must take the canvass in hand at once, at least until Brown could learn how to manage himself. Toombs wrote to Brown to come to his home at Washington, which he did. General Toombs told me that he was not hopeful when he met the new candidate, but after talking to him awhile, found that he had wonderful judgment and sagacity. After coquetting with Mr. Hill a while, they started on a tour together, going to south Georgia. General Toombs has talked to me often about this experience. He says that after two or three speeches Governor Brown was as fully equipped as if he had been in public for forty years, and he was amazed at the directness with which he would get to the hearts of the masses. He talked in simple style, using the homeliest phrases, but his words went home every time. There was a sympathy between the speaker and the people that not even the eloquence of Toombs could emphasize, or the matchless skill of Mr. Hill disturb. In Brown the people saw one of themselves, lifted above them by his superior ability, and his unerring sagacity, but talking to

them common sense in a sensible way. General Toombs soon saw that the new candidate was more than able to take care of himself, and left him to make his tour alone—impressed with the fact that a new element had been introduced into our politics and that a new leader had arisen.

It is hard to say which has been the more successful of the two men. Neither has ever been beaten before the people. General Toombs has won his victories with the more ease. He has gone to power as a king goes to his throne, and no one has gainsaid him. Governor Brown has had to fight his way through. It has been a struggle all the time, and he has had to summon every resource to carry his point. Each has made unsurpassed records in his departments. As Senator, General Toombs was not only invincible, he was glorious. As Governor, was not only invincible, he was wise. General Toombs's campaigns have been unstudied and careless, and were won by his presence, his eloquence, his greatness. His canvass was always an ovation, his only caucusing was done on the hustings. With Governor Brown it was different. He planned his campaigns and then went faithfully through them. His victories were none the less sure, because his canvass was more laborious. His nomination as Governor, while unexpected, was not accidental. It was the inevitable outcome of his young life, disciplined so marvelously, so full of thought, sagacity and judgment. If he had not been nominated Governor then, his time would have come at last, just as sure as cause produces result. His record as Governor proves that he was prepared for the test—just as his brilliant record in the Senate proves that he is fitted for any sphere to which he might be called.

Tosum it up: Toombs is the embodiment of genius, and Brown is the embodiment of common sense. One is brilliant, the other unerring; one is eloquent, the other sagacious. Toombs moves by inspiration; Brown is governed by judgment. The first is superb; the latter is sage. Despite the fact that Governor Brown is by instinct and by inheritance a rebel, he is prudent, conservative, and has a

turn for building things up. General Toombs, despite his love for kingliness and all that implies, has an almost savage instinct for overturning systems and tearing things down. It must not be understood that I depreciate General Toombs's wisdom. Genius often flies as true to its mark as judgment can go. The wisest speech, and the ablest ever made by an American, in my opinion, is Mr. Toombs's speech on slavery, delivered in Boston about ten years before the war. In that speech he showed a prescience almost divine, and clad in the light of thirty years of confirmation, it is simply marvelous. His leadership of the southern Whigs in the House during the contest of 1850 was a masterpiece of brilliancy, and even his Hamilcar speech, delivered after the most exasperating insults, was sublime in its lofty eloquence and courage. Safer as a leader, Governor Brown is more sagacious on material points—truer to the practical purposes of government: but no man but Toombs could have represented Georgia as he did for the decade preceding 1860.

Messrs. Brown and Toombs have disagreed since the war. That Governor Brown may have been wiser in "reconstruction" than Mr. Toombs, many wise men believe, and events may have proved. In that matter my heart was with Mr. Toombs, and I have never seen reason to recall it. That Governor Brown was honest and patriotic in his advice, my knowledge of the man would not permit me to doubt. The trouble between these gentlemen came very near resulting in a duel. While I join with all good men that this duel was arrested, I confess that I have been wicked enough to speculate on its probable result—had it occurred. In the first place, General Toombs made no preparation for the duel. He went along in his careless and kingly way, trusting, presumably, to luck and quick shot. Governor Brown, on the contrary, made the most careful and deliberate preparation. He made his will, put his estate in order, withdrew from the church, and then clipped all the trees in his orchard practicing with the pistol. Had the duel come off—which fortunately it did not—General

Toombs would have fired with his usual magnificence and his usual disregard of rule. I do not mean to imply that he would not have hit Governor Brown; on the contrary, he might have perforated him in a dozen places at once. But one thing is sure—Governor Brown would have clasped his long white fingers around the pistol butt, adjusted it to his gray eye, and sent his bullet within the eighth of an inch of the place he had selected. I should not be surprised if he drew a diagram of General Toombs, and marked off with square and compass the exact spot he wanted to hit.

General Toombs has always been loose and prodigal in his money matters. Governor Brown has been precise and economical all his life, and gives \$50,000 to a Baptist college—not a larger amount probably than General Toombs has dispensed casually, but how much more compact and useful! This may be a good fact to stop on, as it furnishes a point of view from which the two lives may be logically surveyed. Two great lives they are, illustrious and distinguished—utterly dissimilar. Georgia could have spared neither and is jealous of both. I could write of them for hours, but the people are up and the flags are flying, and the journalist has no time for moralizing or leisurely speculation.

"BOB."

HOW AN OLD MAN "COME HOME."

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL, PICKED OUT OF A BUSY LIFE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY GAZETTE.]

"YOU are the no-countest, laziest, meanest dog that ever wore breeches! Never let me see you again!"

Thus Mrs. Tag to Mr. Tag, her husband; she standing in the door, her arms' akimbo, and, cat-like, spitting the words at him.

Mr. Tag made no reply. He did not even put up his hands in evasion. He stood dazed and bewildered, as one who hesitates in a sudden shower, and then turning, pulled his old hat down over his shoulders, as if she was throwing rocks at him instead of words, and shambled off in silence, quickening his retreat by a pitiful little jerk, every time she launched a new volley at him.

This she did as often as her brains could forge them and her tongue send them. She stood there, the very picture of fury. And at length, with disgust on every feature, she turned, sprawled a weevilly little child that was clinging to her skirts, and went into the house.

As for Mr. Tag, he hurried on, never once looking back until he had reached a hill, against which the sun was setting. He then slowed up a little, lifted the flap of his hat cautiously, as if to be sure he was out of ear-shot—then stopped. He pulled off his hat, shook it to and fro—unconsciously, I think—in his hand as one who comes out of the storm. He looked about him a while, as if undetermined, and then browsed about vaguely in the sunset, until his bent, shambling figure seemed melting into the golden glory that enveloped it; and his round, chubby head was tipped with light.

I thought probably he wanted to see me, so I climbed up the hill. He seemed to approve of my coming, and walked down in the shade to meet me.

"Ann was sorter rough to me, wan't she?" he said, with a chuckle of deprecation.

I assented quietly to the lack of smoothness in Ann's remarks.

"You aint know'd me long," he said, with a sudden flicker of earnestness; "and you've knowed the worst part of me. You've knowed the trouble and the fag-end. You warn't in at the good part of my life!"

I should think not, poor fellow. Ever since I had known him he had been the same shabby, good-for-nothing that he is now. He had grown a bit more serious of late, and his long face—it was abnormally long between the eyes and the chin—had whitened somewhat, but otherwise he was about the same shabby, ragged, half-starved old fellow I had known for a year or so. Yes, Bob, I had clearly known the worst of you!

"I was a better man once; not a better man, either, as I know of, but I had luck. When me and Ann married, there warn't a happier couple nowhere. I remember just as well when I courted her. She didn't think about me then as she does now. We had a buggy to ourselves, and we turned down a shady road. I fetched it on soon after we left the crowd, and she was about as well pleased as me. It seemed like that road was the road to heaven, and we was so happy that we wasn't in no hurry to get to the end of it. Ann was handsome then. Oh yes, she was!"—as I winced at this,—“and at first as good a wife to me as ever a man had.

"It may a-been me that started the trouble. I was unfortnit in everything I touched. My fingers slipped off o' everything and everything slipped off o' them. I could get no grip on nothin'. I worked hard, but something harder agin me. Ann was ambitious and uppish, and I used to think when I come home at night, most tired to death, she was gettin' to despise me. She'd snap me up

and abuse me till actually I was afraid to come home. I never misused her or give her a back word. I thought maybe she wasn't to blame, and that what she said about me was true. Things' kept a-gitten worse, and we sold off pretty much what we had. Five years ago a big surprise came to us. It was a baby—a boy—him!" nodding toward the hut. "It was a surprise to both of us. We'd been married fourteen years. It made Ann harder on me than ever. She never let me rest; it was all the time hard words and hard looks. I never raised even a look against her, o' course. I thought she was right about me. He never had a cross word with me. Him and me knowed each other from the start. We had a langwidge of our own. Ther wasn't no words in it—just looks and grunts. I never could git 'nough, nuther could he. He know'd more an' me. Ther was a kinder way-off look in his eyes that was solemn and deep, I tell you. At last Ann got to breaking me up. Whenever she catch me with him she'd drive me off. I'd always hurry off, 'cause I never wanted him to hear her 'spressin herself 'bout me. 'Peared like he understood every word of it. Mos't two years ago, and I ain't had one since. I couldn't git one. Ann commenced takin' in washing, and one day she said I shouldn't hang around no more a-eatin' him and her out of house and home. That was more'n a year ago, and I seen him since to talk to him. Every time I go about she hustles me about like she did to-day. I never make no fuss. She's right about me, I reckon. I am powerful no 'count. But he has stirred things in me I ain't felt movin' for many a year!"

"What's his name, Bob?"

"Got none. She never would let me talk to her 'bout it, and I ain't got no right to name him. I ast her once how it would do to call him little Bob, and she said I better git him sumpin' to eat; he couldn't eat a name, nor dress in it neither; which was true. But he's got my old face on him, and my look. I know that, and he knows it too."

"Did you ever drink, Bob?"

"Me! You know I didn't. I did get drunk once. The boys give me the wine. They say liquor makes a man savage, and makes him beat his wife. It didn't take me that way. I was the happiest fellow you ever see. I felt light and free. My blood was warm, and just jumped along—and beat Ann? why, all the old love come back to me, as I went to'ards home, feelin' big as a king. I made as how I'd go up to Ann and put arm aroun' her neck in the old way, and tell her if she'd only encourage me a little, I'd get about for her and him and make 'em both rich. I couldn't hardly wait to get home, I was so full of it. She was just settin' down a pail of water when I come in. I made for her, gentle like, and had just got my arms to her neck, when she drawed back, with a few words like them this evening, and dosed the pail of water full in my face. As I scrambled out o' the door, sorter blind like, I struck the edge o' the gulley there, rolled down head over heels, and fotch up squar' at the bottom, as sober a man as ever you see!"

I met Bob a few days after that in a state of effusive delight. He would not disclose himself at first. He followed me through several blocks, and at length, diving into an alley, beckoned me cautiously to him. He took off his old hat, always with him a preliminary to conversation, and glancing cautiously around, said in a hoarse whisper:

"Had a pic-nic to-day."

"A pic-nic! Who?"

"Me and him!"

And his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face was broken by smiles and chuckles, that struggled to the surface, as porpoises do, and then shrunk back into the depths from whence they came.

"You don't know Phenice—the neighbor's gal as nusses him sometimes? Well, I seed her out with him, to-day, and I tolled her off kinder, till she got beyant the hill, and then I give her a quarter I had got, and purposed

as how she should gi' me a little time with him. She sciddled off to town to git her quarter spent, and I took him and made for the woods, to meet her thar agin, by sun!"

"He's a deep one, I tell you!" he said, drawing a breath of admiration; "as deep a one as I ever see. He'd never been in the woods before, but he jest knowed it all! You orter seed him when a jay-bird come and sot on a high limb, and flung him some sass, and tried to sorter to make free with him. The look that boy give him couldn't a' been beat by nobody. The jay tried to hold up to it and chaffered a little, but he finally had to skip, the wust beat bird you ever saw!"

And so the old fellow went on, telling me about that wonderful pic-nic; how he had gathered flowers for the baby, and made little bouquets, which the baby received with a critical air, as if he had spent his life in a florist's shop, and being a connoisseur in flowers, couldn't afford to become enthusiastic over pied daisies; how a gray squirrel scampering down a near tree had startled him out of his wits, while the baby, seated still nearer the disturbance than he, remained a marvel of stolidity and presence of mind; how the baby was finally coaxed out of his wise reserve by a group of yellow butterflies pulsating in the golden sunshine, and by the flashing of the silvery brook that ran beneath them; how all the birds in the county seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to upset that baby's dignity; and how they would assail him with pert bursts of song and rapid curvetings about his head, while Bob sat off at a distance, "and let 'em fight it out, not helping one side or t'other," always to see the chatterers retire in good-humored defeat before the serene impassibility of the youngster; how the only drawback to the pic-nic was that there was not a thing to eat, and besides its being in violation of all pic-nic precedent, there was danger of the little one getting very hungry; and how, in the evening—what would have been after dinner if they'd had any dinner—the baby, who was sitting oppo-

site Bob on the grass, suddenly assumed an air of deeper solemnity, even than he had worn before, and gazed at Bob with a dense and inscrutable gaze, until he was actually embarrassed by the searching and fixed character of this look; and how the round, grave head suddenly keeled to one side as if it were so heavy with ideas that it could not be held upright any longer; and how then, suddenly, and without a sign or hint of warning, this self-possessed baby tumbled over in the grass, shot his little toes upward, and, before Bob could reach him, was dead asleep! And Bob told me then, with the glittering tears gathering in his eyes and rolling down his old cheeks, how he had picked the baby up and cuddled him close to his old bosom, and listened to his soft breathing, and stroked his chubby face, and almost guessed the wise dreams that were flitting through his round fuzzy head,—hugged him so close, and pressed him to his bosom with such hungry, tender love, that he felt as if he had him “layin’ agin’ my naked heart, and warmin’ it up, and stirrin’ all its strings with his little fingers!”

It was late that night when I went home—after one o’clock; a fearful night, too. The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind howled like mad. Taking a near cut home, I passed by the hut where Bob’s wife lived. Through the drifting rain, I saw a dark figure against the side of the house. Stepping closer, I saw that it was Bob, mounted on a barrel, flattened out against the planks, his old felt hat down about his ears, and the rain pouring from it in streams—his face glued to the window.

Poor old fellow! there he was! oblivious to the storm, to hunger and everything else—clinging like some homeless night-bird, drifting and helpless, to the outside of his own home; gazing in stealthily at the bed where the little one slept, and warming his old heart up with the memory of that wondrous pic-nic—of the solemn contest with the impertinent jay-bird, and the grave rapture over the butterflies that swung lazily about in their rift of sunshine.

One morning, many months after the pic-nic, Bob came to me sideways. His right arm hung limp and inert by his side, and his right leg dragged helplessly after the left. The yielding muscles of the neck had stiffened and drawn his head awry. He stumbled clumsily to where I was standing, and received my look of surprise shamefacedly.

"I've had a stroke," he said. "Paralysis? It's most used me up. I reckon I'll never be able to do anything for him! It came on me sudden," he said, as if to say that if it had given him any sort of notice, he could have dodged it.

After that Bob went on from worse to worse. His face, all save that fixed in the rigid grasp of the paralysis, became tremulous, pitiful and uncertain. He had lost all the chirrupy good-humor of the other days, and became shy and silent. There was a wistfulness and yearning in his face that would have made your heart ache; a hungry passion had struggled from the depth of his soul, and peered out of his blue eyes, and tugged at the corners of his mouth. There was, too, a pitiful, scary look about him. He had the air of one who is pursued. At the slightest sigh he would pluck at his lame leg sharply, and shamble off, turning full around at intervals to see if he was followed. I learned that his wife had become even harder on him since his trouble, and that he was even more than ever afraid of her.

He had never had another "pic-nic." He had snatched a furtive interview with the baby, under protection of the occasional nurse, from each of which he came to me with a new idea of the "deepness" of that infant. "He's too much for me, that baby is!" he would say. "If I just had his sense!" He was rapidly getting shabbier, and thinner and more woe-begone. He became a slink. He hid about in the day-time, avoiding everybody, and seeming to carry off his love and his passion, as a dog with a bone, seeking an alley. At night he would be seen hanging like a guilty thief about the hut in which his treasure was hid.

"I've a mind," he said one morning, "to go home. I

don't think she" (he had quit calling her "Ann" now) "could drive me out now. All I'd want would be to just sit in a corner o' the house and be with him. That's all."

"Bob," I said to him one morning, "you rascal, you are starving!"

He couldn't deny it. He tried to put it off, but he couldn't. His face told on him.

"Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Nor yesterday!"

"No, sir."

I gave him a half-dollar. A wolfish glare of hunger shot into his eyes as he saw the money. He clutched it with a spasm of haste and started off. I watched his side-long walk down the street, and then went to work, satisfied that he would go off and pack himself full.

It was hardly an hour before he came back, his face brighter than I had seen it in months. He carried a bundle in his live hand. He laid it on my desk, and then fell back on his dead leg while I opened it. I found in the bundle a red tin horse, attached to a blue tin wagon, on which was seated a green tin driver. I looked up in blank astonishment.

"For him!" he said simply. And then he broke down. He turned slowly on his live leg as an axis and leaned against the wall.

"Could you send it to him?" he said at last. "If she knew I sent it, she mightn't let him have it. He's never had nothin' o' this kind, and I thought it might pearten him up."

"Bob, is this the money I gave you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were starving when you left here?"

"Oh, I got some bread!"

I suppose every man, woman and child remembers that terrible night three years ago when we had lightning while the snow was on the ground. The flashes plowed great

yellow seams through the gray of the day, and at night a freezing storm of sleet and rain came.

It was a terrible night. I staggered home through it to where a big fire, and blue eyes and black, and slippers, and roasting apples were awaiting me. I thought of Bob—my old night-owl, with a heart in him, and wondered whether he was keeping his silent, but uncomplaining vigil about the little hut on the hill-side. I even went so far as to speculate on this point with a certain blue-eyed youngster on my knee; to whom Bob's life was a romance and a wonder.

Bless me! and all the time I was pitying him, I didn't know that he had "gone home" and was all right.

His wife slept uneasily that night, as she has since said. She rolled in her sleep a long time, and at last got up and went to the window and looked out. She shuddered at the sound of the whizzing sleet and pitiless hum of the rain on the roof. Then she stumbled sleepily back to her couch, and dreamed of a long shady lane, and a golden-green afternoon in May, and a bright-faced young fellow that looked into her heart, and held her face in his soft fingers. How this dream became tangled in her thoughts that night of all nights, she never could tell. But there it was gleaming like a thread of gold through the dismal warp and woof of her life.

It was full day when she awoke. As she turned lazily upon her side she started up in affright. There was a man, dripping wet, silent, kneeling by her bedside. An old felt hat lay upon the floor. The man's head was bowed deep down over the bed and his hands were bundled tenderly about one of the baby's fists that had been thrown above its head.

The worn, weatherbeaten figure was familiar to her. But there was something that stopped her, as she started forward angrily. She stood posed like a statue for a moment, then bent down, curiously and tenderly, and with trembling fingers pulled the cover back from the bed, and looked up into the man's face steadily. Then she put her

fingers on his hand furtively and shrinkingly. And then a strange look crept into her face—the dream of the night came to her like a flash—and she sank back upon the floor, and dropped her head between her knees.

Ah, yes, Bob had “come home.”

And the poor fellow had come to stay. Not even his place in the corner would he want now! No place about the scanty board! Just to stay—that was all; not to offend by his laziness, or to annoy with his ugly, shambling figure, and his no-count ways. Just “come home to stay!”

And there the baby slept quietly, all unconscious of the shadow and the mystery that hung above his wise little head—unconscious of the shabby old watcher, and the woman on the floor, dreaming, perhaps, of the swinging butterflies and the chaffing birds and the brook flashing in the sunshine. And there was old Bob—brave, at last, through love—“come home.”

Out of the storm like a night-bird! In the door stealthily like a thief! Groping his way to the bedside through the dark like a murderer! But there was no danger in him—no ill-omen about him. It was only old Bob, come home, “come home to stay!”

He had clasped the little hand he loved so well in his rough palm and cuddled it close, as if he hoped to hold it always—fondled it in his hands, as if he hoped to ride his own life on the spring-tide that gathered in its rosy palm, or to catch that young life in the ebbing billows that wasted from his cold fingers. But no; the baby was “too much for him!” And the young heart, all unconscious and all perverse, sent the rich blood through the little arm, down the slender wrist, and into the dimpled fist, where it pulsed and throbbed uneasily, as it broke against the chill, stark presence of Death!

COTTON AND ITS KINGDOM.*

IT has long been the fortune of the South to deal with special problems—slavery, secession, reconstruction. For fifty years has the settlement of these questions engaged her people, and challenged the attention of the world. As these issues are set aside finally, after stubborn and bloody conflict, during which she maintained her position with courage, and abided results with fortitude, she finds herself confronted with a new problem quite as important as either of those that have been disposed of. In the cultivation and handling, under the new order of things, of the world's great staple, cotton, she is grappling with a matter that involves essentially her own welfare, and is of the greatest interest to the general public. To the slave-holder the growing of cotton was straight and easy, as the product of his land was supplemented by the increase of his slaves, and he prospered in spite of himself. To the Southern farmer of *post bellum* days, impoverished, unsettled, and thrown upon free labor, working feverishly with untried conditions, poorly informed as to the result of experiments made by his neighbors, and too impatient to wait upon his own experience, it is quite a different affair. After sixteen years of trial, everything is yet indeterminate. And whether this staple is cultivated in the South as a profit or a passion, and whether it shall bring the South to independence or to beggary, are matters yet to be settled. Whether its culture shall result in a host of croppers without money or credit, appealing to the granaries of the West against famine, paying toll to usurers at home, and mortgaging their crops to speculators abroad even before it is planted—a planting oligarchy of money-lenders, who have usurped the land through foreclosure, and hold by

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the ever-growing margin between a grasping lender and an enforced borrower—or a prosperous self-respecting race of small farmers, cultivating their own lands, living upon their own resources, controlling their crops until they are sold, and independent alike of usurers and provision brokers—which of these shall be the outcome of cotton culture the future must determine. It is certain only in the present that the vigor of the cotton producers and the pace at which they are moving are rapidly forcing a settlement of these questions, and that the result of the experiments now swiftly working out in the South will especially concern a large part of the human race, from the farmer who plods down the cotton row, cutting through his doubts with a hoe, to the spinner in Manchester who anxiously balances the totals of the world's crop.

It may be well to remark at the outset that the production of cotton in the South is practically without limit. It was 1830 before the American crop reached 1,000,000 bales, and the highest point ever reached in the days of slavery was a trifle above 4,500,000 bales. The crop of 1880-81 is about 2,000,000 in excess of this, and there are those who believe that a crop of 8,000,000 bales is among the certainties of the next few years. The heavy increase in the cotton crop is due entirely to the increase of cotton acreage brought about by the use of fertilizers. Millions of acres of land, formerly thought to be beyond the possible limit of the cotton belt, have been made the best of cotton lands by being artificially enriched. In North Carolina alone the limit of cotton production has been moved twenty miles northward and twenty miles westward, and the half of Georgia on which no cotton was grown twenty years ago now produces fully half the crop of the State. The "area of low production" as the Atlantic States are brought to the front by artificial stimulation is moving westward, and is now central in Alabama and Florida. But the increase in acreage, large as it is, will be but a small factor in the increase of production, compared to the intensifying the cultivation of the land now in use. Under

the present loose system of planting, the average yield is hardly better than one bale to three acres. This could be easily increased to a bale an acre. In Georgia five bales have been raised on one acre, and a yield of three bales to the acre is credited to several localities. President Morehead, of the Mississippi Valley Cotton Planters' Association, says that the entire cotton crop of the present year might have been easily raised in fourteen counties along the Mississippi River. It will be seen, therefore, that the capacity of the South to produce cotton is practically limitless, and when we consider the enormous demand for cotton goods now opening up from new climes and peoples, we may conclude that the near future will see crops compared to which the crop of the past year, worth \$300,000,000, will seem small.

Who will be the producers of these vast crops of the future? Will they be land-owners or tenants—planters or farmers? The answer to this inquiry will be made by the average Southerners without hesitation. "Small farms," he will say, "well tended by actual owners, will be the rule in the South. The day of a land-holding oligarchy has passed forever." Let us see about this.

The history of agriculture—slow and stubborn industry that it is—will hardly show stronger changes than have taken place in the rural communities of the South in the past fifteen years. Immediately after the war between the States there was a period of unprecedented disaster. The surrender of the Confederate armies found the plantations of the South stripped of houses, fences, stock, and implements. The planters were without means or prospects, and uncertain as to what should be done. The belief that extensive cotton culture had perished with slavery had put the price of the staple up to thirty cents. Lured by the dazzling price, which gave them credit as well as hope, the owners of the plantations prepared for vast operations. They refitted their quarters, repaired their fences, summoned hundreds of negro croppers at high prices, and invested lavishly their borrowed capital in what they felt

sure was a veritable bonanza. The few years that followed are full of sickening failure. Planters who had been princes in wealth and possessions suddenly found themselves irretrievably in debt and reduced to beggary. Under the stimulation of high prices the crops grew, until there was a tumble from thirty to ten cents per pound. Unable to meet their engagements with their factors, who, suddenly awakening to the peril of the situation, refused to make further advances or grant extensions, the planters had no recourse but to throw their lands on the market. But so terrible had been their experience—many losing \$100,000 in a single season—that no buyers were found for the plantations on which they had been wrecked. The result of this panic to sell and disinclination to buy was a toppling of land values. Plantations that had brought from \$100,000 to \$150,000 before the war, and even since, were sold at \$6000 to \$10,000, or hung on the hands of the planter and his factor at any price whatever. The ruin seemed to be universal and complete, and the old plantation system, it then seemed, had perished utterly and forever. While no definite reason was given for the failure—free labor and the credit system being the causes usually and loosely assigned—it went without contradiction that the system of planting under which the South had amassed its riches and lived in luxury was inexorably doomed.

Following this lavish and disastrous period came the era of small farms. Led into the market by the low prices to which the best lands had fallen, came a host of small buyers, to accommodate whom the plantations were subdivided, and offered in lots to suit purchasers. Never perhaps was there a rural movement, accomplished without revolution or exodus, that equalled in extent and swiftness the partition of the plantations of the ex-slave-holders into small farms. As remarkable as was the eagerness of the negroes—who bought in Georgia alone 6850 farms in three years—the earth-hunger of the poorer class of the whites, who had been unable under the slave-holding oligarchy to own land, was even more striking. In Mississippi there

were in 1867 but 412 farms of less than ten acres, and in 1870, 11,003; only 2314 of over ten and less than twenty acres, and 1870, 8981; only 16,024 between twenty and one hundred acres, and in 1870, 38,015. There was thus in this one State a gain of nearly forty thousand small farms of less than one hundred acres in about three years. In Georgia the number of small farms sliced off of the big plantations from 1868 to 1873 was 32,824. In Liberty County there were in 1866 only three farms of less than ten acres; in 1870 there were 616, and 749 farms between ten and twenty acres. This splitting of the old plantations into farms went on with equal rapidity all over the South, and was hailed with lively expressions of satisfaction. A population pinned down to the soil on which it lived, made conservative and prudent by land-ownership, forced to abandon the lavish method of the old time as it had nothing to spare, and to cultivate closely and intelligently as it had no acres to waste, living on cost as it had no credit, and raising its own supplies as it could not afford to buy—this the South boasted it had in 1873, and this many believe it has to-day. The small farmer—who was to retrieve the disasters of the South, and wipe out the last vestige of the planting aristocracy, between which and the people there was always a lack of sympathy, by keeping his own acres under his own supervision, and using hired labor only as a supplement to his own—is still held to be the typical cotton-raiser.

But the observer who cares to look beneath the surface will detect signs of a reverse current. He will discover that there is beyond question a sure though gradual rebunching of the small farms into large estates, and a tendency toward the re-establishment of a land-holding oligarchy. (Here and there through all the Cotton States, and almost in every county, are reappearing the planter princes of the old time, still lords of acres, though not of slaves.) There is in Mississippi one planter who raises annually 12,000 bales of cotton on twelve consolidated plantations, aggregating perhaps 50,000 acres. The Capeheart estate

on Albemarle Sound, originally of several thousand acres, had \$52,000 worth of land added last year. In the Mississippi Valley, where, more than anywhere else, is preserved the distinctive cotton plantation (this re-absorbing of separate farms into one ownership is going on rapidly.) Mr. F. C. Morehead, an authority on these lands, says that not one-third of them are owned by the men who held them at the close of the war, and that they are passing, one after the other, into the hands of the commission merchants. It is doubtful if there is a neighborhood in all the South in which casual inquiry will not bring to the front from ten to a dozen men who have added farm after farm to their possessions for the past several years, and now own from six to twenty places. (It must not be supposed that these farms are bunched together and run after the old plantation style. On the contrary, they are cut into even smaller farms, and rented to small croppers. The question involved is not whether or not the old plantation methods shall be revived. It is the much more serious problem as to whether the lands divided forever into small farms shall be owned by the many or by the few, whether we shall have in the South a peasantry like that of France, or a tenantry like that of Ireland.)

By getting at the cause of this threatened re-absorption of the small farmer into the system from which he so eagerly and bravely sought release, we shall best understand the movement. It is primarily credit—a false credit based on usury and oppression, strained to a point where it breeds distrust and provokes a percentage to compensate for risk, and strained, not for the purchase of land, which is a security as long as the debt is unpaid, but for provisions and fertilizers, which are valueless to either secure the lender or assist the borrower to pay. With the failure of the large planters and their withdrawal from business, banks, trust companies, and capitalists withdraw their money from agricultural loans. The new breed of farmers held too little land and were too small dealers to command credit or justify investigation. And yet they were obliged

to have money with which to start their work. Commission merchants therefore borrowed the money from the banks, and loaned it to village brokers or store-keepers, who in turn loaned it to farmers in their neighborhood, usually in the form of advancing supplies. It thus came to the farmer after it had been through three principals, each of whom demanded a heavy percentage for the risk he assumed. In every case the farmer gave a lien or mortgage upon his crop of land. In this lien he waived exemptions and defense, and it amounted in effect to a deed. Having once given such a paper to his merchant, his credit was of course gone, and he had to depend upon the man who held the mortgage for his supplies. To that man he must carry his crop when it was gathered, pay him commission for handling it, and accept the settlement that he offered. (To give an idea of the oppressiveness of this system it is only necessary to quote the Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia, who by patient investigation discovered that the Georgia farmers paid prices for supplies that averaged fifty-four per cent. interest on all they bought.) For instance, corn that sold for eighty-nine cents a bushel cash was sold on time secured by a lien at a dollar and twelve cents. In Mississippi the percentage is even more terrible, as the crop lien laws are in force there, and the crop goes into the hands of the merchant, who charges commission on the estimated number of bales, whether a half crop or a full one is raised. (Even this maladjustment of credits would not impoverish the farmer if he did not yield to the infatuation for cotton-planting, and fail to plant anything but cotton.)

Those who have the nerve to give up part of their land and labor to the raising of their own supplies and stock have but little need of credit, and consequently seldom get into the hands of the usurers. But cotton is the money crop, and offers such flattering inducements that everything yields to that.) It is not unusual to see farmers come to the cities to buy butter, melons, meal, and vegetables. They rely almost entirely upon their merchants for meat and

bread, hay, forage, and stock. In one county in Georgia last year, from the small dépôts, \$80,000 worth of meat and bread was shipped to farmers. The official estimate of the National Cotton Planters' Association, at its session of 1881, was that the Cotton States lacked 42,252,244 bushels of wheat; 166,684,279 bushels of corn, 77,762,108 bushels of oats, or 286,698,632 bushels of grain, of raising what it consumed. When to this is added 4,011,150 tons of hay at thirty dollars a ton, and \$32,000,000 paid for fertilizers, we find that the value of the cotton crop is very largely consumed in paying for the material with which it was made. On this enormous amount the cotton farmer has to pay the usurious percentage charged by his merchant broker, which is never less than thirty per cent., and frequently runs up to seventy per cent. We can appreciate, when we consider this, the statement of the man who said, "The commission merchants of the South are gradually becoming farmers, and the farmers, having learned the trick, will become merchants."

The remedy for this deplorable tendency is first the establishment of a proper system of credit. The great West was in much worse condition than the South some years ago. The farms were mortgaged, and were being sold under mortgages, under a system not half so oppressive as that under which the Southern farmer labors. Boston capital, seeking lucrative investment, soon began to pour toward the West, in charge of loan companies, and was put out at eight per cent., and the redemption of that section was speedily worked out. A similar movement is now started in the South. An English company, with head-quarters at New Orleans, loaned over \$600,000 its first year at eight per cent., with perfect security. The farmers who borrowed this money were of course immensely relieved, and the testimony is that they are rapidly working out. In Atlanta, Georgia, a company is established with \$2,000,000 of Boston and New York capital, which it is loaning on farm lands at seven per cent. In the first three months of its work it loaned \$120,000, and it has now appointed local

agents in thirty counties in the State, and advertises that it wishes to lend \$50,000 in each county. The managers say that they can command practically unlimited capital for safe risks at seven per cent. Companies working on the same plan have been established elsewhere in the South, and it is said that there will be no lack of capital for safe risks on rural lands in a few years.

(The first reform, however, that must be made is in the system of farming. The South must prepare to raise her own provisions, compost her fertilizers, cure her own hay, and breed her own stock.) Leaving credit and usury out of the question, no man can pay seventy-five cents a bushel for corn, thirty dollars a ton for hay, twenty dollars a barrel for pork, sixty cents for oats, and raise cotton for eight cents a pound. The farmers who prosper at the South are the "corn-raisers," *i.e.*, the men who raise their own supplies, and make cotton their surplus crop. (A gentleman who recorded 320 mortgages last year testified that not one was placed on the farm of a man who raised his own bread and meat.) The shrewd farmers who always have a bit of money on hand with which to buy any good place that is to be sold under mortgage are the "corn-raisers," and the moment they get possession they rule out the all-cotton plan, and plant corn and the grasses. That the plan of farming only needs revision to make the South rich beyond measure is proven by constant example. A corn-raiser bought a place of 370 acres for \$1700. He at once put six tenants on it, and limited their cotton acreage to one-third of what they had under cultivation. Each one of the six made more clear money than the former owner had made, and the rents for the first year were \$1126. The man who bought this farm lives in Oglethorpe, Georgia, and has fifteen farms all run on the same plan.

The details of the management of what may be the typical planting neighborhood of the South in the future are furnished me by the manager of the Capeheart estate in North Carolina. This estate is divided into farms of fifty acres each, and rented to tenants. These tenants are

bound to plant fifteen acres in cotton, twelve in corn, eight in small crops, and let fifteen lie in grass. They pay one-third of the crop as rent, or one-half if the proprietor furnishes horses and mules. They have comfortable quarters, and are entitled to the use of surplus herring and the dressings of the herring caught in the fisheries annexed to the place. In the center of the estate is a general store managed by the proprietor, at which the tenants have such a line of credit as they are entitled to, of course paying a pretty percentage of profit on the goods they buy. They are universally prosperous, and in some cases, where by skill and industry they have secured 100 acres, are laying up money. The profits to Dr. Capeheart are large, and show the margin there is in buying land that is loosely farmed, and putting it under intelligent supervision. Of the \$52,000 worth of land added to his estates last year, at a valuation of twenty-five dollars per acre, he will realize in rental nine dollars per acre for every acre cultivated, and calculates that in five years at the most the rentals of the land will have paid back what he gave for it.

Amid all this transition from land-owner to tenant there is, besides the corn-raiser, one other steadfast figure, undisturbed by change of relation or condition, holding tenaciously to what it has, though little inclined to push for more. This is Cuffee, the darky farmer. There is no more interesting study in our agriculture than this same dusky, good-natured fellow—humble, patient, shrewd—as he drives into town with his mixed team and his one bag of cotton, on which, drawn by a sympathetic sense of ownership, his whole family is clustered. Living simply and frugally, supplementing his humble meal with a 'possum caught in the night hunt, or a rabbit shot with the old army musket that he captured from some deserted battle-field, and allowing no idlers in the family save the youngsters who "tend de free school," he defies alike the usurer and the land-shark. In the State of Georgia he owns 680,000 acres of land, cut up into farms that barely average ten acres each, and in the Cotton States he owns 2,680,800 acres, similarly

divided. From this possession it is impossible to drive him, and to this possession he adds gradually as the seasons go by. He is not ambitious, however, to own large tracts of land, preferring the few acres that he has constantly under his eye, and to every foot of which he feels a rude attachment.

The relations of the negro to cotton are peculiar. Although he spends the most of his life in the cotton field, and this staple is the main crop with which he is concerned, it does not enter into his social life, catch his sentiment, or furnish the occasion for any of his pleasures. None of his homely festivals hinge upon the culture or handling of the great staple. He has his corn-shuckings, his log-rollings, his quilting bees, his threshing jousts, and indeed every special work about the farm is made to yield its element of frolic, except the making of cotton. None of those tuneful melodies with which he beguiles his work or gladdens his play-time acknowledge cotton as a subject or an incident. None of the folklore with which the moonlight nights are whiled away or the fire-lit cabins sanctified, and which finds its home in the corn patch or the meadows, has aught to do with the cotton field. I have never heard a negro song in which the cotton field is made the incidental theme or the subject of allusion, except in a broken perversion of that incomparable ballad, "The Mocking-Bird," in which the name of the heroine, the tender sentiment, and the tune, which is a favorite one with the negroes, are preserved. This song, with the flower of Southern girlhood that points the regretful tenderness changed into a dusky maiden idealized by early death, with the "mocking-bird singing o'er her grave," and sung in snatches almost without words or coherence, is popular with the field hands in many parts of the South.

But when we have discussed the questions involved in the planting and culture of the cotton crop, as serious as they are, we have had to do with the least important phase of our subject. (The crop of 7,000,000 bales, when ready for the market, is worth in round numbers \$300,000,000.

The same crop when manufactured is worth over \$900,000.000. Will the South be content to see the whole of this added value realized by outsiders? If not, how much of the work necessary to create this value will she do within her own borders? She has abundant water-powers, that are never locked a day by ice or lowered by drought, that may be had for a mere song; cheap labor, cheap lands, an unequalled climate, cheap fuel, and the conditions of cheap living. Can these be utilized to any general extent?

It may be premised that there are questions of the utmost importance to the South outside of the manufacture of the lint, which is usually held to cover the whole question of cotton manufacture. There is no particle of the cotton plant that may not be handled to advantage. Mr. Edward Atkinson is authority for the statement that if a plant similar to cotton, but having no lint, could be grown in the North, it would be one of the most profitable of crops. And yet it is true that up to a late date the seed of the cotton has been wholly wasted, and even now the stalk is thrown away as useless. A crop of 7,000,000 bales will yield 3,500,000 tons of cotton seed. Every ounce of this seed is valuable, and in the past few years it has been so handled as to add very heavily to the value of the crop. The first value of the seed is as a fertilizer. It has been discovered of late that the seed that had been formerly allowed to accumulate about the gin-houses in vast piles and rot as waste material, when put upon the fields would add twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. to the crop, and was equal to many of the fertilizers that sell in the market for \$25 per ton. In 1869 a mill was established in New Orleans for the purpose of pressing the oil from the cotton seed, and manufacturing the bulk into stock food. Its success was so pronounced that there are now fifty-nine seed-oil mills in the South, costing over \$6,000,000, and working up \$5,500,000 worth of seed annually. The product of the seed used sells for \$9,600,000, so that the mills create a value of \$4,500,000 annually. They used only one-seventh of the seed produced in the South. A ton of seed

which can be worked for \$5.50 a ton, and cost originally \$8 to \$10, making an average cost when worked of \$15, is estimated to produce thirty-five gallons of oil worth \$11.50, seed-cake worth \$5.50, and lint worth \$1.50—a total of \$18.50, or profit of \$3.50, per ton. The oil is of excellent quality, and is used in the making of soaps, stearine, white oils, and when highly refined is a table oil of such flavor and appearance as will deceive the best judges. A quality has been lately discovered in it that makes it valuable as a dye-stuff. It is shipped largely to Europe, 130,000 barrels having been exported last year, chiefly to Antwerp. It is put up carefully, and re-shipped to this country as olive-oil to such an extent that prohibitory duties have been put on it by the Italian government, and it is ruled out of that country. Before it is placed in the oil mill the cotton seed is hulled. The hulls are valuable, and may be used for tanning, made into pulp for paper stock, or used as fuel, and the ashes sold to the soap-makers for the potash they contain. The mass of kernels left after the hulls have been removed and the oil pressed out is made into seed-cake, a most desirable food for stock, which is exported largely to Europe. It is also worked into a fertilizer that yields under analysis \$37.50 in value per ton, and can be sold for \$22 a ton. It is a notable fact that the ton of seed-cake is even more valuable as a stock food after the \$11.50 worth of oil has been taken from it than before, and quite as valuable as a fertilizer. In the four hundred pounds of lint in a bale of cotton there are but four pounds of chemical elements taken from the soil; in the oil there is little more; but in the seed-cake and hulls there are forty pounds of potash and phosphate of lime. But admirable as is the disposition of the cotton seed for manufacture, ample as is the margin of profit, and rapid as has been the growth in the industry, there exists the same disorganization that is noticeable in the handling of the whole cotton question. Although less than one-seventh of the seed raised is needed by the mills, they are unable to get enough to keep them running. The cotton is ginned in such awkward distribu-

tion, and in such small quantity at any one locality, that it cannot be gathered promptly or cheaply enough for the oil mills. Of the 3,500,000 tons of seed, 500,000 tons only are worked up, and perhaps as much more used for seed. This leaves 2,500,000 tons not worked, and in which is lost nearly \$30,000,000 worth of oil. For whether this two and a half million tons is used as a fertilizer or fed to the stock, it would lose none of its value for either purpose if the thirty-five gallons of oil, worth \$11.50, were extracted from each ton of it.

Even when the South has passed beyond the proper handling of cotton seed, she has very important ground to cover before she arrives at what is generally known as cotton manufacturing. "The manufacture of this staple," says a very eminent authority, "is a unit, beginning at the field where the cotton is picked, and ending at the factory from which the cloth is sent to the merchant." How little this essential truth has been appreciated is apparent from the fact that, until the last census, ginning, pressing, and baling have been classed with the "production" of cotton, and its manufacture held to consist solely of spinning and weaving. Yet there is not a process to which the lint is submitted after it is thrown from the negro's "pocket" that does not act directly on the quality of the cloth that is finally produced, and on the cheapness and efficiency with which the cloth is made. The separation of the fibre from the seed, the disposition made of the fluffy lint before it is compressed, the compression itself, and the baling of the compressed cotton—these are all delicate operations, involving the integrity of the fibre, the cost of getting it ready for the spindle, and the ease with which it may be spun. Indeed, Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, a most accomplished writer, contends that the gin-house is the pivotal point around which the whole manufacture of cotton revolves. There is no question that with one-tenth of the money invested in improved gins, cleaners, and pressers that would be required for factories, and with incomparably less risk, the South could make one-half the profit, pound

for pound, that is made in the mills of New England. Mr. F. C. Morehead, already alluded to in this article, says: "A farmer who produces 500 bales of cotton—200,000 pounds—can, by the expenditure of \$1500 on improved gins and cleaners, add one cent per pound to the value of his crop, or \$2000. If he added only one-half of one cent, he would get in the first year over fifty per cent. return of his outlay." Mr. Edward Atkinson—to close this list of authorities—says that the cotton crop is deteriorated ten per cent. at least by being improperly handled from the field to the factory. It is, of course, equally true that a reform in this department of the manufacture of cotton would add ten per cent. to the value of the crop—say \$30,000,000—and that, too, without cost to the consumer. Much of the work now done in the mills of New England is occasioned by the errors committed in ginning and packing. Not only would the great part of the dust, sand, and grit that get into cotton from careless handling about the gin-house be kept out if it were properly protected, but that which is in the fibre naturally could be cleaned out more efficiently and with one-third the labor and cost, if it were taken before it has been compressed and baled. Beyond this, the excessive beating and tearing of the fibre necessary to clean it after the sand has been packed in, weaken and impair it, and the sand injures the costly and delicate machinery of the mills.

The capital available to the farmers of any neighborhood in the South is entirely adequate to make thorough reform in this most important, safest, and most profitable department of the manufacture of cotton. A gin-house constructed on the best plan, supplied with the new roller gins lately invented in England, that guarantee to surpass in quantity of cotton ginned as well as quality of lint our rude and imperfect saw gins, having automatic feeders to pass the picking to the gin, and an apron to receive the lint as it comes from the gin and carry it to the beater, or cleaner, where all the motes and dust can be taken from the freshly ginned fibre and then, instead of rolling this

fleecy mass on a dirty floor, where it would catch every particle of dust and grit, to carry it direct to a DeDrick press that would compress forty pounds within a cubic foot, and reduce the little bale of one hundred and twenty pounds to the consistency of elm-wood, and as little liable to soak water or catch dirt—an establishment of this sort would add one cent per pound to every pound of cotton put through it, and would be worth more as an example than a dozen cotton factories. Annexed to this gin-house should be a huller to take the hulls from the seed and to this huller the seed should be taken as it comes from the gins. Once hulled, the hulls should be fed to the stock, restored to the soil, or sold, and the kernels sent to the nearest oil mill, the oil sold, and the meal fed to sheep or stock, or used as a fertilizer. These improvements, costing little, and within the skill of ordinary laborers, would bring as good a profit as could be realized by a factory involving enormous outlay, great risk, and the utmost skill of management. The importance of reform here will be seen when we state that there is half as much capital—say \$70,000,000—invested in machinery for baling, pressing, and ginning cotton as there is invested in the United States in machinery for weaving and spinning it. So great has been the progress in invention, and so sluggish the cotton farmer to reform either his methods or his machinery, that experts agree that the ginning, pressing, and baling of the crop could be done with one-half or possibly one-third of the labor and cost of the present, and done so much better that the product would be worth ten per cent. more than it now commands, if the best machinery were bought, and the best methods employed.

The urgency and the magnitude of the reforms needed in the field and about the gin-house have not deterred the South from aspiring to spin and weave at least the bulk of the cotton crop. Indeed, there is nothing that so appeals to Southern pride as to urge the possibility that in time the manufacture of this crop as well as the crop itself shall be a monopoly of the cotton belt. As the South grows

richer and the conditions of competition are nearer equal, there will be a tendency to place new machinery intended for the manufacture of cotton near the field in which the staple is growing; but the extent to which this tendency will control, or the time in which it will become controlling, is beyond the scope of this article. We shall rather deal with things as they are, or are likely to be in the very near future. We note, then, that in the past ten years the South has more than doubled the amount of cotton manufactured within her borders. In 1870, there were used 45,032,866 pounds of cotton; in 1880, 101,937,256 pounds. In 1870, there were 11,602 looms and 416,983 spindles running; in 1880, 15,222 looms and 714,078 spindles. This array of figures hardly indicates fairly the progress that the South will make in the next ten years, for the reason that the factories in which these spindles are turned are experiments in most of the localities in which they are placed. It is the invariable rule that when a factory is built in any city or country it is easier to raise the capital for a subsequent enterprise than for the first one. At Augusta, Georgia, for instance, where the manufacture of cloth has been demonstrated a success, the progress is remarkable. In the past two years two new mills, the Enterprise and Sibly, with 30,000 spindles each, have been established; and a third, the King, has been organized, with a capital of \$1,000,000 and 30,000 spindles. The capital for these mills was furnished about one-fourth in Augusta, and the balance in the North. With these mills running, Augusta will have 170,000 spindles, and will have added about 70,000 spindles to the last census returns. In South Carolina the same rapid growth is resulting from the establishment of one or two successful mills; and in Columbus, Georgia, the influence of one successful mill, the Eagle and Phoenix, has raised the local consumption of cotton from 1927 bales in 1870 to 19,000 bales in 1880. In Atlanta, Georgia, the first mill had hardly been finished before the second was started; a third is projected; and two companies have secured charters for the building of a

forty-mile canal to furnish water-power and factory fronts to capital in and about the city. These things are mentioned simply to show that the growth of cotton manufacture in the South is sympathetic, and that each factory established is an argument for others. There is no investment that has proved so uniformly successful in the South as that put into cotton factories. An Augusta factory just advertises eight per cent. semi-annual dividend; the Eagle and Phoenix, of Columbus, earned twenty-five per cent. last year; the Augusta factory for eleven years made an average of eighteen per cent. per annum. The net earnings of the Langley Mills was \$480,000 for its first eight years on a capital of \$400,000, or an average of fifteen per cent. a year. The earnings of sixty Southern mills, large and small, selected at random, for three years, averaged fourteen per cent. per annum.

Indeed, an experience varied and extended enough to give it authority teaches that there is absolutely no reason why the South should not profitably quadruple its capacity for the manufacture of cotton every year in the next five years except the lack of capital. The lack of skilled labor has proved to be a chimerical fear, as the mills bring enough of skilled labor to any community in which they are established to speedily educate up a native force. It may be true that for the most delicate work the South will for a while lack the efficient labor of New England that has been trained for generations, but it is equally true that no factory in the South has ever been stopped a week for the lack of suitable labor. The operatives can live cheaper than at the North, and can be had for lower wages. As sensible a man as Mr. Edward Atkinson claimed lately that in the cotton country proper a person could not keep at continuous in-door labor during the summer. The answer to this is that during the present summer, the hottest ever known, not a Southern mill has stopped for one day or hour on account of the heat, and this, too, when scores of establishments through the Western and Northern cities were closed. One of the strongest points of advantage the

South has is that for no extreme of climate, acting on the machinery, the operatives, or the water-supply, is any of her mills forced to suspend work at any season. Beyond this, Southern water-powers can be purchased low, and the land adjacent at a song; there are no commissions to pay on the purchase of cotton, no freight on its transportation, and it is submitted to the picker before it has undergone serious compression. Mr. W. H. Young, of Columbus, perhaps the best Southern authority, estimates that the Columbus mills have an advantage of nine-tenths of a cent per pound over their Northern competitors, and this in a mill of 1600 looms will amount to nine per cent. on the entire capital, or \$120,099. The Southern mills, without exception, pulled through the years of depression that followed the panic of 1873, paying regular dividends of from six per cent. to fifteen, and, it may be said, have thoroughly won the confidence of investors North and South. The one thing that has retarded the growth of manufacturing in the Cotton States, the lack of capital, is being overcome with astonishing rapidity. Within the past two years considerably over \$100,000,000 of Northern capital has been subscribed, in lots of \$1,000,000 and upward, for the purchase and development of Southern railroads and mining properties; the total will probably run to \$120,000,000. There is now being expended in the building of new railroads from Atlanta, Georgia, as headquarters, \$17,800,000, not one dollar of which was subscribed by Georgians or by the State of Georgia. The men who invest these vast amounts in the South are interested in the general development of the section into which they have gone with their enterprise, and they readily double any local subscription for any legitimate local improvement. By the sale of these railroad properties to Northern syndicates at advanced prices the local stockholders have realized heavily in cash, and this surplus is seeking manufacturing investment. The prospect is that the next ten years will witness a growth in this direction beyond what even the most sanguine predict.

The International Cotton Exposition, opening October 5, of the present year, in Atlanta, must have a tremendous influence in improving the culture, handling, and manufacture of the great staple of the South. The Southern people do not lack the desire to keep abreast with improvement and invention, but on the contrary have shown precipitate eagerness in reaching out for the best and newest. Before the war, when the Southern planter had a little surplus money he bought a slave. Since the war, he buys a piece of machinery. The trouble has been that he was forced to buy without any guide as to the value of what he bought, or its adaptability to the purposes for which he intended it. The consequence is that the farms are littered with ill-adapted and inferior implements and machines, representing twice the investment that, intelligently placed, would provide an equipment that with half the labor would do better work. It is the purpose of the exposition to bring the farmers face to face with the very best machinery that invention and experience have produced. The buildings themselves will be models each of its kind, and will represent the judgment of experts as to cheapness, durability, safety and general excellence. The past and present will be contrasted in the exhibition. The old loom on which the rude fabrics of our forefathers were woven by hands gentle and loving will be put against the more elaborate looms of to-day. The spinning wheel of the past, that filled all the country-side with its drowsy music, as the dusky spinner advanced and retreated, with not ungraceful courtesy and a swinging sidewise shuffle, will find its sweet voice lost in the hum of modern spindles. The cycle of gins and ginning will be there completed, invention coming back, after a half-century of trial with the brutal saw, to a perfected variation of the patient and gentle roller with which the precious fleece was pulled from the seed years upon years ago. There are the most wonderful machines promised, including a half-dozen that claim to have solved the problem—supposed to be past finding out—of picking cotton by machinery. Large fields flank the

buildings, and on these are tested the various kinds of cotton seed, fed by the various kinds of fertilizers, each put in fair competition with the others.

One of the most important special inventions at the exposition will be the Clement attachment—a contrivance for spinning the cotton as it comes from the gin. The invention is simply the marriage of the gin to the spindle. These are joined by two large cards that take the fibre from the gin, straighten it out, and pass it directly to the spinning boards, where it is made into the best of yarns. The announcement of this invention two years ago created very great excitement. If it proved a success, the whole system of cotton manufacture was changed. If the cotton could be spun directly from the gin, all the expense of baling would be eliminated, and four or five expensive steps in the process of cotton from field to cloth would be rendered unnecessary. Better than all, the South argued, the Clement attachment brought the heaviest part of manufacturing to the cotton field, from which it could never be divorced. By the simple joining of the spindles to the gin, the cotton, worth only eight or nine cents as baled lint, in which shape it had been shipped North, became worth sixteen to eighteen cents as yarns. The home value of the crop was thus to be doubled, and by such process as New England could never capture. Several of the attachments were put to work, and were visited by thousands. They produced an excellent quality of yarns; and made a clear profit of two cents per pound on the cotton treated. The investment required was small, and it was held that \$5000 would certainly bring a net annual profit of \$2200. Many of these little mills are still running, and profitably; but difficulties between the owner and his agents, and a general suspicion raised by his declining to put the machine on its merits before certain agricultural associations, prevented its general adoption. That this attachment, or some machine of similar character for spinning the cotton into yarns near the field where it is grown, will be generally adopted through the South in the near future, I

have not a particle of doubt ; that the exposition with its particular exhibits on this point will hasten the day, there is every reason to hope. There are many yarn mills already scattered through the South, but none of them promise the results that will be achieved when the spindles are wedded to the gin, and the same motive power drives both, carrying the cotton without delay or compression from seed to thread.

Such, then, in brief and casual review, is King Cotton, his subjects, and his realm. Vast as his concerns and possessions may appear at present, they are but the hint of what the future will develop. The best authority puts the amount of cotton goods manufactured in America at about fourteen pounds per head of population, of which twelve pounds per capita are retained for home consumption, leaving only a small margin for export. On the Continent there is but one country, probably—Switzerland—that manufactures more cotton goods than it consumes ; and the Continent demands from Great Britain an amount of cotton cloth that, added to its own supply, exhausts nearly one-half the product of the English mills. It is hardly probable that, under the sharp competition of American mills, the capacity of either England or the Continent for producing ordinary cotton cloths will be greatly increased. But, with the yield of the English and Continental mills at least measurably defined and now rapidly absorbed, there is an enormous demand for machine-made cotton fabrics springing from new and virtually exhaustless sources. The continents of Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, and the countries lying between the two American continents, contain more than 800,000,000 people, according to general authority. This immense population is clothed in cotton almost exclusively, and almost as exclusively in hand-made fabrics. That the cheap and superior products of the modern factory will displace these hand-made goods as rapidly as they can be delivered upon competing terms, cannot be doubted. To supply China alone with cotton fabrics made by machine, deduct-

ing the 35,000,000 people or thereabout already supplied, and estimating the demand of the remainder at five pounds per capita, would require 3,000,000 additional bales of cotton and 30,000,000 additional spindles. The goods needed for this demand will be the lower grades of cottons, for the manufacture of which the South is especially adapted, and in which there is serious reason to believe she has demonstrated she has advantages over New England. The demand from Mexico, Central and South America, will grow into immense proportions as cotton and its products cheapen under increased supply, and improved methods of culture and manufacture. The South will be called upon to furnish the cotton to meet the calls of the peoples enumerated. That she can easily do so has been made plain by previous estimate, but it may be added that hardly three per cent. of the cotton area is now devoted to cotton, and that on one-tenth of a single Cotton State—Texas—double the present crop might be raised. Whether or not she will do this profitably, and without destroying the happiness and prosperity of her former population, and building up a land-holding oligarchy, depends on a reform in her system of credit and her system of planting. The first is being effected by the introduction of capital that recognizes farming lands as a safe risk worthy of a low percentage of interest; the latter must depend on the intelligence of her people, the force of a few bright examples, and the wisdom of her leaders. She will be called upon to supply a large proportion of the manufactured goods for this new and limitless demand. It has already been shown that she has felicitous conditions for this work.

IN PLAIN BLACK AND WHITE.*

A REPLY TO MR. CARLE.

IT is strange that during the discussion of the negro question, which has been wide and pertinent, no one has stood up to speak the mind of the South. In this discussion there has been much of truth and more of error—something of perverseness, but more of misapprehension—not a little of injustice, but perhaps less of mean intention.

Amid it all, the South has been silent.

There has been, perhaps, good reason for this silence. The problem under debate is a tremendous one. Its right solution means peace, prosperity, and happiness to the South. A mistake, even in the temper in which it is approached or the theory upon which its solution is attempted, would mean detriment, that at best would be serious, and might easily be worse. Hence the South has pondered over this problem, earnestly seeking with all her might the honest and the safe way out of its entanglements, and saying little because there was but little to which she felt safe in committing herself. Indeed, there was another reason why she did not feel called upon to obtrude her opinions. The people of the North, proceeding by the right of victorious arms, had themselves undertaken to settle the negro question. From the Emancipation Proclamation to the Civil Rights Bill they hurried with little let or hindrance, holding the negro in the meanwhile under a sort of tutelage, from part in which his former masters were practically excluded. Under this state of things the South had little to do but watch and learn.

We have now passed fifteen years of experiment. Certain broad principles have been established as wise and just.

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The South has something to say which she can say with confidence. There is no longer impropriety in her speaking or lack of weight in her words. The people of the United States have, by their suffrages, remitted to the Southern people, temporarily at least, control of the race question. The decision of the Supreme Court on the Civil Rights Bill leaves practically to their adjustment important issues that were, until that decision was rendered, covered by straight and severe enactment. These things deepen the responsibility of the South, increase its concern, and confront it with a problem to which it must address itself promptly and frankly. Where it has been silent, it now should speak. The interest of every American in the honorable and equitable settlement of this question is second only to the interest of those specially—and fortunately, we believe—charged with its adjustment. "What will you do with it?" is a question any man may now ask the South, and to which the South should make frank and full reply.

It is important that this reply shall be plain and straightforward. Above all things it must carry the genuine convictions of the people it represents. On this subject and at this time the South cannot afford to be misunderstood. Upon the clear and general apprehension of her position and of her motives and purpose everything depends. She cannot let pass unchallenged a single utterance that, spoken in her name, misstates her case or her intention. It is to protest against just such injustice that this article is written.

In a lately printed article, Mr. George W. Cable, writing in the name of the Southern people, confesses judgment on points that they still defend, and commits them to a line of thought from which they must forever dissent. In this article, as in his works, the singular tenderness and beauty of which have justly made him famous, Mr. Cable is sentimental rather than practical. But the reader, enchained by the picturesque style and misled by the engaging candor with which the author admits the shortcomings of "We of the South," and the kindling enthusiasm with which he

plain, the light clear, and the march at quick-step. Here the line halted. The way was lost; there was hesitation, division, and uncertainty. Knowing not which way to turn, and enveloped in doubt, the revolutionists heard the retreat sounded by the Supreme Court with small reluctance, and, to use Mr. Cable's words, "bewildered by complication, vexed by many a blunder," retired from the field. See, then, the progress of this work. The first step, right by universal agreement, would stand if the law that made it were withdrawn. The second step, though irrevocable, raises doubts as to its wisdom. The third, wrong in purpose, has failed in execution. It stands denounced as null by the highest court, as inoperative by general confession, and as unwise by popular verdict. Let us take advantage of this halt in the too rapid revolution, and see exactly where we stand and what is best for us to do. The situation is critical. The next moment may formulate the work of the next twenty years. The tremendous forces of the revolution, unspent and still terrible, are but held in arrest. Launch them mistakenly, chaos may come. Wrong-headedness may be as fatal now as wrong-heartedness. Clear views, clear statement, and clear understanding are the demands of the hour. Given these, the common sense and courage of the American people will make the rest easy.

(Let it be understood in the beginning, then, that the South will never adopt Mr. Cable's suggestion of the social intermingling of the races. It can never be driven into accepting it.) So far from there being a growing sentiment in the South in favor of the indiscriminate mixing of the races, the intelligence of both races is moving farther from that proposition day by day. It is more impossible (if I may shade a superlative) now than it was ten years ago; it will be less possible ten years hence. (Neither race wants it.) The interest, as the inclination, of both races is against it.) Here the issue with Mr. Cable is made up. He denounces any assortment of the races as unjust, and demands that white and black shall intermingle everywhere. (The South replies that the assortment of the races is wise and

proper, and stands on the platform of equal accommodation for each race, but separate.)

The difference is an essential one. Deplore or defend it as we may, an antagonism is bred between the races when they are forced into mixed assemblages. This sinks out of sight, if not out of existence, when each race moves in its own sphere. Mr. Cable admits this feeling, but doubts that it is instinctive. In my opinion it is instinctive—deeper than prejudice or pride, and bred in the bone and blood. It would make itself felt even in sections where popular prejudice runs counter to its manifestation. If in any town in Wisconsin or Vermont there was equal population of whites and blacks, and schools, churches, hotels, and theaters were in common, this instinct would assuredly develop; the races would separate, and each race would hasten the separation. Let me give an example that touches this supposition closely. Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, many years ago came to the South earnestly, and honestly, we may believe, devoted to breaking up the assortment of the races. He was backed by powerful influences in the North. He was welcomed by resident Northerners in the South (then in control of Southern affairs) as an able and eloquent exponent of their views. His first experiment toward mixing the races was made in the church—surely the most propitious field. Here the fraternal influence of religion emphasized his appeals for the brotherhood of the races. What was the result? After the first month his church was decimated. The Northern whites and the Southern blacks left it in squads. The dividing influences were mutual. The stout bishop contended with prayer and argument and threat against the inevitable, but finally succumbed. Two separate churches were established, and each race worshiped to itself. There had been no collision, no harsh words, no discussion even. Each race simply obeyed its instinct, that spoke above the appeal of the bishop and dominated the divine influences that pulsed from pew to pew. Time and again did the bishop force the experiment. Time and

again he failed. (At last he was driven to the confession that but one thing could effect what he had tried so hard to bring about, and that was miscegenation. A few years of experiment would force Mr. Cable to the same conclusion.)

The same experiment was tried on a larger scale by the Methodist Episcopal Church (North) when it established its churches in the South after the war. It essayed to bring the races together, and in its conferences and its churches there was no color line. Prejudice certainly did not operate to make a division here. On the contrary, the whites and blacks of this church were knit together by prejudice, pride, sentiment, political and even social policy. Underneath all this was a race instinct, obeying which, silently, they drifted swiftly apart. While white Methodists of the church North and of the church South, distant from each other in all but the kinship of race and worship, were struggling to effect once more a union of the churches that had been torn apart by a quarrel over slavery, so that in every white conference and every white church on all this continent white Methodists could stand in restored brotherhood, the Methodist Church (North) agreed, without serious protest, to a separation of its Southern branch into two conferences of whites and of blacks, and into separate congregations where the proportion of either race was considerable. Was it without reason—it certainly was not through prejudice—that this Church, while seeking anew fusion with its late enemies, consented to separate from its new friends?

It was the race instinct that spoke there. It spoke not with prejudice, but against it. It spoke there as it speaks always and everywhere—as it has spoken for two thousand years. And it spoke to the reason of each race. Millaud, in voting in the French Convention for the beheading of Louis XVI., said: "If death did not exist, it would be necessary to-day to invent it." So of this instinct. It is the pledge of the integrity of each race, and of peace between the races. Without it, there might be a breaking down of all lines of division and a thorough intermingling of whites and blacks.

This once accomplished, the lower and the weaker elements of the races would begin to fuse and the process of amalgamation would have begun. This would mean the disorganization of society. An internecine war would be precipitated. The whites, at any cost and at any hazard, would maintain the clear integrity and dominance of the Anglo-Saxon blood. They understand perfectly that the debasement of their own race would not profit the humble and sincere race with which their lot is cast, and that the hybrid would not gain what either race lost. Even if the vigor and the volume of the Anglo-Saxon blood would enable it to absorb the African current, and after many generations recover its own strength and purity, not all the powers of earth could control the unspeakable horrors that would wait upon the slow process of clarification. Easier far it would be to take the population of central New York, intermingle with it an equal percentage of Indians, and force amalgamation between the two. Let us review the argument. (If Mr. Cable is correct in assuming that there is no instinct that keeps the two races separate in the South, then there is no reason for doubting that if intermingled they would fuse. Mere prejudice would not long survive perfect equality and social intermingling; and the prejudice once gone, intermarrying would begin.) Then, if there is a race instinct in either race that resents intimate association with the other, it would be unwise to force such association when there are easy and just alternatives. If there is no such instinct, the mixing of the races would mean amalgamation, to which the whites will never submit, and to which neither race should submit. So that in either case, whether the race feeling is instinct or prejudice, we come to but one conclusion: The white and black races in the South must walk apart. Concurrent their courses may go—ought to go—will go—but separate. If instinct did not make this plain in a flash, reason would spell it out letter by letter.

Now, let us see. We hold that there is an instinct, ineradicable and positive, that will keep the races apart, that

would keep the races apart if the problem were transferred to Illinois or to Maine, and that will resist every effort of appeal, argument, or force to bring them together. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if no such instinct existed, or if the South had reasonable doubt of its existence, it would, by every means in its power, so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct. The question that confronts us at this point is: Admitted this instinct, that gathers each race to itself. Then, do you believe it possible to carry forward on the same soil and under the same laws two races equally free, practically equal in numbers, and yet entirely distinct and separate? This is a momentous question. It involves a problem that, all things considered, is without a precedent or parallel. Can the South carry this problem in honor and in peace to an equitable solution? We reply that for ten years the South has been doing this very thing, and with at least apparent success. No impartial and observant man can say that in the present aspect of things there is cause for alarm, or even for doubt. In the experience of the past few years there is assuredly reason for encouragement. There may be those who discern danger in the distant future. We do not. Beyond the apprehensions which must for a long time attend a matter so serious, we see nothing but cause for congratulation. In the common sense and the sincerity of the negro, no less than in the intelligence and earnestness of the whites, we find the problem simplifying. So far from the future bringing trouble, we feel confident that another decade or so, confirming the experience of the past ten years, will furnish the solution to be accepted of all men.

Let us examine briefly what the South has been doing, and study the attitude of the races toward each other. Let us do this, not so much to vindicate the past as to clear the way for the future. Let us see what the situation teaches. There must be in the experience of fifteen years something definite and suggestive. We begin with the

schools and school-management, as the basis of the rest.

Every Southern State has a common-school system, and in every State separate schools are provided for the races. Almost every city of more than five thousand inhabitants has a public-school system, and in every city the schools for whites and blacks are separate. There is no exception to this rule that I can find. In many cases the law creating this system requires that separate schools shall be provided for the races. This plan works admirably. There is no friction in the administration of the schools, and no suspicion as to the ultimate tendency of the system. The road to school is clear, and both races walk therein with confidence. (The whites, assured that the school will not be made the hot-bed of false and pernicious ideas, or the scene of unwise associations, support the system cordially, and insist on perfect equality in grade and efficiency. The blacks, asking no more than this, fill the schools with alert and eager children. So far from feeling debased by the separate-school system, they insist that the separation shall be carried further, and the few white teachers yet presiding over negro schools supplanted by negro teachers.) The appropriations for public schools are increased year after year, and free education grows constantly in strength and popularity. Cities that were afraid to commit themselves to free schools while mixed schools were a possibility commenced building school-houses as soon as separate schools were assured. In 1870 the late Benjamin H. Hill found his matchless eloquence unable to carry the suggestion of negro education into popular tolerance. Ten years later nearly one million black children attended free-schools, supported by general taxation. Though the whites pay nineteen-twentieths of the tax, they insist that the blacks shall share its advantages equally. The schools for each race are opened on the same day and closed on the same day. Neither is run a single day at the expense of the other. The negroes are satisfied with the situation. I am aware that some of the Northern teachers of negro high-schools

and universities will controvert this. Touching their opinion, I have only to say that it can hardly be considered fair or conservative. Under the forcing influence of social ostracism, they have reasoned impatiently and have been helped to conclusions by quick sympathies or resentments. Driven back upon themselves and hedged in by suspicion or hostility, their service has become a sort of martyrdom, which has swiftly stimulated opinion into conviction and conviction into fanaticism. I read in a late issue of *Zion's Herald* a letter from one of these teachers, who declined, on the conductor's request, to leave the car in which she was riding, and which was set apart exclusively for negroes. The conductor, therefore, presumed she was a quadroon, and stated his presumption in answer to the inquiry of a young negro man who was with her. She says of this :

"Truly, a glad thrill went through my heart—a thrill of pride. This great autocrat had pronounced me as not only in sympathy, but also one in blood, with the truest, tenderest, and noblest race that dwells on earth."

If this quotation, which is now before me, over the writer's name, suggests that she and those of her colleagues who agree with her have narrowed within their narrowing environment, and acquired artificial enthusiasm under their unnatural conditions, so that they must be unsafe as advisers and unfair as witnesses, the sole purpose for which it is introduced will have been served. This suggestion does not reach all Northern teachers of negro schools. Some have taken broader counsels, awakened wider sympathies, and, as a natural result, hold more moderate views. The influence of the extremer faction is steadily diminishing. Set apart, as small and curious communities are set here and there in populous States, stubborn and stiff for a while, but overwhelmed at last and lost in the mingling currents, these dissenting spots will be ere long blotted out and forgotten. The educational problem, which is their special care, has already been settled, and the settlement accepted with a heartiness that precludes the possibility of its disturbance. From the stand-point of either race the experi-

ment of distinct but equal schools for the white and black children of the South has demonstrated its wisdom, its policy, and its justice, if any experiment ever made plain its wisdom in the hands of finite man.

I quote on this subject Gustavus J. Orr, one of the wisest and best of men, and lately elected, by spontaneous movement, president of the National Educational Association. He says: "The race question in the schools is already settled. We give the negroes equal advantages, but separate schools. This plan meets the reason and satisfies the instinct of both races. Under it we have spent over five million dollars in Georgia, and the system grows in strength constantly." I asked if the negroes wanted mixed schools. His reply was prompt: "They do not. I have questioned them carefully on this point, and they make but one reply: "They want their children in their own schools and under their own teachers." I asked what would be the effect of mixed schools. "I could not maintain the Georgia system one year. Both races would protest against it. My record as a public-school man is known. I have devoted my life to the work of education. But I am so sure of the evils that would come from mixed schools that, even if they were possible, I would see the whole educational system swept away before I would see them established. There is an instinct that gathers each race about itself. It is as strong in the blacks as in the whites, though it has not asserted itself so strongly. It is making itself manifest, since the blacks are organizing a social system of their own. It has long controlled them in their churches, and it is now doing so in their schools."

In churches, as in schools, the separation is perfect. The negroes, in all denominations in which their membership is an appreciable percentage of the whole, have their own churches, congregations, pastors, conferences, bishops, and their own missionaries. There is not the slightest antagonism between them and the white churches of the same denomination.) On the contrary, there is sympathetic interest and the utmost friendliness. The separation

is recognized as not only instinctive but wise. There is no disposition to disturb it, and least of all on the part of the negro. The church is with him the center of social life, and there he wants to find his own people and no others. Let me quote just here a few sentences from a speech delivered by a genuine black negro at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1880. He is himself a pastor of the African Methodist Church, and came as a fraternal delegate. This extract from a speech, largely extempore, is a fair specimen of negro eloquence, as it is a fair evidence of the feeling of that people toward their white neighbors. He said :

"Mr. Chairman, Bishops, and Brethren in Christ: Let me here state a circumstance which has just now occurred. When in the vestry, there we were consulting your committee, among whom is your illustrious Christian Governor, the Honorable A. H. Colquitt [applause], feeling an unusual thirst, and expecting in a few moments to appear before you, thoughtlessly I asked him if there was water to drink. He, looking about the room, answered, 'There is none; I will get you some.' I insisted not; but presently it was brought by a brother minister, and handed me by the Governor. I said: 'Governor, you must allow me to deny myself this distinguished favor, as it recalls so vividly the episode of the warrior king of Israel, when, with parched lips, he cried from the rocky cave of Adullam, 'Oh! that one would give me drink of water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate.' And when three of his valiant captains broke through the host of the enemy, and returned to him with the water for which his soul was longing, regarding it as the water of life, he would not drink it, but poured it out to the Lord.' [Applause.] So may this transcendent emblem of purity and love, from the hand of your most honored co-laborer and friend of the human race, ever remain as a memorial unto the Lord of the friendship existing between the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the African Methodist Episcopal Church upon this the first exchange of formal fraternal greeting. [Applause.]

"In the name of the African Methodist Episcopal Church,—and I declare the true sentiments of thousands,—I say, that for your Church and your race we cherish the kindest feelings that ever found a lodgment in the human breast. [Applause.] Of this you need not be told. Let speak your former missionaries among us, who now hold seats upon this floor, and whose hearts have so often burned within them as they have seen the word sown by them in such humble soil burst forth into abundant prosperity. Ask the hundred thousand of your laymen

who still survive the dead, how we conducted ourselves as tillers of the soil, as servants about the dwelling, and as common worshipers in the temple of God ! Ask your battle-scarred veterans, who left their all to the mercy of relentless circumstances, and went, in answer to the clarion call of the trumpet, to the gigantic and unnatural strife of the second revolution ! Ask them who looked at their interests at home [great cheering] ; who raised their earthworks upon the field ; who buried the young hero so far away from his home, or returned his ashes to the stricken hearts which hung breathless upon the hour ; who protected their wives and little ones from the ravages of wild beasts, and the worse ravages of famine ! And the answer is returned from a million heaving bosoms, as a monument of everlasting remembrance to the benevolence of the colored race in America. [Immense applause.] And these are they who greet you to-day, through their chief organization, the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. [Loud and continued applause.]

"And now, though the yoke which bound the master and the slave together in such close and mutual responsibility has been shivered by the rude shock of war, we find ourselves still standing by your side as natural allies against an unfriendly world." [Applause.]

In their social institutions, as in their churches and schools, the negroes have obeyed their instinct and kept apart from the whites. They have their own social and benevolent societies, their own military companies, their own orders of Masons and Odd Fellows. They rally about these organizations with the greatest enthusiasm and support them with the greatest liberality. If it were proposed to merge them with white organizations of the same character, with equal rights guaranteed in all, the negroes would interpose the stoutest objection. Their tastes, associations, and inclinations—their instincts—lead them to gather their race about social centers of its own. I am tempted into trying to explain here what I have never yet seen a stranger to the South able to understand. The feeling that, by mutual action, separates whites and blacks when they are thrown together in social intercourse is not a repellent influence in the harsh sense of that word. It is centripetal rather than centrifugal. It is attractive about separate centers rather than expulsive from a common center. There is no antagonism, for example, between white

and black military companies. On occasions they parade in the same street, and have none of the feeling that exists between Orangemen and Catholics. Of course the good sense of each race and the mutual recognition of the possible dangers of the situation have much to do with maintaining the good-will between the distinct races. The fact that in his own church or society the negro has more freedom, more chance for leadership and for individual development, than he could have in association with the whites, has more to do with it. But beyond all this is the fact that, in the segregation of the races, blacks as well as whites obey a natural instinct, which, always granting that they get equal justice and equal advantages, they obey without the slightest ill-nature or without any sense of disgrace. They meet the white people in all the avenues of business. They work side by side with the white brick-layer or carpenter in perfect accord and friendliness. When the trowel or the hammer is laid aside, the laborers part, each going his own way. Any attempt to carry the comradeship of the day into private life would be sternly resisted by both parties in interest.

We have seen that in churches, schools, and social organizations the whites and blacks are moving along separately but harmoniously, and that the "assortment of the races," which has been described as shameful and unjust, is in most part made by the instinct of each race, and commands the hearty assent of both. (Let us now consider the question of public carriers. On this point the South has been sharply criticised, and not always without reason.) It is manifestly wrong to make a negro pay as much for a railroad ticket as a white man pays, and then force him to accept inferior accommodations. It is equally wrong to force a decent negro into an indecent car, when there is room for him or for her elsewhere. Public sentiment in the South has long recognized this, and has persistently demanded that the railroad managers should provide cars for the negroes equal in every respect to those set apart for the whites, and that these cars should

be kept clean and orderly. In Georgia a State law requires all public roads or carriers to provide equal accommodation for each race, and failure to do so is made a penal offense. In Tennessee a negro woman lately gained damages by proving that she had been forced to take inferior accommodation on a train. The railroads have, with few exceptions, come up to the requirements of the law. Where they fail, they quickly feel the weight of public opinion, and shock the sense of public justice. This very discussion, I am bound to say, will lessen such failures in the future. On four roads, in my knowledge, even better has been done than the law requires. The car set apart for the negroes is made exclusive. No whites are permitted to occupy it. A white man who strays into this car is politely told that it is reserved for the negroes. He has the information repeated two or three times, smiles, and retreats. This rule works admirably and will win general favor. There are a few roads that make no separate provision for the races, but announce that any passenger can ride on any car. Here the "assortment" of the races is done away with, and here it is that most of the outrages of which we hear occur. On these roads the negro has no place set apart for him. As a rule, he is shy about asserting himself, and he usually finds himself in the meanest corners of the train. If he forces himself into the ladies' car, he is apt to provoke a collision. It is on just one of these trains where the assortment of the passengers is left to chance that a respectable negro woman is apt to be forced to ride in a car crowded with negro convicts. Such a thing would be impossible where the issue is fairly met, and a car, clean, orderly, and exclusive, is provided for each race. The case could not be met by grading the tickets and the accommodations. Such a plan would bring together in the second or third class car just the element of both races between whom prejudice runs highest, and from whom the least of tact or restraint might be expected. On the railroads, as elsewhere, the solution of the race problem is, equal advantages for the same money,—equal in comfort, safety, and exclusiveness,—but separate.)

There remains but one thing further to consider—the negro in the jury-box. It is assumed generally that the negro has no representation in the courts. This is a false assumption. In the United States courts he usually makes more than half the jury. As to the State courts, I can speak particularly as to Georgia. I assume that she does not materially differ from the other States. In Georgia the law requires that commissioners shall prepare the jury-list for each county by selection from the upright, intelligent, and experienced citizens of the county. This provision was put into the Constitution by the negro convention of reconstruction days. Under its terms no reasonable man would have expected to see the list made up of equal percentage of the races. Indeed, the fewest number of negroes were qualified under the law. Consequently, but few appeared on the lists. The number, as was to be expected, is steadily increasing. In Fulton County there are seventy-four negroes whose names are on the lists, and the commissioners, I am informed, have about doubled this number for the present year. These negroes make good jurymen, and are rarely struck by attorneys, no matter what the client or cause may be. About the worst that can be charged against the jury system in Georgia is that the commissioners have made jurors of negroes only when they had qualified themselves to intelligently discharge a juror's duties. In few quarters of the South, however, is the negro unable to get full and exact justice in the courts, whether the jury be white or black. Immediately after the war, when there was general alarm and irritation, there may have been undue severity in sentences and extreme rigor of prosecution. But the charge that the people of the South have, in their deliberate and later moments prostituted justice to the oppression of this dependent people, is as false as it is infamous. There is abundant belief that the very helplessness of the negro in court has touched the heart and conscience of many a jury, when the facts should have held them impervious. In the city in which this is written, a negro, at midnight, on an unfrequented street, murdered a popu-

lar young fellow, over whose grave a monument was placed by popular subscription. The only witnesses of the killing were the friends of the murdered boy. Had the murderer been a white man, it is believed he would have been convicted. He was acquitted by the white jury, and has since been convicted of a murderous assault on a person of his own color. Similarly, a young white man, belonging to one of the leading families of the State, was hanged for the murder of a negro. Insanity was pleaded in his defense, and so plausibly that it is believed he would have escaped had his victim been a white man.

I quote on this point Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, who has been prosecuting attorney of the Atlanta, Ga., circuit for twelve years. He says: "In cities and towns the negro gets equal and exact justice before the courts. It is possible that, in remote counties, where the question is one of a fight between a white man and a negro, there may be a lingering prejudice that causes occasional injustice. The judge, however, may be relied on to correct this. (As to negro jurors, I have never known a negro to allow his lawyer to accept a negro juror.) For the State I have accepted a black juror fifty times, to have him rejected by the opposing lawyer by order of his negro client. This has incurred so invariably that I have accepted it as a rule. Irrespective of that, the negro gets justice in the courts, and the last remaining prejudice against him in the jury-box has passed away. I convicted a white man for voluntary manslaughter under peculiar circumstances. A negro met him on the street and cursed him. The white man ordered him off and started home. The negro followed him to his house and cursed him until he entered the door. When he came out, the negro was still waiting. He renewed the abuse, followed him to his store, and there struck him with his fist. In the struggle that followed, the negro was shot and killed. The jury promptly convicted the slayer."

So much for the relation between the races in the South, in churches, schools, social organizations, on the railroad,

and in theaters. Everything is placed on the basis of equal accommodations, but separate. In the courts the blacks are admitted to the jury-box as they lift themselves into the limit of qualification. Mistakes have been made and injustice has been worked here and there. This was to have been expected, and it has been less than might have been expected. But there can be no mistake about the progress the South is making in the equitable adjustment of the relations between the races. Ten years ago nothing was settled. There were frequent collisions and constant apprehensions. The whites were suspicious and the blacks were restless. So simple a thing as a negro taking an hour's ride on the cars, or going to see a play, was fraught with possible danger. The larger affairs—school, church, and court—were held in abeyance. Now all this is changed. The era of doubt and mistrust is succeeded by the era of confidence and good-will. (The races meet in the exchange of labor in perfect amity and understanding. Together they carry on the concerns of the day, knowing little or nothing of the fierce hostility that divides labor and capital in other sections. When they turn to social life they separate. Each race obeys its instinct and congregates about its own centers. At the theater they sit in opposite sections of the same gallery. On the trains they ride each in his own car. Each worships in his own church, and educates his children in his schools. Each has his place and fills it, and is satisfied. Each gets the same accommodation for the same money. There is no collision. There is no irritation or suspicion. Nowhere on earth is there kindlier feeling, closer sympathy, or less friction between two classes of society than between the whites and blacks of the South to-day.) This is due to the fact that in the adjustment of their relations they have been practical and sensible. They have wisely recognized what was essential, and have not sought to change what was unchangeable. They have yielded neither to the fanatic nor demagogue, refusing to be misled by the one or misused by the other. While the world has been clamoring over their dif-

ferences they have been quietly taking counsel with each other, in the field, the shop, the street and cabin, and settling things for themselves. That the result has not astonished the world in the speediness and the facility with which it has been reached, and the beneficence that has come with it, is due to the fact that the result has not been freely proclaimed. It has been a deplorable condition of our politics that the North has been misinformed as to the true condition of things in the South. Political greed and passion conjured pestilential mists to becloud what the lifting smoke of battle left clear. It has exaggerated where there was a grain of fact, and invented where there was none. It has sought to establish the most casual occurrences as the settled habit of the section, and has sprung endless jeremiades from one single disorder, as Jenkins filled the courts of Christendom with lamentations over his dis-severed ear. These misrepresentations will pass away with the occasion that provoked them, and when the truth is known it will come with the force of a revelation to vindicate those who have bespoken for the South a fair trial, and to confound those who have borne false witness against her.

One thing further need be said, in perfect frankness. The South must be allowed to settle the social relations of the races according to her own views of what is right and best. There has never been a moment when she could have submitted to have the social status of her citizens fixed by an outside power. She accepted the emancipation and the enfranchisement of her slaves as the legitimate results of war that had been fought to a conclusion. These once accomplished, nothing more was possible. "Thus far and no farther," she said to her neighbors, in no spirit of defiance, but with quiet determination. In her weakest moments, when her helpless people were hedged about by the unthinking bayonets of her conquerors, she gathered them for resistance at this point. Here she defended everything that a people should hold dear. There was little proclamation of her purpose. Barely did the whis-

pered word that bespoke her resolution catch the listening ears of her sons ; but for all this the victorious armies of the North, had they been rallied again from their homes, could not have enforced and maintained among this disarmed people the policy indicated in the Civil Rights bill. Had she found herself unable to defend her social integrity against the arms that were invincible on the fields where she staked the sovereignty of her States, her people would have abandoned their homes and betaken themselves into exile. Now, as then, the South is determined that, come what may, she must control the social relations of the two races whose lots are cast within her limits. It is right that she should have this control. The problem is hers, whether or not of her seeking, and her very existence depends on its proper solution. Her responsibility is greater, her knowledge of the case more thorough than that of others can be. The question touches her at every point ; it presses on her from every side ; it commands her constant attention. Every consideration of policy, of honor, of pride, of common sense impels her to the exactest justice and the fullest equity. She lacks the ignorance or misapprehension that might lead others into mistakes ; all others lack the appalling alternative that, all else failing, would force her to use her knowledge wisely. For these reasons she has reserved to herself the right to settle the still unsettled element of the race problem, and this right she can never yield.

(As a matter of course, this implies the clear and unmistakable domination of the white race in the South. The assertion of that is simply the assertion of the right of character, intelligence and property to rule. It is simply saying that the responsible and steadfast element in the community shall control, rather than the irresponsible and the migratory.) It is the reassertion of the moral power that overthrew the scandalous reconstruction governments, even though, to the shame of the Republic be it said, they were supported by the bayonets of the General Government. Even the race issue is lost at this point. If the

lecture
blacks of the South wore white skins, and were leagued together in the same ignorance and irresponsibility under any other distinctive mark than their color, they would progress not one step farther toward the control of affairs. Or if they were transported as they are to Ohio, and there placed in numerical majority of two to one, they would find the white minority there asserting and maintaining control, with less patience, perhaps, than many a Southern State has shown. Everywhere, with such temporary exceptions as afford demonstration of the rule, intelligence, character, and property will dominate in spite of numerical differences. These qualities are lodged with the white race in the South, and will assuredly remain there for many generations at least; so that the white race will continue to dominate the colored, even if the percentages of race increase deduced from the comparison of a lame census with a perfect one, and the omission of other considerations, should hold good and the present race majority be reversed.

Let no one imagine, from what is here said, that the South is careless of the opinion or regardless of the counsel of the outside world. On the contrary, while maintaining firmly a position she believes to be essential, she appreciates heartily the value of general sympathy and confidence. With an earnestness that is little less than pathetic she bespeaks the patience and the impartial judgment of all concerned. Surely her situation should command this rather than indifference or antagonism. In poverty and defeat,—with her cities destroyed, her fields desolated, her labor disorganized, her homes in ruins, her families scattered, and the ranks of her sons decimated,—in the face of universal prejudice, fanned by the storm of war into hostility and hatred—under the shadow of this sorrow and this disadvantage, she turned bravely to confront a problem that would have taxed to the utmost every resource of a rich and powerful and victorious people. Every inch of her progress has been beset with sore difficulties; and if the way is now clearing, it only reveals more clearly the

tremendous import of the work to which her hands are given. It must be understood that she desires to silence no criticism, evade no issue, and lessen no responsibility.

(She recognizes that the negro is here to stay. She knows that her honor, her dear name, and her fame, no less than her prosperity, will be measured by the fulness of the justice she gives and guarantees to this kindly and dependent race.) She knows that every mistake made and every error fallen into, no matter how innocently, endanger her peace and her reputation. In this full knowledge she accepts the issue without fear or evasion. She says, not boldly, but conscious of the honesty and the wisdom of her convictions: "Leave this problem to my working out. I will solve it in calmness and deliberation, without passion or prejudice, and with full regard for the unspeakable equities it holds. Judge me rigidly, but judge me by my works." And with the South the matter may be left—must be left. There it can be left with the fullest confidence that the honor of the Republic will be maintained, the rights of humanity guarded, and the problem worked out in such exact justice as the finite mind can measure or finite agencies administer.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY.

MY special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people—hurrying this way or that on the same errands—doing the same shopping or eating at the same restaurants. It is a kaleidoscope with infinite combinations but the same effects. You see it to-day, and it is the same as yesterday. Occasionally in the multitude you hit upon a *genre* specimen, or an odd detail, such as a prim little dog that sits upright all day and holds in its mouth a cup for pennies for its blind master, or an old bookseller with a grand head and the deliberate motions of a scholar moldering in a stall—but the general effect is one of sameness and soon tires and bewilders.

Once on the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of the houses, and, running never too swiftly to allow observation, disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, and bring to view people and things never dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In a course of several months' pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street, which is the station for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to Rector, which overlooks Wall Street, I have made many acquaintances along the route—and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf. •

One of these is a boy about six years of age—akin in his fragile body and his serious mien, a youngster that is very precious to one. I first saw this boy on a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over

the railing, his white, thoughtful head just clearing the top, holding a short round stick in his hand. The little fellow made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent. Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had. But he was never without it. His little hand always held it, and I pictured him every morning when he awoke from his joyless sleep, picking up his plaything and going out to his balcony, as other boys go to play. Or perhaps he slept with it, as little ones do with dolls and whip-tops.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw any one in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have had no ventilation. Once I missed the boy from the balcony, but saw his white head, moving about slowly in the dusk of the room. Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him, and troubled with that remorse that thoughtless people feel even for suffering for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible. Not that I ever saw any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance. What thoughts filled that young head—what contemplation took the place of what should have been the ineffable upriving of childish emotion—what complaint or questioning were living behind that white face—no one could guess. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope or estimation, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving

my hand at him—but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile—but a smile that was soberness itself. Wherever I went that day that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony—joyless, hopeless, friendless—a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets—lifting his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other. At length—but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bedridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was thus left to himself all day? It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes—watched the bathers and the children—listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach—ate a robust lunch on the pier—wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub—and that through all these manifold pleasures, I had a companion that enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching—and that as I came back in the boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the fore-deck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick. And finally that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.



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